THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Weekly
Found Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY
Z. P. NIKOLAKI

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Beginning

A New Series of Cappy Ricks—Matt Peasley Stories—By Peter B. Kyne

Wrestlers

ASKING no favors. Content with "the break of the game." Strong enough for the roughest opposition. Product of brain and brawn and "fight spirit"—infused with the temper of its builders

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VALVE-IN-HEAD Six Motor. Power that can't be downed—won't be cudgeled, beaten or whipped into submission. Every inch of the car backing up that motor. Winner against all road antagonism

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OF VALVE-IN-HEAD
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Makers of Westclox *La Salle & Peru, Ill.*

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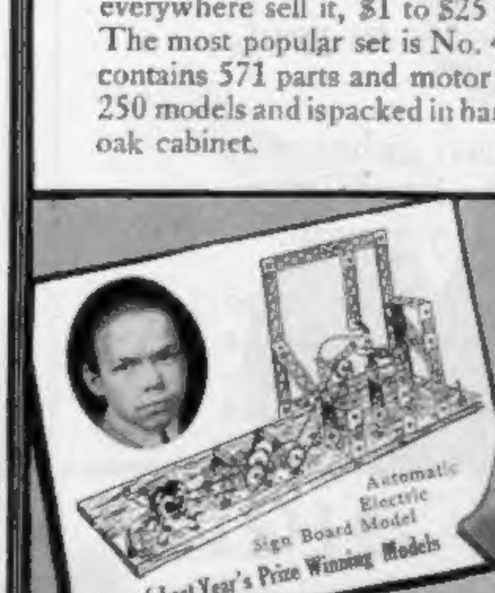
Write today for the three months' subscription—also a free copy of my new 24-page Book telling all about construction toys. Don't send any money or stamps; I want to present all this to every boy absolutely free.

A. C. GILBERT, President
THE MYSTO MANUFACTURING COMPANY
119 Fox Street, New Haven, Conn.



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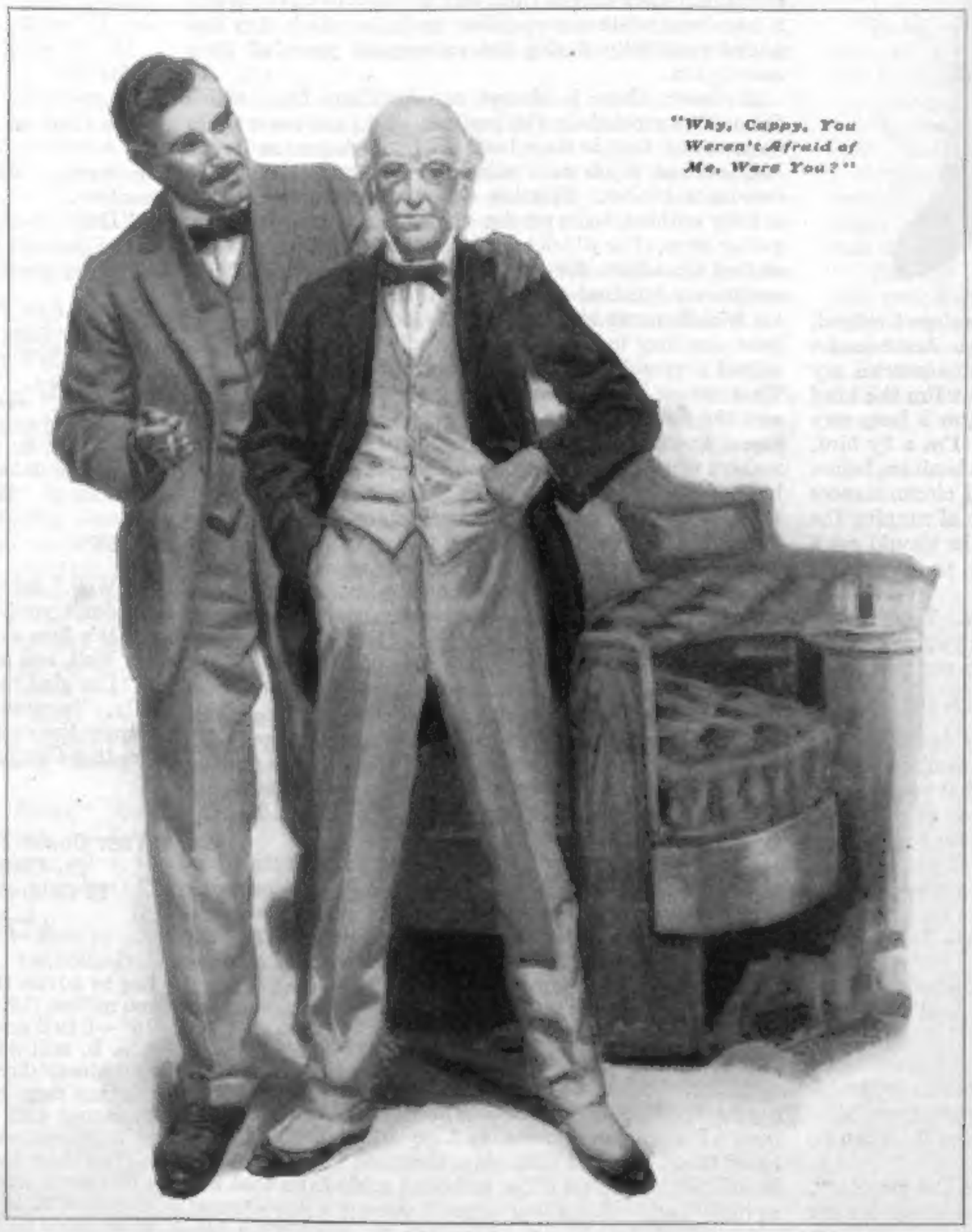
AN ORDER FOR GRAPE STAKES

Cappy Ricks Accepts it—and Completes His Education

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



"Why, Cappy, You Weren't Afraid of Me, Were You?"

IT COULD never, by any possibility, have happened had Mr. Skinner been on the job, for Skinner was more or less timid until certain of his ground—whereupon he would stand pat, like a balky horse; and very early in his business career he had chosen for his motto that ancient maxim, "Look before you leap." For ten long, industrious and vacationless years Skinner had been the general manager of two prosperous corporations that were housed in the same suite of offices, to wit, the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company and the Blue Star Navigation Company. The former company manufactured and sold both California redwood and Oregon pine, and the latter company transported it to market. During all of those years at the helm Skinner had, figuratively speaking, kept his index finger on the pulse of an extremely feverish patient known as the wholesale lumber market, with the result that when the market stiffened the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company had few orders on hand to be filled at the old price; and when the bottom dropped out Mr. Skinner was almost certain to be loaded up with orders at the top figure.

A sort of silent chain drive for these two great business machines, therefore, was Skinner. He worked ten hours a day six days in the week, and always came down to the office for an hour or two on Sunday mornings. The wonder is he stood up under the strain as long as he did. After Captain Matt Peasley became president and general manager of the Blue Star Navigation Company, Skinner's burden was lightened somewhat, but still he had more work than he could attend to alone; and because he was one of those men who acquire a cast in one eye from looking at the expense account, he persisted in keeping the office understaffed. It is also probable that he feared a bright understudy might learn the business and run him off the job.

However, it is a well-known principle of mechanical engineering that a silent chain drive will not drive silently unless it be given an occasional squirt of oil. Hence it came to pass, in the fullness of time, that Alden P. Ricks, familiarly known in wholesale lumber and shipping circles on the Pacific Coast as Cappy Ricks, commenced to suspect a loose bearing somewhere in the machinery of his lumber company. A little quiet observation convinced him that his silent chain drive needed a squirt of oil, so promptly he summoned Skinner into his private office.

"Skinner, my dear boy," he said in his most paternal tones, "one of the inflexible rules of this office is that whenever one of my boys begins to look like the devil he must decide whether he's going to hell or Honolulu. You're going to Honolulu—for about six months, I should judge—and you're to take Mrs. Skinner with you and send the bill for the junket to me."

"I can't get away. It's preposterous to think of such a thing," Skinner replied promptly. "Thank you just the same, sir." He strove to appear indifferent, but for all that Cappy saw a wistful light in poor Skinner's tired face. He knew his general manager was feeling the downhill pull but was too game to acknowledge it. However, Cappy thought he knew why Mr. Skinner found it preposterous to think of taking a vacation. A year previous the general manager had acquired a little block of stock in both companies, and he was anxious to stay home and add to the book valuation of that stock. Like a true American business man he was proceeding to work himself into an early grave.

Cappy gazed at the sorry wretch pityingly and said: "Skinner, don't be an ass! You're too valuable an asset to the business for me to accord you the privilege of slow suicide. You're going to Honolulu to motor and golf and loaf and swim at Waikiki. Here are your tickets! You sign one and have your wife sign the other."

"Mr. Ricks," Skinner pleaded, "I simply can't ——"

"The damnedest word in the English language," shrilled Cappy. "How dare you, sir? Can't! I loathe the word. How often have I told you never to use it in my presence? Why, you unfortunate man, if I should breeze into the office at ten o'clock to-morrow, and Hankins should meet me and say, 'Skinner has just died of overwork,' do you suppose I'd sit down and mourn for you? Not much. I'd say, 'Very well, Hankins, my boy. Get yourself two good assistants, sit in at Skinner's desk, and send for an undertaker to remove the body.' You should worry, Skinner! All you want to remember, you poor fish, is that I'm the villain in this sketch and what I say goes. You just imagine you're going to die for six months and that I have to get along without you. Imagine, did I say? Huh! You're a dead one right now, but if you listen to me you'll come to life in a few months. Why, I heard you scrapping with the help yesterday. You're irritable and ugly and dyspeptic and suffering from nervous exhaustion. You're the original inspiration of the celebrated line, 'All work and no play makes a dull boy of Jack, they say.'"

Skinner saw that Cappy was in no mood to submit to opposition, consequently he attempted a compromise. He brightened up and said there was a deal of truth in Cappy's last observation, so he thought he'd try to run down to Del Monte over the week-end. Poor Skinner! Like all slaves of his species and gender, he was obsessed with the hallucination that his understudy would ball things up frightfully the moment he, Skinner, should turn his back. He now proceeded to explain to Cappy, as one explains to a child, that he feared Mr. Hankins, the secretary, was, perhaps, too—er—er—too much the cut-and-dried office man to have much executive responsibility thrust upon him. Besides, there were several big box contracts to be sewed up if the box factory at Aberdeen, Grays Harbor, was to be kept running on full time. There was the orange crate business in Southern California to be figured on, not to mention the cannery stock for the Alaska salmon packers, and in these big deals ——

"Skinner," Cappy interrupted him, "positively you give me a pain where I never knew it to ache me before. I admit Hankins might think faster in an emergency without offending me; but evidently you are overlooking the fact that, even with you gone and a driveling idiot attempting to do your work, there still remains one fairly competent person in this office."

"Matt Peasley has had no experience in lumber," Skinner protested. "All he knows is how to load it in a ship."

"You—you—you pitiful dunderhead, Skinner. I referred to myself. Dang your impudence, sir, do you suppose that because I'm sneaking up into the shank of my seventieth birthday I don't know anything about the lumber business? Skinner, you'll

drive me crazy yet. Here it isn't six weeks since I retired, and you want to put me on the shelf already. Just because I'm president emeritus of both these infant industries, my boy, don't you run off with the notion that I'm the kind of timber that goes into the slab-fire. I'm a long way from being shop-worn goods, young man. I'm a fly bird, and don't you forget it. I was running this business before you were born, and I can run it again if circumstances compel me. Hankins is perfectly capable of running the business under normal conditions, and if he should get a hard nut to crack, why, he can bring it in to me and I'll crack it for him."

"But, Mr. Ricks, please listen to reason. You've been loafing on the job for ten years. You think you've kept up with the game but you haven't. Why, in ten years you haven't sold so much as a bundle of lath."

Cappy pointed to the door.

"Out!" he shrilled. "If you show up at this office inside of six months I'll fire you on sight. While you're gone I'll be finding out things about this business that you've been overlooking regularly. The last time I was up at the Grays Harbor mill I discovered the profits from our box factory were going into the kindling-wood pile; yet you sat here year after year wondering why the box department always showed a loss. Why, the waste that goes on under the management of you efficiency managers ——"

But Mr. Skinner had surrendered.

"I'll go," he declared, and in five minutes he was gone, for he had four hours to go home, pack, and catch the Hilonian for Honolulu.

Cappy wouldn't believe it, however, until he received a wireless from somewhere off the San Francisco lightship. It was an affectionate message of gratitude from Mrs. Skinner, and Cappy smiled grimly as he read it. Then he walked into the general office.

"Hankins, my boy," he said briskly to the secretary, "I've shipped that dratted fool, Skinner, away for six months, and you're the general manager pro tem. Skinner thinks you and I can't run this business. We'll show him."

"Indeed we will, sir," said Hankins.

II

MR. J. AUGUSTUS REDELL, with his partner, a little Peruvian dynamo, Señor Felipe Luiz Almeida, alias Live Wire Luiz, constituted a brokerage house known as the West Coast Trading Company. The West Coast Trading Company would buy and sell anything on earth, provided that something seemed probable of disposal at a legitimate profit, but mostly the company specialized in lumber cargoes for foreign shipment. Live Wire Luiz handled the South American trade, and the remainder of the civilized world was J. Augustus Redell's playground. He had been raised in the lumber trade on the Pacific Coast—wholesale, retail and the manufacturing end—and what he didn't know about the business you could put in your eye without seriously impairing your eyesight. When he and Live Wire Luiz forgathered shortly after the panic of 1907, the little Peruvian's assets consisted of the charter and corporation seal of the West Coast Trading Company, the office furniture and a couple of packages of cigarettes. He was ruined—but nobody knew it; and the commercial agencies rated him a hundred thousand and the first grade of credit. On his part, J. Augustus Redell possessed just about enough dollar bills to pad a crutch, a courage bordering on recklessness, a seven and one-quarter head filled entirely with brains and, tucked away in one convolution of that mighty brain, a bright idea for cornering the red-cedar shingle market on Live Wire Luiz' spurious credit. Fortunately Live Wire Luiz had arrived at that ultimate state of desolation where nothing matters any more, where one has no objection to trying anything once. He had hearkened to Redell's proposal, therefore, and together they had put their fortune to the touch. As a result, for several months they had been practically on speaking terms with His Satanic Majesty, while beating that much maligned personage round the proverbial stump, but eventually they fought their way through to daylight and a two-hundred-thousand-dollar profit, to which they had added materially during the subsequent years of their association.

"If You Show Up at This Office Inside of Six Months I'll Fire You on Sight"

However, there is always one handicap from which financial skyrockets in the business world can never quite escape, and that is their lurid past. J. Augustus Redell had scorned a job as a salaried salesman to become a free-lance broker. Starting on something very small—exactly nothing, to be precise—he had acquired something rather large, after which he came a cropper and his creditors settled his affairs for him. Then suddenly he paid his creditors a hundred cents, net, on the dollar, and though his friends never suspected where he got the money, at least one foxy individual was morally certain he had acquired it gambling on the overdue ship, Willie Rickmers. That astute person was none other than Cappy Ricks, and the reason Cappy suspected it was because the old rascal had been one of the syndicate of nautical bookmakers who had once accepted from Mr. Redell a modest bet.

Of course Cappy would not have had one of his employees know this for the world, since it might encourage the gambling spirit in them; but—well, Cappy was a human being and took his fun where he found it. He figured it was all right for him to play the overdue board—secretly—because he could afford the luxury, but he knew Gus Redell couldn't.

With the opinions other heavyweights in the trade entertained for J. Augustus Redell this tale has nothing whatsoever to do. We are concerned solely with Cappy Ricks' private opinion of him, and with the effect of this opinion on the subsequent business relations between the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company and the West Coast Trading Company. To illustrate:

Cappy Ricks did a deal of dozing in his private office, and sometimes when he was presumed to be dozing he was thinking. Having received an elaborate announcement of the association of J. Augustus Redell with Señor Felipe Luiz Almeida in the West Coast Trading Company Cappy fell into a doze, from which he roused himself suddenly to ring for Mr. Skinner.

When Skinner entered, said Cappy, pointing to the announcement:

"Birds of a feather flock together. I see from this that my youthful friend, Gus Redell, has joined forces with that peck of Peruvian dynamite, Live Wire Luiz. I have heard that Live Wire Luiz plays the races, and I know Gus Redell plays overdue ships, although aside from that he's as likely and likable a boy as you'll meet in a day's travel. I don't think he's honest. I know he is, and I think Live Wire Luiz is a gentleman, but—they're both gamblers. When they are satisfied that their judgment is sound they'll back it for every dollar they have, and perhaps for some they haven't—and it's been my experience that that kind of business man makes and loses several fortunes and finally dies in the poorhouse. Skinner, my boy, lay off on the West Coast Trading Company."

"You mean that I shall sell them for cash only, sir?" asked Skinner.

"I mean that you're not to sell them at all. Gus Redell is my friend, and as my friend I might indorse his note for a moderate sum; but when I'm not doing business on sentimental grounds I cut cold turkey. I don't like to offend the boy—he plays too good a game of bridge, and he and I are generally partners in the after-luncheon game up at the Commercial Club; so whenever he submits one of his West Coast specifications, Skinner, just name a price that somebody else can beat without half trying. In that way I'll retain Redell's friendship and our bank roll."

Mr. Skinner nodded his comprehension and went back to his lair.

Three weeks later he came into Cappy's office and there was a cloud on his cold, intelligent face.

"About the West Coast Trading Company, Mr. Ricks," he began, "I'm afraid I'm in rather an embarrassing position."

"Don't worry, my boy," Cappy replied. "I'll pull you out of the hole! Now, then, out with it!"

Skinner handed him a letter and Cappy read:

SAN FRANCISCO, California, August 25, 19—
RICKS LUMBER & LOGGING COMPANY,
258 California Street, City.

Gentlemen: We are in the market for ten million (10,000 M) extra Star A Star clear red-cedar shingles, 16"—6 to 2 and kiln-dried. Kindly quote us your very best price, f. o. b. mill, delivery in thirty, sixty and ninety days from date of receipt of order.

Yours very truly,
WEST COAST TRADING COMPANY,
JAR/F By J. Augustus Redell, President.

"Well," said Cappy a little testily, "you know what to do, don't you? What's the market on Stars?"

"It's firm at $1.75, f. o. b. mill."

"Well, ask him $2, f. o. b. mill, and get rid of him."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, sir," Skinner retorted icily, "because that's just what I did," and he handed Cappy the carbon copy of his letter to the West Coast Trading Company. Cappy read:

SAN FRANCISCO, California,
August 25, 19—
WEST COAST TRADING COMPANY,
St. Clair Building,
16 California Street, San Francisco, California.

ATTENTION MR. J. A. REDELL

Gentlemen: Replying to your inquiry of even date, beg to advise that we will be pleased to fill your order for ten million (10,000 M) extra Star A Star red-cedar shingles, 16"—6 to 2 and K. D. at a price of $2 (two dollars) per M f. o. b. mill dock, delivery to be made in thirty, sixty and ninety days from date of receipt of order, usual terms of sixty days or two per cent (2%) off for cash in thirty days, our mill tally and inspection to govern.

While we realize that the price herein quoted is slightly higher than the market at present, still we feel that the well-known superior quality of our brand and the esteem in which it is held by the trade more than offsets the extra price we ask.

This quotation is made subject to acceptance within forty-eight hours.

Very truly yours,
RICKS LUMBER & LOGGING COMPANY,
JHS-R By J. H. Skinner, General Manager.

Cappy Ricks chuckled as he read this diplomatic reply.

"Skinner," he said, "you're immense. As for Redell, I've often wondered whether that young fellow is a wise man or a fool. I think he must be the latter. Here he's buying ten million kiln-dried Stars, which means, of course, that they're for car shipment East direct from the mill, for we all know that the local trade takes a green shingle. I'm surprised at Redell. You've made him a price f. o. b. mill dock, and he ought to know that at this season of the year he can't get cars enough to move half that number of shingles in ninety days. However, that's his funeral."

"Well, we have a few obsequies of our own at that," Skinner replied, and handed Cappy another letter, as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, California,
August 29, 1908.

RICKS LUMBER & LOGGING COMPANY,
258 California Street,
San Francisco, California.

ATTENTION MR. SKINNER

Gentlemen: We hereby accept your quotation, made us in yours of the 28th inst., of $2 per M (two dollars per thousand) on Ten Million (10,000 M) clear Extra Star A Star red-cedar shingles, 16"—6 to 2, K. D., f. o. b. your mill dock, Aberdeen, Wash. Inclosed find our formal order No. 231, which please acknowledge by indicating your acceptance on the carbon copy and returning same to us.

Our Mr. Jinks will advise you in ample time to enable you to prepare for the steam schooner we shall send to your mill, from time to time, to freight these shingles as they come from the dry kilns.

We agree with you that the price is a little stiff, but we do not swallow your bunk about the superiority of your brand. We know of several brands much superior, and if we did not feel pretty certain of selling at a nice profit the ten million we are purchasing from you we would not prejudice our justly earned reputation as lumbermen by buying them at the outrageous price quoted. Your shingles are manufactured from mountain cedar, they are far from being of a uniform width of 16 inches, and they do not run full 6 shingles to 2 inches at the butts. However, we are game to handle them. In these hard times one must do many things he is ashamed of.

Very truly yours,
WEST COAST TRADING COMPANY,
JAR/F By J. Augustus Redell, President.

For about a minute Cappy Ricks looked at Mr. Skinner, while Mr. Skinner returned the gaze inquiringly. Finally Cappy said:

"Well, I should say we are in a hole! We're in the same predicament as the hunter who left camp in the morning, saying he'd be home with a bear by sundown. He came back to camp with the bear, all right. He was just about two jumps ahead of bruin. Skinner, go away and let me think!"

So Cappy went into executive session with himself, to discover that while the West Coast Trading Company had specified delivery in thirty, sixty and ninety days, the chances were they would take delivery of about two million shingles in sixty days, and the remaining eight million shingles in ninety days. Eight million shingles would about make up a full cargo for an ordinary-sized steam schooner, and whichever way Cappy figured it he saw himself trusting the West Coast Trading Company with not less than twenty thousand dollars' worth of cedar shingles for sixty days—and longer, if J. Augustus Redell felt that way about it. Cappy wondered what under the canopy Redell was going to do with ten million kiln-dried shingles in California, since five million dumped on the market at once was sufficient to break the price—and Redell had bought these at twenty-five cents over the market! Try as he would Cappy couldn't make head or tail of the conundrum, and finally he rang Redell up.

"Gus, my dear young optimist," he said, "what are you up to in this shingle deal?"

"Without meaning any offense, Mr. Ricks," Redell replied laughing, "perfect frankness compels me to tell you that it's none of your confounded business. Just rest assured that I know what I'm doing—and you don't."

"I guess we don't want that order, Gus."

"I know you don't. The price of shingles is going to hit the ceiling this fall, see if it don't."

"I won't accept it!"

"Oh, yes, you will, Mr. Ricks," Redell returned sweetly; "you're a terrible bluffer, but at heart you're too dead game sport, and you've been too long on the street to acquire a reputation for welching at this stage of your career."

Cappy came fluttering from his high horse, as was his habit whenever his bluff was called.

"Gus, be reasonable," he pleaded. "You know blamed well you're not entitled to that much credit. It's plumb inhuman of you to ask it."

"Then fire Skinner for offering it," Redell flared back. "You slandered my shingles, you fresh young——"

"I'll slander you if you welch on your quotation," Redell promised him, and hung up. He was a wonderful salesman because he had an instinctive knowledge of the right time to quit talking.

Cappy rang for Mr. Skinner.

"We'll pin our faith to the Lord and Gus Redell's honesty," he said. "The scoundrel has found some method of beating direct-car shipment from the mill. He's going to ship my vessel to San Francisco and reship on cars at Oakland Long Wharf to Missouri River common points, I dare say. Accept the order and—er—Skinner, keep your eye on the shingle market."

So Mr. Skinner followed instructions and kept his eye on the shingle market. True to Redell's prediction the price of cedars went to two dollars and seventy-five cents f. o. b. mill that fall and, as near as Mr. Skinner could figure it out, the West Coast Trading Company made at least fifty cents a thousand on that ten million. And when the smoke cleared away, and J. Augustus Redell and Live Wire Luiz took stock of their bank roll and found it close to the two-hundred-thousand mark, Redell was mean enough to tell Cappy that the profit on Cappy's shingles had been about eighty-seven cents and six mills per thousand. Also, in the enthusiasm of his youth and in the joy of victory, he confided to Cappy the real inside story of the clean-up. Cappy shuddered as he realized the risks he had run.

"Gus," said Cappy, "I've always maintained that I could never figure out whether you and Live Wire Luiz are wise men or fools. On the face of the returns at present it looks like you were wise men, but that's just because—ahem! harumph-h-h!—er—because fools rush in where angels fear to tread. You got by this time, but we'll see what the future brings forth."

Which remark brings us round to the incident that forms an excuse for this story, to wit: The second duel of wits between Cappy Ricks and J. Augustus Redell.

III

J. AUGUSTUS REDELL looked up as Live Wire Luiz dashed into the private office where they both had desks. "Did you buy that tank stock from Skinner?" Mr. Redell queried.

"*Carramba*, no!" Live Wire Luiz exploded. "I have been greatly insult' by thees dam' Cappy Reeks. When I arrive to his office I come to discover Skeener is gone for the vacation, so I do my beeziness with the ol' man. I have make the bargain at full leest price, with t'ree dollar added for air-dry stock, an' what you suppose Cappy Ricks have the courage to say to me, eh? What you suppose Foxy Gran'pa he tell to me? He say to me: 'Thees yong feller, Gus Reedell, is speculator an' so are you. To speculators I sell for cash only.'"

"Did he say that?" J. Augustus Redell demanded fiercely. "Why, the ancient scoundrel couldn't have looked up our rating lately, or he'd never have said that. Cappy's not been keeping step with the lumber game the past five years. I'll have to go and talk to him."

"No use," Live Wire Luiz declared dramatically. "I get mad. I tell him he have lack the—what you call—the guts—to make leetle bet weeth himself that he is alive and keeking—then I turn to heem my back—so—and leave the offeece. In my own country from thees Cappy Reeks would I have asked the satisfaction of blood for hees great in-sult."

Mr. Redell pondered and scratched his ear for about five minutes while Live Wire Luiz railed on. Finally he looked up and smiled.

"All right, Luiz, old horse. Come down to earth now and forget it. In your country it might be perfectly proper to send that old pirate an engraved invitation to coffee an pistols for two, but this is the U. S. A., partner, and up here we do it differently. When a man insults us we take his bank roll away from him, if we can, and always provided he has one to take away. Of course I couldn't begin to take Cappy's bank roll away from him—if I did I wouldn't be able to run with it—but I'll tell you what I can do to hurt him. I can take away his self-respect as a business man. I can make a monkey out of him. I can make him weep with rage, Luiz."

"How? When?" Live Wire Luiz demanded eagerly.

But Redell did not reply. Instead, he reached for his telephone and called up Cappy Ricks.

"That you, Cappy?"

"Yep."

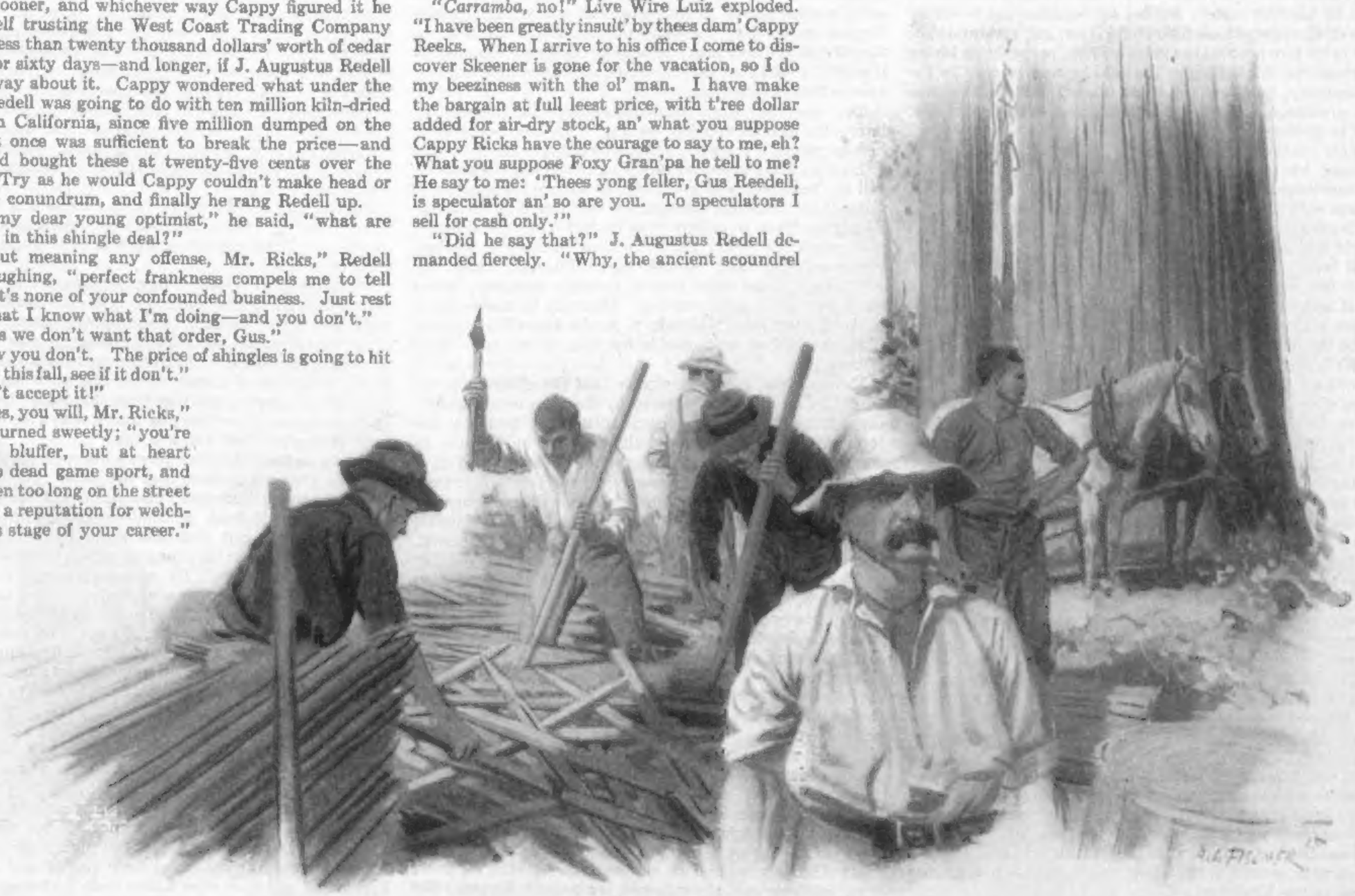
"Redell speaking. I just called up to tell you you're a dirty old pirate, and we'll take the tank stock and pay cash for it, f. o. b. ship's tackles at the mill dock. Do you want our check certified, or shall we send over the cash?"

"My dear young friend," said Cappy sweetly, "I don't care a tinker's malediction whether you take it or not. You want this stuff for local delivery, and the inquiry will probably come to me direct in a day or two anyway. I might be able to squeeze another half dollar out of the deal then."

"You wolf! You almost make me forget the respect due your gray hairs. I'll send a boy over with the formal order right away, and you'd better wire the mill to be ready to load the steam schooner Argus about the tenth."

He could hear Cappy Ricks chuckling as he hung up. Half an hour later, when the youth from the West Coast Trading Company arrived with the formal order, Cappy

(Continued on Page 40)

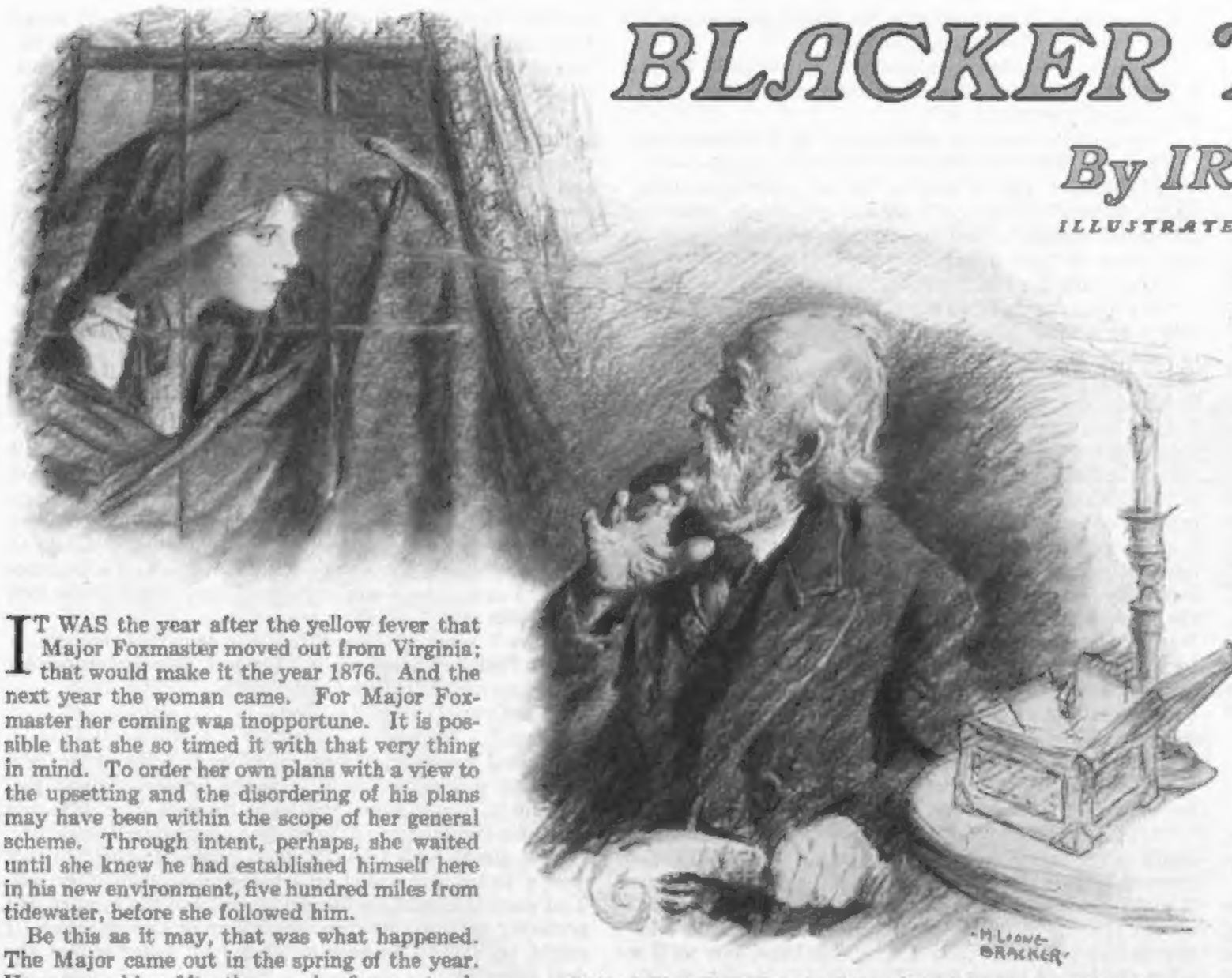


Then With a Winter's Provisions They Go Into the Woods and Split This Waste Timber Into Grape Stakes

BLACKER THAN SIN

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER



Behind That Veil Was the Face of the Girl He Once Loved

IT WAS the year after the yellow fever that Major Foxmaster moved out from Virginia; that would make it the year 1876. And the next year the woman came. For Major Foxmaster her coming was inopportune. It is possible that she so timed it with that very thing in mind. To order her own plans with a view to the upsetting and the disordering of his plans may have been within the scope of her general scheme. Through intent, perhaps, she waited until she knew he had established himself here in his new environment, five hundred miles from tidewater, before she followed him.

Be this as it may, that was what happened. The Major came out in the spring of the year. He was pushing fifty then, and a fine upstanding figure of a man—what women, for lack of a better name, call distinguished looking. He had been a lieutenant in the Mexican War and a major in the Civil War—on the Confederate side, of course, seeing that he came from the seaboard side and not from the mountainous flank of Virginia.

You get some notion of what manner of man he was when I tell you that in all the years he lived in this city, which was a fair-sized city, only one man ever called him by his first name. Behind his back he was to others The Major, sometimes The Old Major, and rarely Major; but to his face people always hailed him, properly, as Major Foxmaster. And, despite the rôle he was to play in the community, he never acquired a nickname; and that was not so strange, either. You give nicknames to geysers, but not to glaciers.

This man's manner was icily formal toward those he deemed his inferiors, icily polite toward those whom he acknowledged his equals. He had no code for his intercourse with superiors because he never met anybody whom he regarded as his social superior. He looked upon the world with a bleak, chill eye, and to it he showed a bleak, chill face. It was a mask really—a mask of flesh held in such fine and rigid control that it gave no hint, ever, of what went on in the cool brain behind it. A professional poker player would have traded five years out of his life to be the owner of such a face.

Well, the Major came. He had money, he had family, he had a military record; likewise he had the poise and the pose which, lacking all the other things, still would have given him consideration and a place in town life. His status in the financial world became fixed when he deposited in the largest bank a drawing account of such size as instantly to win the cuddling admiration of the president of the bank. He established himself in rooms at the Gaunt House—then, and for many years thereafter, the principal hotel. Before fall he was proposed for membership in the exclusive Kenilworth Club, that was the unattainable Mecca toward which many men turned wistful eyes. Judge Sherwan, who was afterward to be his only close friend, sponsored his candidacy and he was elected promptly. Very soon his life fell into the grooves that always thenceforward it was to follow.

The Major did not go into any business. Opportunities to go into this or that were in due season presented to him. He listened with his air of congealed courtesy, but declined them all, explaining that his present investments were entirely satisfactory and yielded him a satisfactory income. Like many men of his breed and generation, he liked a good horse so well that it was more than a liking—with him it was a love. Afternoons he frequently drove one: a ramping bay mare with a fractious temper and a set of gifted heels. He was fond of cards, and in the evenings generally played cards with certain of his fellow club members in a private room at the Kenilworth Club.

These men, though, never became his friends, but were merely the men with whom he played cards. If of a morning after breakfast he went for a walk, as sometimes happened, he went alone, except on those infrequent occasions when Judge Sherwan accompanied him. At the beginning he was asked to affairs at the homes of influential people; but, since he never accepted these invitations—any of them—people presently quit asking him. Among a hundred thousand human beings he became, or rather he remained, so far as interchange of thought, or of affection, or of confidence, or of intimacy was concerned, a social Crusoe upon a desert island set in an empty sea, with no Man Friday to bear him company in his loneliness—unless it might be said that old Sherwan qualified, after a fashion, for the Man-Friday job.

You see, the Major knew all along that—sooner or later—the woman would be coming. For these few months he had played the truant from his destiny, or his Nemesis, or his fate, or by whatever fancy name you might choose to call it; but there was no chance of his having escaped it altogether. Through strength of will power he could in silence continue to endure it as he had in silence endured it through the years that stretched backward between young-manship and middle age. Through pride he would involve no other person, however remotely, in the sorry web of his own weaving. Mentally he maneuvered to stand apart from his kind; to render himself as inaccessible, as aloof, as unknowable by them as the core of an iceberg.

Nevertheless, it was inevitable that the channels of his outer life, no matter how narrowly they ran or how coldly they coursed, would be disturbed and set awry by her coming. A cultivated and well-sustained indifference to popular opinion is all well enough, but gossip is a corrosive that eats through the calluses until it finds quick flesh underneath. The Major might armor himself against showing what he felt, but he could not armor himself against feeling what he felt. He knew it—and she knew it. Perhaps that was why she, this one time, delayed her coming until he had ample opportunity for becoming, in a measure, fixed in the community and identified with it.

Well, she came. One morning in the young spring of the year following the year when this narrative begins, Major Foxmaster stepped out from between the tall pillars of the Gaunt House doorway to find her waiting for him upon the sidewalk. She stood close to the curbing, a tall and straight figure, swathed all in dead and dreary black, with black skirts hiding her feet and trailing on the bricks behind her; with black gloves upon her clasped hands; with a long, thick veil of black crêpe hiding her face and the shape of her head, and descending, front and back, almost to her waist—a striking figure and one to catch the eye.

After the first glance he gave no heed to her at all, nor she to him—except that when he had descended the short flight of stone steps and set off down the street at his usual brisk, soldierly gait, she followed, ten paces in his rear. By reason of her skirts, which swept the ground round her, and by reason, too, that her shoes had soles of felt or of rubber, she seemed almost to float along the pavement behind him, without apparent effort—certainly without sound.

Two blocks down the street he entered a business house. She waited outside, as silent as a mute and as funereal as a pall. In a few minutes he reappeared; she fell in behind him. He crossed over to the other side; she crossed, too, maintaining the distance between them. Crossing, his heels hit hard upon the rutted cobbles of the roadway; but she glided over them noiselessly and smoothly, almost like one who walked on water. He went into the Kenilworth Club and for an hour or two sat in the reading room behind a newspaper. Had he raised his eyes he might have seen, through the window, the woman waiting on the curb. He ate his luncheon there in the club at a table in a corner of the dining room, alone, as was his way. It was two o'clock and after before he left to go to the livery stable where he kept his mare. She followed, to wait outside the livery stable until he had driven away in his gig, bound for the trotting track where the city's horse fanciers exercised their harness stock.

For a space, then, she disappeared. Having returned the rig to its quarters and having dined at the Gaunt House, the Major came forth once more at eight-thirty o'clock to return to the Kenilworth for a bout at the cards. He was spruced and for the second time that day he had shaved. Plainly his measured and customary habit of life was to go on just as it had gone on before the woman came—or, rather, it might be said that it was only now reassuming the routine which, with breaks in between, it had pursued through so many years. Major Foxmaster came down the steps, drawing on his gloves. From the deeper darkness beyond a patch of yellowish glow where a gas lamppost stood the woman emerged, appearing now as an uncertain, wavering shape in her black swathings. Again she followed him, at a distance of a few paces, to the Kenilworth Club; again she waited in the shadows cast by its old-fashioned portico while he played his game and, at its end, cashed in his winnings—for the Major won that night, as very often he did; again she followed him homeward at midnight through the silent and empty street. Without a word or a sign or a backward glance he ascended the steps and passed within the doors of the Gaunt House. Without a word or a sign she lingered until he had disappeared; then she turned off the pavement into the road and vanished, swimming away upright, as it were, without visible motion of her limbs or her body, into a stilled and waveless sea of darkness.

I have here set down the story of this day with such detail because, with occasional small variations, it was to be the story of an uncounted number of other days coming after it.

Inside of twenty-four hours the whole city knew the tale, and buzzed and hummed with it. Inside of forty-eight hours the woman, by common consent, had been given the names she was ever thereafter to wear. She was, to some, The Woman in Black; to others, Foxmaster's Shadow. Inside of a week or two the town was to know, by word of mouth passed on from this person to that, and by that person to another, all that it was ever to know of her. And what that was was this:

She came from the same place whence he came—a small Virginia town somewhere near the coast. As the current reports ran, the Foxmaster plantation and the plantation of her family adjoined; as children—remember, I am still quoting the account that was generally accepted—they had played together; as young man and young woman they had been sweethearts. He wronged her and then denied her marriage. Her father was dead; she had no brothers and no near male relatives to exact, at the smaller end of a pistol, satisfaction from the seducer. So she dedicated her days and nights to the task of haunting him with the constant reminder of his crime and her wrongs. She clad herself in black, with a veil before her face to hide it, as one in mourning for a dead life; and she set herself to following him wherever he might go. She never spoke to him; she never, so far as the world at large knew, wrote to him nor meddled in any fashion whatsoever with him or his affairs—but she followed him.

The war, coming on, broke for four years the continuity of her implacable plan of vengeance. When the war was over, and he came back home, she took it up again. He left the town where he had been reared and moved to Richmond, and then after a time from Richmond to Baltimore; in due season she followed after. Finally he had moved to this more westerly city, lying on the border

between the North and the South. And now here she was too.

Through an agent in Virginia she had leased, ready furnished, the old Gresham place, diagonally across the way from the front entrance of the Gaunt House; that fact speedily came out, proving that, like him, she also had means of her own. Through this same agent the taxes were thereafter paid. Presumably she moved in under cover of night, for she was a figure that, once seen, was not to be forgotten; and most certainly no one could remember having seen her before that fine spring morning when Major Foxmaster came out of the Gaunt House to find her waiting for him.

They Had Been Sweethearts

She had brought her servants with her—a middle-aged mulatto man and his wife, a tall, young, coal-black negro woman; both of them as close-mouthed as only some negroes can be, when they are the exceptions to prove the rule of a garrulous race. The mulatto man was a combination of butler and gardener. It was he who did the marketing, dealing with the tradespeople and paying all the bills. The negro woman was the cook, presumably. Passers-by rarely saw her. These two, with their mistress, composed the household.

For such a mistress and such a household the old Gresham place made a most fit abiding place. It was one of those houses that seemed builded for the breeding of mysteries and the harboring of tragedies—the kind of house that cannot stand vacant long without vaguely acquiring the reputation of being haunted. It was a big, foursquare house of grayish stone, placed in the exact center of a narrow, treeless lot, which extended through for the full depth of the city block. In front of it was a high picketed fence and a deep, bare grassplot; behind it was a garden of sorts, with a few stunted and illy-nourished berry bushes; and on each side of it was a brick wall, so high that the sunshine never fell on the earth at the side of the house toward the north; and even in the hottest summer weather the foundation stones there were slick and sweaty with the damp, and big snails crawled on the brick walk that ran in the shadow of the wall, leaving trails of a luminous slime across the slick greenish mold which covered the bricks.

The woman took this house, with its gear and garnishings, just as the last of the Greshams had left it when he died. During the months and years it remained tenantless all the upper windows had been tightly shuttered; she left them so. In the two lower front windows, which flanked the deeply recessed front door and which lacked blinds, were stiff, heavy shades of a dull silver color, drawn down until only a glassed space of inches showed between their unfringed ends and the stone copings. These, too, were left as they had been. They accorded well with the blank, cold house itself; they matched in with its drear old face; they made you think of coins on a dead man's eyes.

This house, as I have said, stood almost opposite the Gaunt House. What went on within it no outsider ever knew, for no outsider ever crossed its threshold—to this good day no outsider ever has known; but every day its door opened to let out its draped and veiled mistress, setting forth on her business, which was to follow Major Foxmaster; and every night, when that day's business was done, it opened again to let her back in. In time the town grew used to the sight; it never grew tired of talking about it.

He Took His Constitutionals Alone—Except for the Tagging Black Shape Behind Him

As for Major Foxmaster, he would dodge about the country no more; for, in the long run or the short, dodging availed him nothing. The years behind him proved that. He would bide where he was until death, which was the supreme handicapper, named the winner of this, the last heat of their strange match. He would outlive her and be free; else she would outlive him, to see her long-famished hatred sated. And he wondered whether, if he died first, she, in her black mourning, would dog his dead body to the grave as she had dogged his living steps! It was a morbid fancy and, perhaps because it was morbid, it found a lodgment in the Major's mind, recurring to him again and again. The existence that he—and she—had willed him to lead was not conducive to an entirely healthy mental aspect.

Whatever his thoughts were, he betrayed none of them to the rest of creation. Exactly as before she appeared, so he continued to deport himself. His behavior showed no change. He took his walks, drove his bay filly, played cards at the Kenilworth. He carried his head as high as ever; he snapped his soldierly heels down as firmly as ever on the stones of the street and the bricks of the sidewalk. With a pair of eyes that were as inscrutable and yet as clear as two bits of hard blue ice, and with a face like a square of chipped flint, he went his daily and his hourly way, outwardly oblivious to the stares of acquaintance and stranger alike, seeming not to know that ten paces in his rear, or twelve, came drifting this erect veiled shape which was clad all in dead black—which was as black as sin, as black as his sin had been, as black as her misery had been—the incarnate embodiment of her shame and his.

In fine weather as in foul, in blistering midsummer and blizzardy midwinter, daytime and nighttime, she followed him. If she lost the trail she waited in all patience until he reappeared. She seemed tireless and hungerless. Wet or cold or heat did not seem to affect her. In her grim pursuit of him her spirit rose triumphant above the calls of the flesh. At midnight, after a long vigil outside the Kenilworth, she moved behind him with the same swift, noiseless, floating motion that marked her in the morning. And so it went with these two.

If he did not notice her presence, neither did he seek ever to elude her. If he never spoke to her, neither did he speak of her to others. As for the woman, she never spoke to anyone at all. Outside the walls of the house where she lived her voice was never heard and her face was never seen. Only one person ever dared speak to the Major of her.

Old Sherwan himself did not dare. Of all human beings he stood nearest to the Major. If the Major might be said to have an intimate Judge Sherwan was the one. Moreover he, Sherwan, was by way of being a he-gossip, which of all the created breeds of gossips is the most persistent and the most consistent, the most prying and, therefore, the most dangerous. He yearned for the smell of impropriety as a drunkard yearns for his drink. His was a brackish old soul and from its soured depths he dearly loved to spew up the bilge waters of scandal. The pumps leading to that fouled hold were always in good order. Give him the inch of fact and he would guarantee to provide the ell of surmise and innuendo. Grown too old to sin actually he craved to sin vicariously—to travel always on the edge of indiscretion, since he no longer plunged into it bodily.

Wherefore, after the woman came and the first shock of her coming wore off, he made a point of being seen in Major Foxmaster's company as much as possible. The share of notoriety the association brought him was dear to his withered, slack-valved old heart. In his manner and his look, in the very way he cocked his hat and waggled his stiffened legs, you discerned that he wished to divide with his friend the responsibility for the presence of his friend's trailing shadow.

But, for all this and all that, he did not dare ever to speak of her to Major Foxmaster. Joel Bosler dared to, though, he being one of the meager-minded breed proverbially reputed to go rushing in where angels fear to tread. This Joel Bosler was a policeman; his beat included the Gaunt House corner and both sides of the street upon which the Gaunt House fronted. He was a kindly enough creature; a long slab-pole of a man, with the face of an old buck sheep. For some reason—which he least of all could fathom—Joel Bosler had contracted a vague sort of attachment for the Major. They met occasionally on the sidewalk outside the hotel; and, since the Major always responded with iced and ceremonial politeness to the policeman's salute, it may have been that this, to Bosler's limited mind, was proof of a friendly understanding existing between them.

One day, about a month after the woman moved into the old Gresham place, Bosler, having first scratched his head assiduously for a space of minutes to stimulate the thought, was moved to invade the Gaunt House lobby and send his name upstairs to the Major's rooms. A negro bell boy brought word back that the Major would be very glad to see Policeman Bosler, and Policeman Bosler accordingly went up. The Major was in the sitting room of his suite of rooms on the second floor. Bosler, bowing, came in and shut the door behind him with an elaborate carefulness.

"Good morning, sir?" said Major Foxmaster formally, with the note of polite interrogation in his tone; and then, as Bosler stood fingering his blue cap and shuffling his feet: "Well, sir; well?"

"Major Foxmaster, suh," began Bosler, "I—er—I kinder wanted to say somethin' to you privatelike."

He halted lamely. Before the daunting focus of those frigid blue eyes his speech, carefully rehearsed beforehand, was slipping away from him.

"Except for ourselves, there is no one within hearing," stated the Major. "Kindly proceed—if you will be so good."

"Well, suh," faltered Bosler, fumbling his words out—"well, suh, Major Foxmaster, it's this-a-way: I've been—been a-thinkin' it over; and if this here lady—this woman that wears black all the time—the one that's moved into the old Gresham place acrost the street—if she pesters you any by follerin' you round every wheres, the way she does—I thought I'd be very glad—if you said the word—to warn her to quit it, else I'd—I'd have to take steps agin her by law or somethin'. And so—and so ——" He stopped altogether. He had been chilled at the moment of his entrance; now he was frozen mentally to below the zero point.

The Major spoke, and his syllables battered on Joel Bosler's unprotected head like hailstones.

(Continued on Page 65)

GOING UP!—By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ALL booms are alike. The stage setting varies, but fundamentally they are as drops of water. Customs, like costumes, change from force of environment and economic conditions, but human nature remains the same. The autumn boom in Wall Street resembled all other stock booms, because the psychology of the boomers has not changed and cannot change. The Tulip Craze in Holland, or John Law's Mississippi Scheme in France, or the South Sea Bubble in England in most things were the counterparts of the present speculation in this country. After all, booms are made by men, and not by stocks or flowers or town lots or wheat or mines or war.

Everybody in Wall Street to-day tells you that there never was such a market. The old-timers say so, and prove it by pointing specifically to the difference in the "character" of the speculation. The newcomers prove it still more infallibly by emphatically asserting that they never saw one like it. Every time you meet a young broker or a young speculator—young men to whom the Flower Boom of 1899 is as remote as the Battle of Salamis—you find that you listen merely to voluble enthusiasm. Their eyes shine not only with triumph but with gratitude at their good luck in being alive at such a time.

"Nothing like it, old chap," the son of a broker friend assured me. The boy had just come from the Curb, where he had been at work with his larynx.

"Well, I've seen ——" I began.

"Nothing like this," he interrupted, not rudely or commiseratingly but very earnestly, to convince me how wrong I was not to be as excited as he. I know he was certain that I didn't realize that Wall Street had reformed. He knew that I didn't know that the eternal rules of the unbeatable game had been wiped out by the rise in the war stocks, and he felt very sorry for me because he was afraid I was not going to take home the money that he knew was to be had for the picking up.

The Epidemic of Easy Money

SO I SAID: "Five years ago I gave you the Jungle Books for a Christmas present. Did you read that story about the alligator?"

"What's that got to do with the fact that Bethlehem Steel is ——"

"Well," I said, "there was a little quatrain in it that runs like this:

"In August was the Jackal born;
The Rains fell in September.
'Now such a fearful flood as this,'
Says he, 'I can't remember.'"

He flushed.

"Well, of course I've only been here since the Stock Exchange resumed business; but dad says nothing like it was ever seen, and ——"

"How are you making out yourself?"

He looked modest and said deprecatingly, as nice boys will when they feel very proud of their exploits but would not dream of showing it:

"Well, sir, I've cleaned up ——"

"Enough," I said. "You win!"

"Let me tell you," he entreated, anxious to prove that he was both a conservative investor and a man of courage.

"I'll do better than that—I will not give you any advice." I knew it was useless, but the impulse was too strong to be resisted. I added: "Such chances do not come more than once in a lifetime. Now, son, you beat it while you are still ahead of the game. Cash in and soak it away."

"It's only begun. I get it absolutely straight ——"

I shook his hand warmly and left him. He wasn't a clinical case; he was an epidemic.

Long before you get to Wall Street you can see the Biggest Boom Ever. You are made aware of it in the commuters' train. At least eighty per cent of the commuters

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Clearing the Sales

every morning have their eyes glued on the financial page. Of the eighty per cent at least twenty mutter to themselves, or figure with lead pencils on the margins of the newspapers. Since the market has not had a serious setback of late they must be figuring their paper profits. The twenty per cent that are not reading the financial columns of the newspapers talk to their seatmates. When you listen you discover that they are not talking about stocks—they are talking about their winnings.

In the mornings on the street cars you observe much the same thing. You feel that most of the quotation readers are on their way to make money, not by working for it in their offices but by getting it without working, at their brokers' offices. Their talk is mostly about babies and brides. Oh, no; not the kind that you tote about or the kind you go on honeymoons with, but war babies and war brides. In the offices of merchants and dentists and commission men, in the studios of artists, in the hotel lobbies and the cafés, at dinner tables on Fifth Avenue and Avenue A, the talk is the same. Everybody and his wife have become financiers. Of course in the offices of stockbrokers the talk is bound to be about the stock market. They don't discuss values, prospects, capitalization, basic conditions, trade prospects or such things. They confine their remarks to advances.

It always happens in bull markets that brokers end by merely executing orders. They become weary of giving advice that isn't followed, and urging caution after they realize that such counsel evokes jeers or insults. What customers wish to get is a quick report on their orders to buy or sell. And however much Wall Street may have changed—and it certainly has changed for the better—you see what you always see in bull markets: Brokers' offices full of customers who sit before the quotation board, their eyes shining as they follow the motions of the quotation-board boy as he marks the prices, the magic figures that tell them how much more money they have to-day than they had yesterday. A wonderful thing, that quotation board, for they see on it not alone the fulfillment of their desires or the realization of their hopes, but the confirmation of their own suspicions of their own sagacity. A man who has bought a stock against the advice of a conservative broker, and has doubled his money in a fortnight, finds his suspicions turned into convictions by that impartial judge, the stock ticker. The stock ticker knows more than everybody. It deals with results. It satisfies your craving for action. It makes life worth living. And when it says that you are an ass, it convinces even you of it.

From ten to three, thousands of people live with no other thought than to listen to the ticker. A good-natured crowd, these winning Wisenheimers. There is a golden tinkle to their laughter. They amiably laugh at funny stories long before the humorous climax is reached. They are holding their pockets open, and the ticker squirts dollars into them. Men who are getting something for nothing never have grouches. They are excellent companions—provided each will do his legitimate share of listening. For all of them are dying to tell everybody how lucky they are. Sheer modesty! They really mean clever. And you know it and they know it.

Swimming With the Tide

THE old-stagers are more philosophical. They realize that after the long lean years this is their last chance to provide against similar leanness in the future. They are, as it were, careful in their recklessness. When they give their orders they shrug their shoulders as if apologizing for a sucker stunt—for, after all, it is a "sucker" market. The less you know about a company's business, the less you are deterred from buying its stocks, and, therefore, the more apt you are to make money. Knowledge, indeed, is the enemy of a speculator during a boom. This is logical enough, because such a stock market as we have been having is to a great extent a state of mind. It is a revival meeting, with Greed as the exhorter. You bet on the public's buying power and not on business conditions alone. Success in a wild bull market, therefore, is largely a matter of what you might call intelligent ignorance.

I was at the office of one of the oldest brokerage firms in Wall Street, and we discussed that point. Everybody agreed that the customers that made the most money were those who merely bet on the rising tide. You must remember that the present bull market is really legitimate, altogether apart from whatever opinions you may have as to the sensational advances in certain stocks.

"I remember," said the head of the firm, "Billy Marsland. It was over thirty-five years ago. It was all railroads then. He rushed in all excited and yelled: 'Buy me a thousand R. O.' It so happened that I had been going over that road's figures, or rather the figures in the promoters' prospectus, because the road wasn't half finished. I called him to one side and said: 'Bill, do you know what that stock is worth?' 'No, but I hear it is good for one hundred and fifty and ——' I cut him short and said: 'Do you know what they have bonded

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Most of the Business These Days is Being Done by the Odd-Lot Houses. They are Now Employing Hundreds of Clerks Who More Than Once Have Had to Sleep in the Offices

it for? That road parallels the G. T. & M., and you know that the G. T. & M. isn't doing much more than earning fixed charges. Your road is capitalized for over eighty thousand dollars a mile, and just figure a moment what it will have to earn to pay interest and dividends.' 'Great Scott!' said Bill. 'Don't buy it!'

"Of course the stock went up forty points in two months on the rawest kind of pool manipulation. The road was afterward reorganized, and all the stockholders got was the privilege of paying an assessment to get new stock that wasn't worth as much as the assessment. That was two years later. But when it sold up, Bill came to me and said: 'John, in the future keep your damn statistics to yourself. Hereafter when I say "buy" you buy for me—in silence. You cost me forty thousand dollars, you and your dog-gasted bonds per mile.'"

I could tell twenty similar stories about similar incidents during the boom which began shortly after the Battle of Manila Bay. The old broker also remembered them. As we were talking one of his customers came in, limping.

"What's the matter, Bill?" asked the broker?

"I hurt my toe," answered Bill.

"How did you do it?"

"Well, I was kicking the Manual round. I didn't get the range, and one of my kicks hit the side of the safe." Bill limped off to the customers' room to see what the stocks were doing, and the broker told me the story.

It seems that some months ago somebody gave Bill a tip to buy Crucible Steel in the twenties. Bill went to the broker and asked him about the stocks. He thought he would like to buy a thousand shares. At that time the boom hadn't got started and the broker didn't know much about the stock, so he said to his customer:

"Look in the Manual and see." The customer obeyed, and gathered from the statistics that there was not much chance of the stock's being worth more than it was selling for. He didn't buy it. It went up to one hundred and nine afterward.

"If I Had Only Bought——"

ONE of the speculators' hells consists of thinking of the money you didn't make. If you had only done what you ought to have done, but didn't! You can't blame Bill. You must remember that the president of this particular company came out with a statement deprecating the wild speculation in the stock of his company. It was really a decent thing to do; something, incidentally, that nobody would have dreamed of doing some years ago. And yet, as far as I can make out, it not only did no good in checking speculation, but gratitude for his warning from people who had bought the stock was expressed in remarks like this: "He's trying to pick up cheap stock. We're on to his tricks!"

Though it is true that most of the stories of lucky or unlucky speculators merely are variants of the stories heard at the height of booms in the past, it must be admitted that there are many points of difference between the present speculation and similar outbursts of bygone days. When the New York Stock Exchange closed a condition was created that really had no precedent in this country. Manufacturers wondered, merchants were perplexed, bankers blundered, and the public read the war bulletins. I venture to say that in August of 1914 hundreds of thousands of Americans believed that if the Stock Exchange were open for business they would find golden opportunities for investment. The average man—not speculators or gamblers but men who had savings—visioned to themselves purchases of good stocks at panic prices. They didn't like to buy at the figures arbitrarily fixed by the Exchange Committee as the irreducible minimum, but the germ of the desire to buy good stocks at low prices was in a million minds. Much has been written about business conditions, exports of foodstuffs and munitions of war, the prospect of gaining the financial supremacy of the world, the triumphant rise of the dazzling hope that "dollar exchange" will become a world condition, the huge crops and high prices, the fact that for years this country had been doing business conservatively in the dread of the crash that never comes when everybody looks for it and prepares accordingly; and all these factors combined to produce a condition of affairs that could find expression in but one thing—a great bull market.

Well, when the Stock Exchange was opened for business again the mine was laid. The fuse stuck out in plain sight of a million sharp-eyed, vividly imaginative Americans, who not only had money in banks but were customers of banks that had more money in their vaults than they knew what to do with. The West was rich from its wonderful crops; the South was perking up; the Middle West was manufacturing automobiles, motor trucks, and so forth, and getting paid for them; the East had become a vast arsenal, with factories running day and night at the most profitable prices in their history.

The Stock Exchange Has Succeeded in Putting an End to Many Abuses and Today There Is no Such Manipulation in Stocks as Was Seen in All Previous Booms

Do you know what happened when the New York Stock Exchange resumed business on November 30, 1914? What happened was that the straining ears of the American people heard a mighty voice that thundered louder than the forty-two-centimeter guns of the Teutons—a voice that was magnified by a stupendous megaphone of solid gold—the two words: GOING UP!

Some man approached the mine and lit the fuse. It was Bethlehem Steel. The sputtering of sparks consisted of a lot of incandescent dollar marks. You must remember that people's imaginations must always be fired before they move en masse. Fireworks are always needed, and conditions invariably supply them at the right time. It is one of the maxims of speculation that stocks never go up, but must be put up.

This used to be done in the old days by manipulative devices that are too familiar even to the lambs to produce the desired effect in this enlightened age. Left to itself no stock will go up of its own accord, because the appreciation of that stock's value by the public generally is bound to be so slow that it takes a long time for the price and the real value to approximate each other.

There was without question much more buying of securities during the enforced cessation of business on the Stock Exchange than most people imagined. After the Stock Exchange reopened the papers were full of the accounts of the colossal orders booked by companies like the Bethlehem Steel, General Motors, Du Pont Powder and a dozen others. People's thoughts were directed to big profits. The desire to share in those profits followed not only immediately but logically. That, in turn, called attention to the favorable conditions in other departments of trade and industry. Hence your bull market and hence your boom.

I believe that it was again the Westerners who started this boom. In the big rise of 1898 to 1901 the Westerners also began it, because their grasp of underlying conditions and their vision of the golden future were keener than that of Eastern people. The West felt the prosperity before the East did, and their point of view and their optimism came easier to them than to the East. This time the West shook off pessimism earlier than the East, because they profited from the great war before the East did. Speculative appetites were whetted by fortunes made in grain and in automobiles. But the East was almost as ready, and lost no time in getting off when the starter said "Go!"

Big Margins the Rule

PROBABLY the most striking difference between the present boom and past periods of great speculative activity is in the nature of the trading. The stock market to-day has no leader. It has no Governor Flower; there is no James R. Keene; you don't hear of a second John W. Gates; there is nobody to do what the Moore-Reid-Leeds bunch did a decade and a half ago. The trading is more general, infinitely more widely distributed. The profits are shared by more people. And even more striking is the fact that there is no speculating on dangerously slim margins—at least not yet. You don't hear of the big killings of the old days; nobody has cleaned up $30,000,000 as the result of this boom—and more than a dozen men did this very thing in the boom of fifteen years ago. Since there is no leader, there is no following. I don't know whether the public to-day would follow any one man's language as they did that of Roswell P. Flower in 1898-99; but given the wealth of the country and the imagination of the American people, to say nothing of our old friend Greed and the desire to get something for nothing, if a leader arose to-day who could command the confidence and inflame the cupidity of the public, it is a safe bet that a five-million-share day would be with us. There never was a market before when there were so many consecutive million-share-days as we've seen this year. It is all the more remarkable because a million shares to-day means a far greater financial outlay than two million shares did fifteen years ago.

The day of the shoestring has gone. Brokers and customers alike insist upon big margins: the customer because the danger of the shoestring has been dinned into his ears, and the broker because he has made up his mind not to be an ass for money. A man who buys one hundred shares of Bethlehem Steel is buying the equivalent of five hundred shares of a stock at par. Not only this, but he is buying a stock that has had a sensational advance, and in which, therefore, a sensational decline is naturally to be looked for and provided against. There never were such margins put up as the commission houses in Wall Street demand and ungrudgingly get to-day. The head of a large firm told me that if Bethlehem Steel broke two hundred points and other war stocks dropped in proportion, not one account in his office would be disturbed. This curtails frantic liquidation.

To be sure, the end may not yet be in sight, but it is a fact that the old-fashioned healthy reactions, which consisted of the big fellows' selling to the little fellows at the top and buying the same goods back twenty points lower, are not in evidence this year. At this writing the last chill came when the Lusitania was sunk. Yet there are signs of a change. On October twenty-eighth we find that Bethlehem Steel sold at 525 and 559. At one time that same afternoon the only bid for the stock was 400. To be sure, the next day sales were made way above it, and on November first the stock sold at 500, dropped to 450, closed at 461, a net decline for the day of 63¾ points. The biggest rise the stock ever had in one day was a little over 70 points. Perhaps the talk of peace has made an impression on holders who see the company's profits greatly reduced by what the entire world is praying for. But it is also a fact that the majority of the smaller holders of Bethlehem Steel stock are

people who bought it and paid for it when it sold way below par. They view the prospect of even a few hundred points' drop with grief rather than with misgivings, because, after all, they don't expect the stock ever to sell as low as it was selling when they bought it.

The big margins demanded and the extremely high prices of the specialties have brought about a great difference in the character of the trading. The enormous dealings in odd lots are doubtless the striking feature of this market. There are very few big orders coming in to the market nowadays. A five-thousand-share order is rare. In the old days, at the time of the boom that followed the flotation of the United States Steel Corporation, men like Gates, Reid, Keene, Flower, the "Pittsburgh bunch," the "Chicago gang," a dozen big room traders, thought nothing of buying or selling fifty thousand shares in a day. One broker bought one hundred thousand shares of Northern Pacific for J. P. Morgan & Co. acting through James R. Keene, and during the boom sold seventy-five thousand shares of U. S. Steel in a few minutes. He still holds the record. On the biggest day on the Stock Exchange in 1901 the commission house through which men like W. C. Whitney, D. G. Reid, C. W. Morse and other big plungers traded reported a total business for the day of one hundred and thirty-eight thousand shares. To-day the big business is done by the odd-lot houses. Five of these houses did a million and a quarter shares, all in odd lots, in two days. The leading odd-lot firm usually employed one hundred and forty clerks and kept this force on its pay roll while the Stock Exchange was closed. It is now employing over two hundred and fifty clerks, and the business is so heavy that the clerks more than once have had to sleep in the office. An entire floor was hired and filled with cots, and shower-baths were put in for the benefit of the overworked clerks.

The Bigness of the Odd-Lot Trading

THE odd-lot house, you must remember, does not buy or sell stocks for customers in the ordinary sense. It is really a jobber. It buys from and sells to the brokers who have orders in fractional lots. It is a tremendous business, requiring not only elaborate machinery but mighty alert wits to prevent the very magnitude of the business from becoming the undoing of the house. Imagine dealings in a stock that may jump fifty points in a day. The odd-lot house sells the brokers amounts ranging from one share to eighty or ninety, and they must buy in hundred-share lots to distribute among the odd-lot purchasers. In other words, they must buy in bolts and sell in dress lengths.

One of these firms has ten men on the floor, which means three-quarters of a million dollars invested in stock memberships alone, to say nothing of the brokers they employ and who devote their entire time to the firm's business. It often happens that the odd-lot house may be selling a rising stock quicker than they can buy it. If such a house does, say, a business of one hundred and fifty thousand shares in one of the big days, remember that the individual transactions range from one share to anything under a hundred, mostly twenty, thirty or forty shares. This means thousands of individual transactions.

Such a firm has to have a force of what they call complaint clerks to satisfy their customers—the other brokers—that the price was right. All their telephones on the floor of the Exchange have time stamps, so that the exact moment that the order is received is put down in black and white. They have a staff of half a dozen clerks who keep careful tabs on the exact moment at which sales are made on the floor. They have a stock ticker and the tape, instead of falling into a basket, passes through a clock with a time-stamp attachment that marks on the tape the time, minute by minute, so that the odd-lot house can say to its broker customer: "Your order shows it was received at 2:37. The sales in that particular stock at 2:37 P. M., at 2:38, at 2:39, and so forth, were thus and so." And the stock-exchange ticker in the odd-lot houses stamps on the tape exactly what prices were obtained for stocks at that very minute. These houses get and give such a vast number of checks in payment for their trades that over the heads of the clerks there is a system of cash carriers, such as you see in the department stores. Instead of office boys thronging the narrow halls, carrying checks and comparison tickets, and so forth, the little conveyers carry the documents to the hundreds of the clerks who record the great American public's favorite pastime, the bull market.

There is no doubt that a great change for the better has taken place in Wall Street. The articles on the Unbeatable Game of Stock Speculation which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST did not please Wall Street, brokers feeling that justice had not been done to the efforts of the Stock Exchange in the direction of preventing the abuses that manipulators indulged in so freely a few years ago. As a matter of fact, neither they nor anyone else can controvert the fact that anybody who tries to make a fortune gambling in stocks must necessarily lose his money in the end. This does not mean that seeing an opportunity and grasping it is fatal to the pocketbook or that brokers are crooks. At all events, it is a fact that to-day there is no such manipulation in stocks as was seen in all previous booms. The Stock Exchange has succeeded in putting an end to many abuses by men of great financial power who were not concerned with the reputation of the Stock Exchange.

Thus there is a marked difference in the character of the trading. The transactions numerically do not show such totals as were seen in the spring of 1901. This is partly because of the Stock Exchange's attitude toward manipulation and because people are no longer fooled by the familiar devices. However, there is still another reason besides the efforts of the Stock Exchange or the greater wisdom of the lambs, and that is that both the state and the Federal governments impose a tax on stock transactions. This makes "washing" and the giving of "matched" orders a matter of great expense. To a large extent the very violent fluctuations in certain stocks are due to this very absence of manipulation in the market. The leader who used to "jack up" his specialty and could prevent overviolent decline by means of "supporting" orders isn't doing anything of the kind in this market. Of course panicky tendencies probably will continue to be checked by the stronger interests, but not in the old-fashioned way. The attitude of Wall Street toward the public is different to-day and the public realizes it.

Then, too, the professional trader to-day does not indulge in the large operations of former times. There is no scalping. The old-timers used to buy ten thousand shares of a stock that looked as if it needed a prod upward. If they made an eighth of a point profit, not having to pay commissions to themselves, with an insignificant charge for clearing the stock, they could make a handsome thing by sheer bulk of their trading. The "eighth-chaser" is a thing of the past. With the clearing charge and the state and Federal taxes of four dollars per hundred shares, there is no money in scalping for the room trader. As I said before, if business were conducted in the old way on the part of the big operators and the room traders and the public, with the amount of money put up to carry on the present speculation, it would be no exaggeration to say that the million-and-a-quarter-share day of 1915 is really bigger than the three-million-share day in 1901.

All these things differentiate the present market from the old one. The absence of rank manipulation and the existence of bigger margins make the violent fluctuations less dangerous than they used to be. But even if that doesn't mean anything to the new crop of speculators, you cannot deny that the New York Stock Exchange is to-day the only place in the entire world where humanity may buy or sell stocks to its heart's content.

The Cub Reporter's New Stories

IN OTHER respects, that is to say on the human-nature side, this boom is like the others. The public to-day is just as eager to buy a mystery as it was fifteen years ago or fifty years ago. The psychology of greed and cupidity has not changed appreciably. When the end of the present chapter is reached it will doubtless be found that as usual it was not the bankers nor the changed conditions nor the stock-brokers that made the customer lose money, but himself and that which was in his heart when he would not heed the advice to cash in instead of considering the paper profits or waiting for the rebound upward after the decline. The bucket shops have gone out of business. They always do in bull markets, because their business is to copper their customers' trades, and the customers are all long of stocks and stocks are going up.

But so far all is well. People always hear what they wish to hear, therefore they hear stories of winnings. The public does not want an analysis of conditions. Next to making money, it finds its greatest delight not only in getting tips, but in giving them. No two customers of any commission house can sit next to each other before the quotation board without one of them asking the other what he is carrying. And after cordial expressions of admiration each will tell the other what he has heard is going up fifty points.

The call of the ticker is listened to by the wise and the wayward, the young and the old, the experienced and the inexperienced alike; by wives and mothers as well as by husbands and not-yet husbands, by prodigals and tight-wads, by shrewd business men and by old women of both sexes. There is an amazing family resemblance about all stories of all booms. I was talking to a young reporter who was good enough to tell me that I should take advantage of the present boom to write a lot of new Wall Street stories based upon actual incidents. I asked him to tell me one. He did, and asked me what I thought of it. I told him that if he substituted New York Airbrake for Crucible Steel the same thing happened in Governor Flower's office in 1899. He told me another one. That one went back to the days of Daniel Drew and Billy Henriquez, and had been published. Then he said: "I'll tell you one you never heard."

It was a very interesting story. When he finished he said triumphantly: "You didn't hear that one, did you?"

"No," I said; "I didn't hear that one. But I published it in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST thirteen years ago."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Edwin Lefevre on the Boom in Wall Street

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS NEW YORK

Curb Brokers Trading and Reporting Transactions in Sign Language to Clerks at Windows Above

The Other Side of the House

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THIS is a free country and everyone has the right to form a society to demonstrate what is wrong with the world. Members are hereby solicited for an association to prove that all evils—except mosquitoes—come from believing in types.

For example: The capitalist thinks there is a typical workman who is faithless and shiftless—a sort of human cold boiled potato. The workman imagines a typical capitalist who spends all his week-ends in a guarded Long Island castle, inventing new devices for grinding the faces of the poor. So we have strikes and editorials and other evils. Then the individual capitalist and the individual workman discover that they are equally interested in babies and baseball, and they call off the strike and go fishing together. Anyway, they ought to.

The one universal fallacy is that romance belongs to a type that lives at least five thousand miles away and has slimsy, damp yellow locks, and contracts rheumatism by playing little fiddles in the moonlight; but the new society will prove that romance is always here for our taking. It will publish a learned report about a brakeman running on the Ferguston Division of the M. & D., an ordinary young Scandinavian trainman named Chris Thorsten, with hair like oakum and a face as cheery and commonplace as the nickel badge on his cap, who, nevertheless, experienced such love as makes immortal the name of Dante.

Born in Joralemon, Minnesota, with a Norwegian father and a Swedish mother, Chris Thorsten was so free from a hyphen that he boasted of what our ancestors did in the Revolutionary War. What could a fellow be besides an American—and a railroader? Like most Joralemon boys, he was fascinated by the yards of the M. & D., that fairy highway with St. Paul at one end and the Pacific Coast at the other. He had a favorite engineer, who let him ride in the cab; and whenever he went up to the swimming hole he flipped a freight. Before he was twenty he was a brakeman in the freight service.

Chris had an imagination and he reveled in his curious new world, one hundred and twenty miles long and one hundred and twenty feet broad. He studied every house and field and ditch and tarpaulin-covered threshing machine, from Ferguston to St. Hilary. He could see only one side of things from the train; but whatever he could not see was satisfyingly mysterious to him.

Three miles from the town of Wakamin was a white cottage, partly hidden by a willow grove, but with one window visible, at which a curtain waved like a beckoning hand. He was sure the front yard of the cottage must be a garden, with Canterbury bells and hollyhocks instead of Joralemon's favorite flower, the well-meaning geranium. Near by was the equally inviting Farm of Windmills. Here the farmhouse was so nearly concealed by the enormous red barn that he could see nothing except its mansard roof: but that awed him, because it reminded him of the banker's handsome residence at home. He enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with the Farm of Windmills, based on about seventeen square feet of house roof, one barn, one chicken run, crab-apple trees, and two large willows.

For a year he noticed casually that some sort of smallish girl was to be seen playing in the yard or talking to a man in overalls. Once he saw the girl reading on a platform built in the branches of one of the willows. Chris was a railroader, trained to register twenty impressions in ten seconds, and he missed nothing. The girl was reading a book; and for people who read books he had an exalted reverence. It was a big book. He wondered what it was—bound magazines or a dictionary, or perhaps poetry. He decided that it should be poetry—a copy of the Family Compendium of Noble Poetry and Good Prose Reading for All the Household, that lordly compilation which the Thorsten family used for propping open the kitchen door.

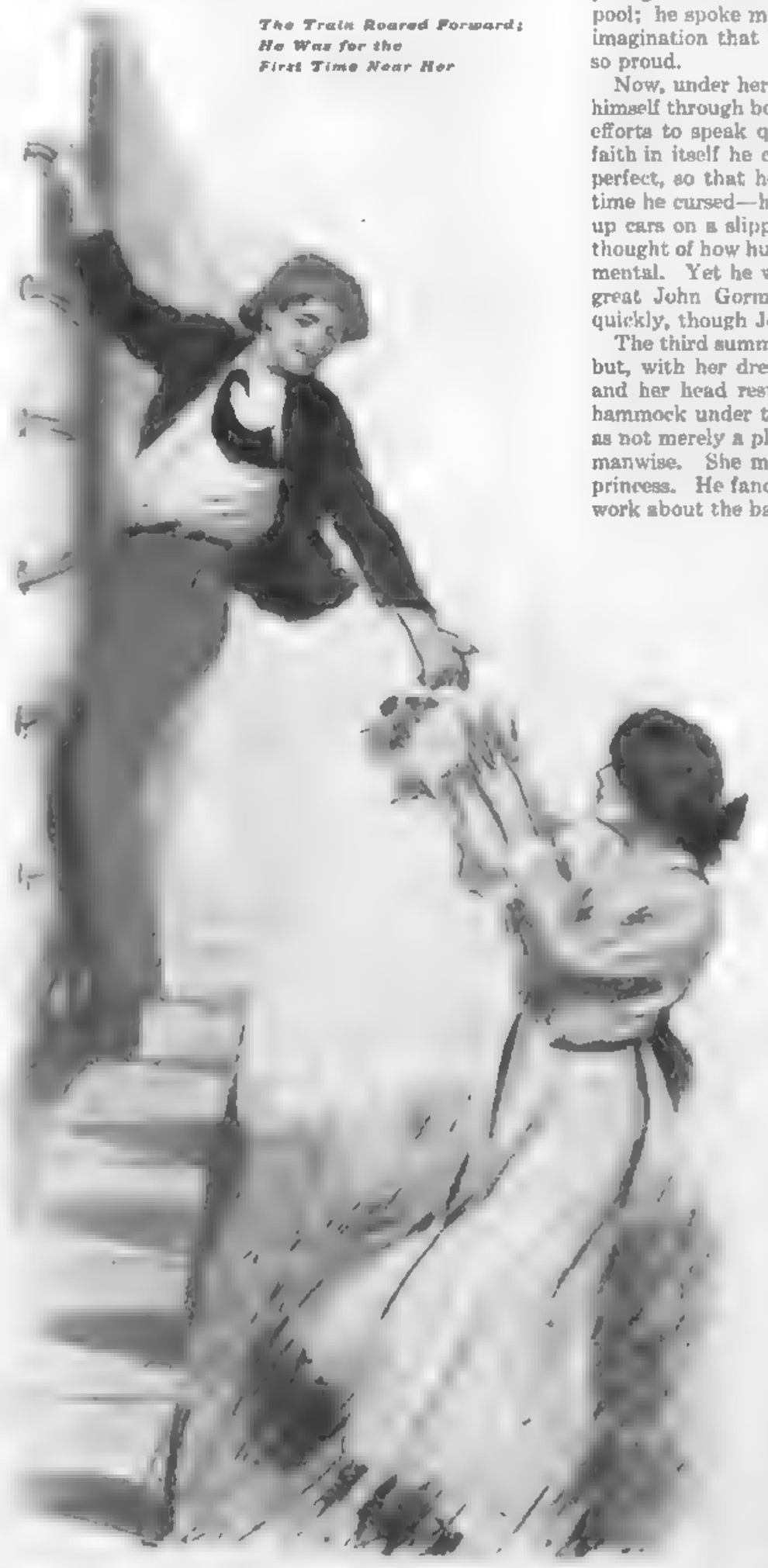
Reading poetry! Yet she was, he observed, only fourteen or fifteen. She was sitting Turkwise on crossed legs that were long and slim, and as curving as the leaf of a fleur-de-lis, in coarse cotton stockings that seemed from a distance too extensively darned for the princess of a mansard roof. Her hair was exactly right for a princess, however. Most of the girls along the line had prim pigtails or weedy tangles of uncombed locks; but round the eyes of the girl in the willow tree foamed a shower of brown hair, wavy and fresh-washed. She was eighty feet away and he looked for a moment only, but he could almost feel the elastic freshness of her hair.

As the farm ran back out of sight, past the train, the girl glanced up from her book and gazed off among the trees, her delicate chin in her hand.

Chris took with him the memory of her brooding quiet. He was nineteen and imaginative; and, though he did not know it, he was a railroad man because thus he approached more nearly to the world of cities and sea and old beautiful things than he could have done as a farmer or miller or clerk. He had told himself stories—not particularly original ones—about far-off, mountainous, shining places and about misty-haired girls, ever since as a boy, lying in the old black-walnut bed in the Thorstens' attic, he had listened to the distant whistle of the trains. Into the musing of the girl in the willow he insisted on reading a proud fineness that was rather noticeably lacking in the bouncing, giggling girls who hung about the stations to see the trains come in.

He saw her nearly every time the train passed the farm; saw her reading other books in the willow, or making-believe, as few girls still dare to do at fifteen. Once she was sitting on a wooden kitchen chair draped with a Turkish portière, wearing a pasteboard crown and languidly waving a scepter, which must recently have been the plunger in a patent washing machine. Once she was a knight, wearing a washboiler cover on her back and riding a bewildered old horse, which could not understand that she was trying to make him charge on the chicken house.

Though he waved his hand at the children who came out to watch the train go by, he dared not wave at the girl



The Train Roared Forward; He Was for the First Time Near Her

of the Farm of Windmills. She was sacred; he identified her with dreams and put her in a place apart. Some day, he felt certain, he should miraculously meet her; he would speak to her in a high-flown antiquated manner, like the magazine stories about pilgrims and tapestries, with words like withered rose-leaves. He would not say Gee! to her; nor Gosh!—not once.

For two years he watched her grow up. He saw her dresses lengthen, her shoulders straighten, as she passed through flapperhood—a little, light-stepping image of coming womanhood. In winter she came from the white schoolhouse; and he was jealous of the louts who carried her books or threw snowballs at her. Sometimes she waited at the grade crossing for the train to pass, and her delicate cheeks were touched to color by the cold, as sunset makes rosy the snow. He knew all her gestures, and from them knew her soul.

During these two years Chris' mother died and he moved to a barren boarding house in Ferguston. He met few people there, and gradually the girl of the farm came to be the person whom he knew better than anyone else in the world, though her name, her voice and her thoughts were all unknown to him. And she was not merely his friend, but his guide. Had he been living shoddily she would have regenerated him. Chris was technically a good young fellow. Yet he did waste too much time over Kelly pool; he spoke muddy English; and it was mostly in his imagination that he did all this reading of which he was so proud.

Now, under her silent influence, he laboriously dragged himself through book after book. He made jerky, youthful efforts to speak quietly, move graciously. With youth's faith in itself he cheerfully started out to become entirely perfect, so that he should be ready to meet her. Every time he cursed—he cursed, all right; you do, if you hook up cars on a slippery track—he blushed exceedingly and thought of how hurt the girl would be. He was very sentimental. Yet he was a promising young brakie. Not the great John Gorman himself could open a switch more quickly, though John was mighty among brakemen.

The third summer, when the girl made-believe no more, but, with her dress properly tucked in about her ankles and her head resting on her hand, read and read in the hammock under the willows, Chris began to think of her as not merely a playmate but as a woman whom he loved manwise. She must have been eighteen; a white little princess. He fancied that her arms, as she bared them in work about the barnyard, were fine-textured as silk.

Then, in September, she disappeared from the farm. He watched for her anxiously and for two weeks would not admit that she was gone; but he imagined dreadful things. She was old enough now to be married. Perhaps some man whom he had never seen, some perspiring, heavily jocular citizen of Wakamin, had taken his silver girl. Or was she sick?

He saw her, at last, at a distance, on a street in Joralemon. He casually asked his old friend, the all-knowing bus driver, whether that girl was not the daughter of Doc Lingard.

"No," said the driver; "she's some girl from out of town that's going to high school here. Don't know her name."

Chris was vastly content; very proud of her. He decided to attend high school with her. His own schoolwork had ended with the eighth grade. He solemnly bought the books for Freshman and Sophomore classes and turned his room at Ferguston into a private school, sternly conducted by Professor Chris Thorsten, evenings, when he was back from the road.

He read history, algebra, physiology; and in Tennyson's Idylls of the King had reason to suppose that his fantastic love was not necessarily so idiotic as John Gorman, the swing brakeman, would have maintained. He became so precise in speech—so nearly precise—that Gorman jeered: "Gosh! You must have swallowed the dictionary." And Chris had to throw in a few "hells" to show that he meant no insult by trying to speak correctly.

He pretended that in his town, miles from her, he was actually studying with her, sharing the same book.

He could feel one elbow grind on the table; feel the other arm, as he turned the leaves, faintly touch her side. The light would slide down her smooth cheek to her throat as she glanced from page to page, he imagined.

It was in his high-school reading that he first learned the story of Dante—which he innocently pronounced Dant. He traced himself in the lonely poet; the girl of the farm in the deathless Beatrice. All winter he asserted to himself that he was the exiled Italian, wandering down the damp corridors of ancient palaces. He was not, though. And the Minnesota winter was not really a season of rains and poetic melancholy.

Chris, on the cars, was a lumpy figure in a duck-lined Mackinaw coat and huge red mittens. Two cars away he could scarcely be seen through the blizzard. When the northwest gales stopped, and the sun glared on miles of snowdrifts that stretched from the track to the steel-blue sky, the thermometer dropped to forty degrees below zero and the coupling pins stung his hand even through mittens. But he was Dante and also a high-school prize winner, and declined to admit that he was cold.

It is probably true that Chris Thorsten's poetry was inferior to that of Dante; but, as regards practical common sense, he was a genius compared with that self-satisfied, wireless lover. He knew that if he was ever to care for the girl he had to climb beyond brakemanhood. He saw no reason why he should not be General Traffic Manager some day; but he saw plenty of reasons why he was not likely to be, unless he got into the General Offices—which the railroaders call the white-collar route. He added stenography and typewriting to his studies, and read books—one book, anyway—about railroad finance and management.

The girl seemed so constantly with him that for a second he was not surprised when, on a May day—with the poplars and silver birches in foliage, the prairie sloughs like fields of bluebells, and lady-slippers out in the tamarack swamps—he saw her again, standing between the willows, at the Farm of Windmills. Instantly his hand shot out as though it was a live, winged thing flying to her. For the first time in nearly four years of a love like worship he was waving to her. She responded—a flick of her hand; a slight turning of her shoulders in her white blouse; while the sun caught the movement of her piled brown hair.

He stretched out his arms, standing on a box car, revealed to her as a figure against the cornflower sky, in the attitude of crucifixion—and of utter happiness. His floppy corduroy trousers and black sateen shirt and black slouch hat fluttered buoyantly as the breeze whisked about him.

He wanted to tell someone all about it; but—the conductor chewed tobacco, and the front brakeman wore a celluloid button stamped, "Kiss me, kid!" and John Gorman had a laugh like a sick horse. Chris compromised by shouting, "Great day, by golly!" to the operator when they reached the Wakamin Station. By which he meant to indicate that the year was at spring and his sweetheart slim and winsome and kind; that life was exciting and the Wakamin Station more glorious than all the stations of London or Rome or fairyland.

In this last he was absurdly exaggerating. The Wakamin Station presumably answered the purpose, but it was not æsthetic. On the splintery platform, so sun-soaked that the planks smelled of pine forests and resin oozed out in amber drops, one case of empty beer bottles reposed desolately. Under the platform all the homeless newspapers and orange peels of the neighborhood found a resting place. Yet here Chris shouted his happiness.

He waved to the girl again the day following. She did not respond. The third day she was not in sight. The fourth, she fluttered a handkerchief at him. The fifth, she was reading in the hammock and did not look up. The sixth, he was off duty. The seventh, she did not appear. The eighth, she answered with a gesture of her delicate fingers like the waver of lace in a draft.

So it went for two weeks, and he tried to assay her replies scientifically.

Once, when they were sidetracked for two hours, John Gorman caught him plucking the petals of a daisy and growling: "Loves me—loves me not!" Chris had to lie vigorously—that he was trying to guess his chances of winning Doc Nickerson's shotgun raffle—to save himself from the reputation of being a young lover.

There is probably no legal reason why all lovers should not be confined in asylums. For more than two weeks it did not occur to Chris that, though he knew the girl better than he knew any other person in the world, and though she had waved to him, yet there was no reason why she should distinguish his greeting from any other careless gesture by a passing trainman.

When he did forget moonshine long enough to make this revolutionary discovery, he spent an evening at Ferguston in composing a bouquet for her. He discerningly stole daffodils from his landlady's garden, and from Old Man Bromenshenkel, the vegetable man, he bought irises, purple and golden; and he wrapped the bouquet in silver-gilt paper, with all of the lover's fumbling anxiety over his first gift. Thrice he unwrapped it—once to see whether the

It Was the First Time He Had Heard Her Voice, Deliciously Cool and Young

stalks were fastened, and once to put in a note, "Greetings from a lonely brakie!" and once to remove that note, which he rended and utterly destroyed.

Next day it was his trick on watch in the caboose cupola. He thrust his arm—unromantic in its sleeve of blue flannel fuzzy with lint—through the window, whirled it violently, and let the bouquet fly toward her. The girl, not very poetically engaged in feeding pigs, stared perplexedly and did not give response. The bouquet landed in the weed-filled ditch beside the track.

When the train passed next day Chris saw the gilt paper of his gift still lying among the weeds, a forlorn thing, with the gay cover smashed from its fall.

Hurt, amazed, he stared at it, then peered at the farmyard. As in her childhood days, the girl was reading on the airy platform among the willow boughs; but round her slim, fine legs a long skirt was swathed and her fingers pressed her temples as though her eyes were a little tired.

She looked up, the sunlight that came through the leaves checkering her hair with light and shadow, and let her quiet glance dwell on the train. He curtly saluted her, hand to forehead, and she waved just as the train exasperatingly bore him away.

"I wonder whether she knew it was a bouquet for her?" he meditated.

That night he prepared another bouquet of the brightest irises he could find, and he flung them unwrapped. He saw her pointed chin rise until her throat shone above her collar as, with surprised eyes, she followed the arc of the flying flowers. She started to run forward.

The flowers were gone next day, and from the tree house she peeped shyly at the train.

Roses, as they came into bloom, sweet peas that were like her fresh cleanness, pansies and peonies, he gave her. He had to hide them in his lunch pail, in his pocket—even among the farm machinery loaded on flat cars—to conceal them from the other trainmen.

She was standing by the fence one morning of passing; her fingers were nervously pinching the rusty barbed wire; with a perturbed, lovely excitement she was examining the whole train. He was impudently perched on a brake on a box car. He sprang up; his hat came off. His cropped, broom-colored hair and the pleasant even tan of his Norse face had something of the sturdy boyishness of a young knight. He awkwardly bowed to her, and from his pocket he brought out a careful though slightly mussy little bunch of pansies. A smile transformed the searching seriousness of her face; then, as though she were again the little girl, she ran away.

She waved to him always after that. Once or twice there were girls with her, visitors apparently, and she motioned with a secrecy that she evidently enjoyed. He saw her studying him from the willow, her little high-crowned head cocked on one side.

He knew now that her greetings were for him alone. Once, when he was in the cupola, he saw the front brakeman signal to her. She stared at the intruder and did not move; but when the caboose came opposite her, and Chris waved, she was like one waking from a brown study.

At last he sent her a book by his aërial post—Keats' Poems, in a red-line edition—and in it this note:

Please let me send you this book. For years now I have been watching you read; I guess there are not many girls along here who read. I love to read too; even a brakie loves to read sometimes. I read Dickens and Hall Caine, and lots of magazines. So I wanted to send you this book. If you like it just wave it once as I go by, and I will know I have not been fresh in giving it to you, because we both like to read. Honest, I do not want to be fresh. I have got all kinds of respect for the lady who reads such interesting-looking books in the willows.

YOUR FRIEND OF THE FREIGHT TRAIN.

P. S. The librarian of the Saint Hilary Public Library—she is a highly educated woman—says she is sure you will like this book. It is fine poetry. I do not read much poetry myself, but I appreciate it.

He was gloomy after giving her the book. Perhaps she would scorn it. He pictured her with eyes flashing, foot stamping—like the heroine of Humble Hearts, which had played under canvas at Ferguston; he fancied her exclaiming: "Sir, how dare you!"

Next day she stood at the fence again, flushed, agitated, her eyes shining. As he came abreast of her she pulled the book from under her arm, hesitated, then waved it timidly.

After two weeks, during which she did not come so far as the fence, though he sent her another book, he looked ahead and saw her down beside the track, balancing a ball of paper and watching intently. She motioned up at him with the bundle. He skipped down the iron ladder on the side of the box car and leaned far out, precariously holding the ladder with one hand, the other hand outstretched toward her, smoke and cinders storming round them both.

The train roared forward; he was carried toward her—was for the first time near her parted, expectant lips. She was holding out the bundle. He caught it, slammed it to his breast to hold it safe, while in the sudden jerk of the action he almost lost his grip and nearly fell from the ladder. He heard the cruelly grinding trucks. His whole body contracted with the fear of falling; but instantly he got hold of himself and over his shoulder bowed to her gracefully—that is, as gracefully as a man hanging with feet and one hand to a ladder on the side of a jouncing train, swinging with the motion, can reasonably be expected to bow.

As Dante would have opened a scroll from Beatrice, so a panting, dusty brakeman sat on a box car and undid the folds of a bunched newspaper.

There were shaggy russet dahlias setting off the purple of wild asters—and among the flowers this note:

Dear Unknown Friend: Indeed I do love to read books, as you said; and I want to thank you many times for making my summer happier. It might have been quite a lonely summer if I hadn't had somebody to sort of talk to as you went by. There are not many books round here, so I appreciated your thoughtfulness; and, oh, indeed, I did not feel you were fresh, like you said. I am going back to school. I leave this afternoon, but could not go without thanking you. I hope you will not have a bad winter; it must be hard on trains in snow. I will think of you there.

THE GIRL THAT READS.

"I will think of you there." That was the phrase he kissed most frequently.

He studied her handwriting—the precise script of a woman who reads much and writes little. In the slender loops of the l's he saw her own self.

She was gone; autumn had come. Two months later he was promoted to brakeman in the passenger service. He took up more keenly than ever his stenography and science of railroading and high-school work.

At the Joralemon Station he saw a poster advertising a high-school entertainment. His passenger run ended at St. Hilary, forty-odd miles from Joralemon, and he was tired when he reached there at five-thirty P. M.; but he caught the seven-seven train back to Joralemon. He saw her among the group marked by their silver-and-maroon banners as Seniors. Apparently she was completing her high-school work in two years. He ached with the pride of that, and with his glory in her when she stood out in a frilly gown of white mull with lace insertions, her hair in a pompadour, and sang Oh, Promise Me! as a solo.

It was the first time he had heard her voice. It was deliciously cool and young; in it was the sound of evening leaves.

Perhaps she would have seemed to the outsider, to the believer in types, merely a lithe, clean, rather pretty girl, in a provincial frock, singing a fair schoolgirl soprano; but her public appearance added awe to Chris' love.

Another May day—and she was back at the Farm of Windmills.

She could not know that he was in the passenger service. He ran down to the steps of the open platform, pulled off his semi-military cap, waved wildly. She stared for a second—lovely and dreaming among the crabapple blossoms—and broke into quivering life as she waved back.

Most periods in all lives are times of drudging along day after unchanged day; of wishing that something surprising would happen. Such was that summer to Chris. He threw flowers to her and a few books; he knew the daily sweetness of seeing her and the daily agony of not hearing her voice. But nothing happened.

He was on the train bound south one hot September afternoon. He was opening ventilators and had stopped to talk with the Ferguston undertaker. He lolled on the arm of a seat near the front of the car, and as he talked he looked along the aisle. He saw a silk-clad ankle, sleek and smooth as a pigeon's breast, a girl's foot in a dull-leather pump, and the flounce of a blue skirt. He glanced up casually. His heart leaped! The girl—the girl!—sat four seats away, on the other side of the car, facing him.

She was transformed in a town suit of blue cheviot, and the stiff linen collar of that period contrasted with the girlishness of her demure head and ivory neck. She was looking away from him, her face in profile; he saw the wistfulness of her lips, the uptilt of her chin. She seemed—to him, at least—altogether a city girl, and the timorous deference of the small-town man to city clothes accompanied his noble deference as lover.

He was weak about the knees and wabbly at the pit of the stomach. He did not dare go down the aisle—speak to her. What could he, an ordinary trainman, say to the goddess? He fled to the baggage car, where he informed John Gorman, acting baggageman, that he had a peculiarly violent headache. . . . Suppose she expected to see him on the train? Suppose even that, by a miracle, his absence disappointed her? Better that than reveal himself to her as a boor!

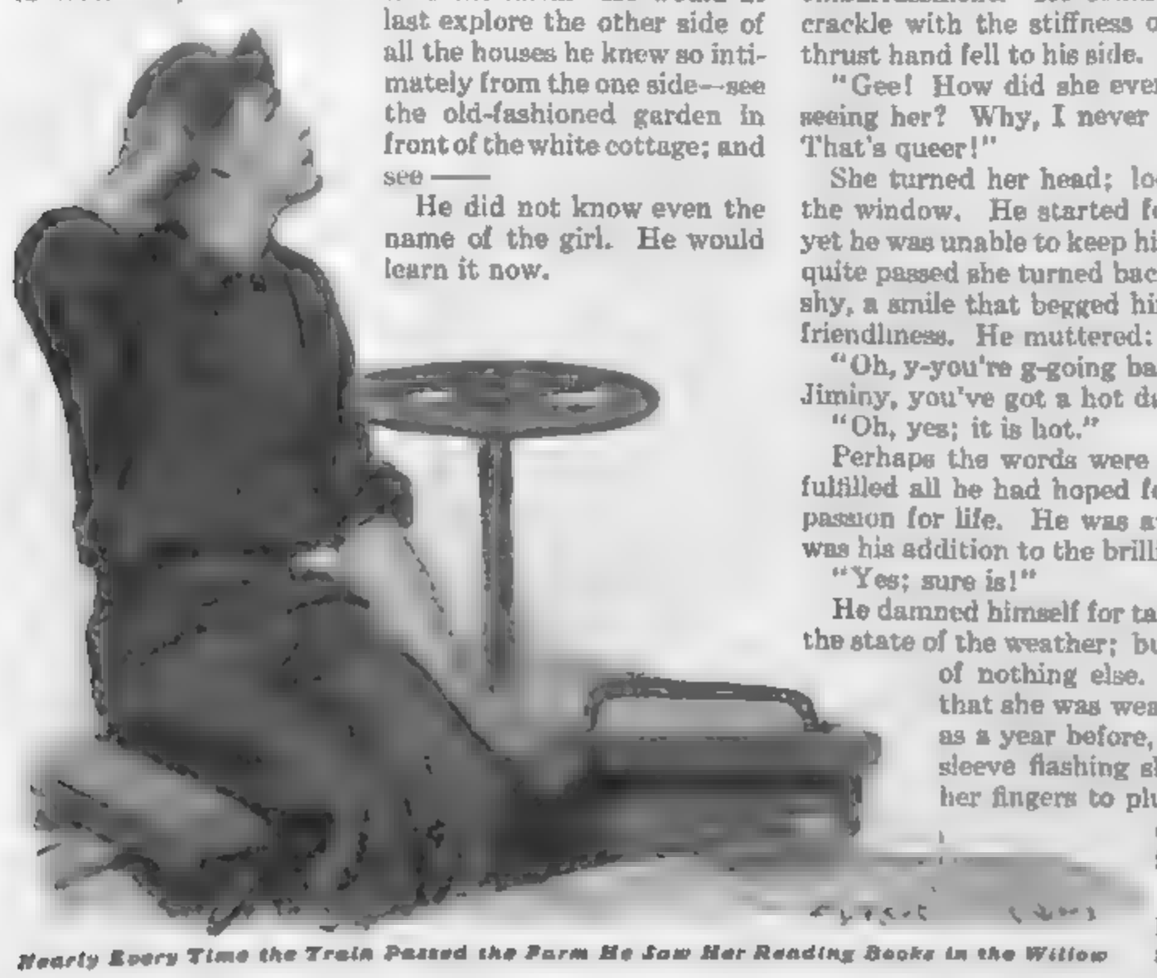
He looked out from the baggage car at each station. He saw her leave the train at Saint Sebastian and take the bus for the State Normal School, where the young ladies of Moore County are trained in fudge making, tennis, and the teaching of the young.

The winter was lonelier because he could not get himself to peruse Needlework, or the Organization of Beneficial Recess Play, with Lectures on the Planning of School Playgrounds, which were among the courses scheduled in the Normal School Catalogue. He could not pretend now that he was studying beside her.

He so savagely regretted not having spoken to her that he would start up from his chair to go to her. Next time, he swore to himself, he would be prepared to meet her. That motive became a religion, though he did express it by making foolish memos on report blanks—"Read poetry. Learn conversation. Mem.—Get new neckties."

Spring! She was back! At last Chris told her something of his long devotion—in letters to go in books. As he wrote each letter he planned to go and see her at the farm; but it was quite suddenly, and for no visible reason, that he decided to take a lay-off the following Friday, deadhead to Wakamin, and drive down to the farm. He would at last explore the other side of all the houses he knew so intimately from the one side—see the old-fashioned garden in front of the white cottage; and see ——

He did not know even the name of the girl. He would learn it now.



Nearly Every Time the Train Passed the Farm He Saw Her Reading Books in the Willow

A tremendously bathed and imperially shaved and quite incomparably hairbrushed Chris, in a new civilian suit of ready-made blue serge and a stiff and shining new purple tie, hired a buggy at the Wakamin livery stable. The road south was dusty, but meadow larks sang on the fence posts, the wild roses were in full bloom, and the wheat had spread its exquisite pale green over the rolling prairie. Half a mile from Wakamin the road began to parallel the railroad track. Chris recognized the other side of things he had known for years. He was excited to find that the back of the World Harvester Company's lone billboard concealed a pile of scantlings. He gasped:

"All these years I've seen that sign and I never knew there was anything on the other side!"

He was growing too feverish even to note farms that had always been hidden from him by woods. He would see her—now! What would she be like? He pulled the horse down to a slow walk. He had to get hold of himself. So he came creeping to the house just preceding the Farm of Windmills—the white cottage of the hollyhocks—only there weren't any hollyhocks!

He had so clearly pictured the bright, prim garden which must flourish in front of the cottage that he stopped the horse and stared about to get the landmarks before he would believe that this was the cottage. It was. But as for the garden his imagination had filled with charming idlers—he beheld a dooryard of trampled flowerless earth, a litter of tin cans, a pigpen slushy with mire, mud spattered over the door, and a woman, shouldered and breasted like a man, slovenly in calico faded from blue to a weak white, wearily mauling clothes on a washboard.

He felt—literally—that he had been betrayed. He drove unwillingly up the hill that separated the cottage from the Farm of Windmills. Halfway up he stopped again and gave way to wretchedness. Would the Farm of Windmills—and the girl—disappoint him as the white cottage had?

He dared not top the rise—whence he could see her farm—and take even one glance. He slowly turned and lashed the horse toward Wakamin. He looked straight ahead at the road. He paid no attention to new aspects of the route. He did not believe in the other side of things—so he told himself that afternoon.

He waved to her daily afterward, but he did not send her flowers or books or letters—save once, when a week of rain, gloomy with approaching autumn, made him so lonely that he had to tell her how much he needed the comfort of seeing her. She came out in the rain almost every day; but he doubted himself now—he wondered whether she came out for him or because she was so bored that a passing train was a relief.

He was rolling down the car aisle somewhere south of Wakamin. He stopped dead—before a seat in which sat the girl. He had met her!

She was alone. She was staring straight at him. Her shoulders were thrust forward. Intensity was in her face. The finger tips of her right hand were pressing hard on the red-veneered seat arm—the hand like a wild thing, crouching, cowering. Very serious and somewhat frightened was her look. Chris stood, with palpitating heart, his mouth slightly open, his arms checked in mid-swing, so that one hand was held drooping in front of him. One leg remained bent at the knee, the foot poised on its toes.

For ten seconds they stared. He bowed, frigid with embarrassment. He could feel the vertebræ of his neck crackle with the stiffness of his bow. His absurdly outthrust hand fell to his side. All he could think was:

"Gee! How did she ever get on the train without my seeing her? Why, I never saw her at the station! Gee! That's queer!"

She turned her head; looked away from him, through the window. He started forward, his head angrily high; yet he was unable to keep his eyes from her. Before he had quite passed she turned back to him, with a smile infinitely shy, a smile that begged him not to misconstrue its timid friendliness. He muttered:

"Oh, y-you're g-going back to normal school. It's —— Jiminy, you've got a hot day for it!"

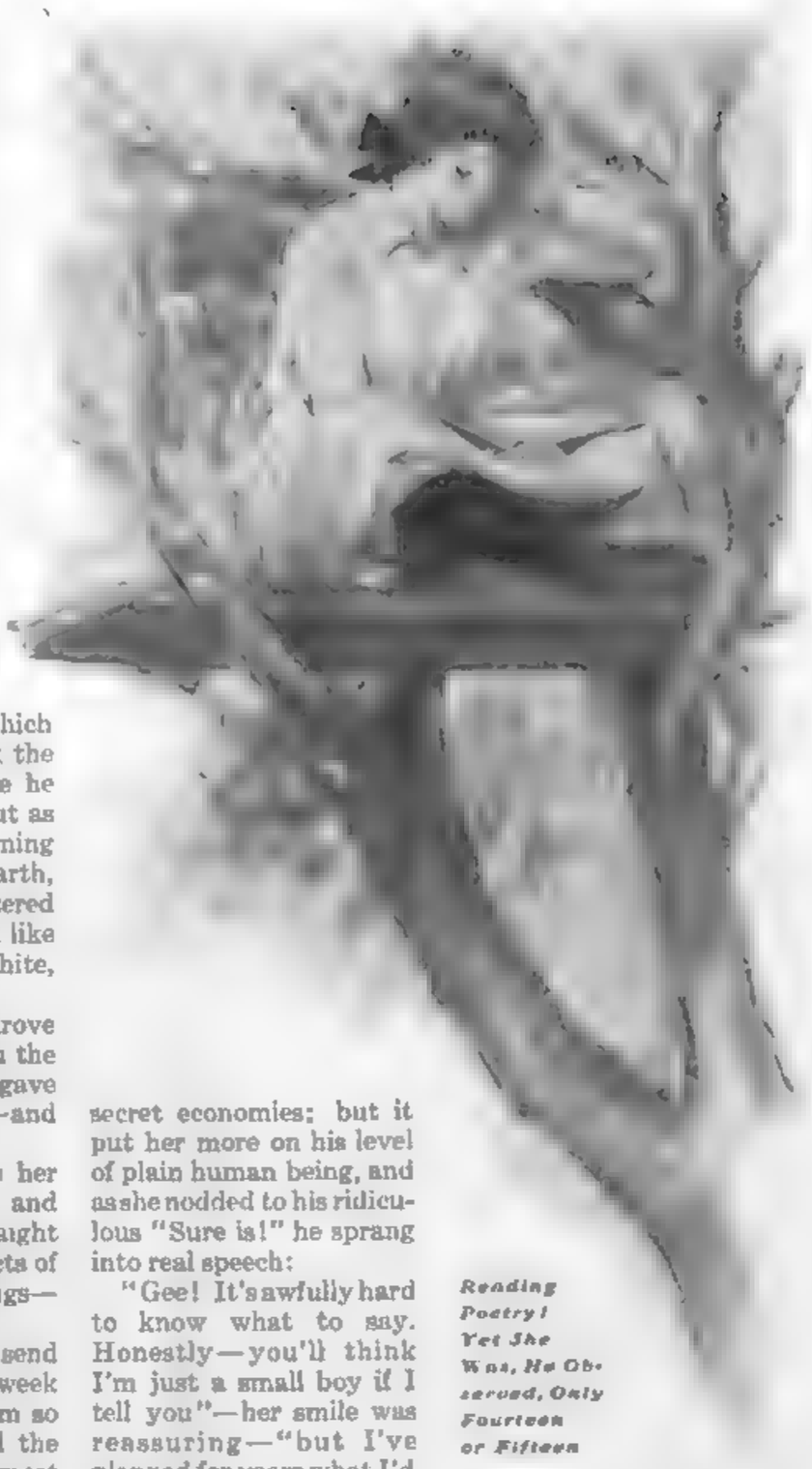
"Oh, yes; it is hot."

Perhaps the words were not memorable, but her voice fulfilled all he had hoped for—a vital sweetness; youth's passion for life. He was aware of its magic, though this was his addition to the brilliant conversation:

"Yes; sure is!"

He damned himself for talking to the true goddess about the state of the weather; but he could get himself to speak of nothing else. He was obsessed by the fact that she was wearing the same blue cheviot suit as a year before, though it was shabbier now, a sleeve flashing shiny underneath as she raised her fingers to pluck nervously at her collar. A cuff had been darned with painful care.

He knew love's sorrowing pity—that she, who was sacred and of fine silver, had to make



Reading Poetry! Yet She Was, He Observed, Only Fourteen or Fifteen

secret economies; but it put her more on his level of plain human being, and as she nodded to his ridiculous "Sure is!" he sprang into real speech:

"Gee! It's awfully hard to know what to say. Honestly—you'll think I'm just a small boy if I tell you"—her smile was reassuring—"but I've planned for years what I'd say when I met you. All sorts of Smart-Aleck things. And now I can't think of a single one of 'em!"

"I know!" He dropped on the seat arm beside her. "I know how it is," she said. "I've wondered about you. I—I want to thank you—flowers and everything."

"Oh, they weren't anything. We're coming into Joralemon—got to go out on the platform. I—oh, I don't want you to think I'm forcing myself on you; but it's just like I'd known you for years. And now you'll be gone—all winter—won't see you. But if you do think it ain't quite proper for you to talk to a stranger —— Oh, let me come back!"

In a voice thin and hesitating as a flute she said:

"Yes; come back."

She flushed glorious red over her cheeks and throat, which above her low collar was bright and bare. She glanced away from him, down at her rattan suit case.

At the Joralemon Station John Gorman came snickering up to Chris:

"Pretty little dame I seen you with. Takes a square-head to pick out a good looker!"

Chris answered with terrible quietness:

"If you butt in, Jack, I'll just nach'ly kill you!"

"Well, you don't need to get so huffy about it. Who's butting in?"

Gorman clumped away. Chris did not look at him. He was pantingly trying to decide what he dared say to the girl. He hastily outlined a number of remarks, good, sound, sensible remarks, about Keats and Dickens. As he reëntered the coach he forgot them all in the thrill of actually having her there.

Some place between the station platform and her seat he conquered youth's inability to face a big thing directly and seriously without capering. He had only one hour between Joralemon and Saint Sebastian Normal School. He came to her in a matter-of-fact way, and sat in the seat beside her. He said gravely:

"We haven't much time. Can't we tell—can't we ——"

"Trust each other?"

"Yes!"

"I'll try to."

"Please do! Not spar 'round like a man and a girl flirting."

"Oh, we must! I am going—I'm not going back to the normal school. My mother died when I was a girl and my father died last winter; and we haven't very much any more. My brother and I are selling the farm—what's left of it. I'm going down to Nebraska, where my brother

(Continued on Page 29)

THE BOLIVAR

By BOZEMAN BULGER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

HE WAS first seen following a load of scenery into the alley back of the old Paladin Theater. Pop Wilson, that venerable guard of the stage door and the little alley court, sized him up as a plain, ordinary tramp. Pop, having been 'round that theater since the heyday of Mary Anderson, was of the school that held the secrets of the stage to be inviolate, the back alley a privacy not to be invaded by strangers. The change in policy which turned the old Paladin into a vaudeville house had not affected in the least the views of the old doortender.

"Hey, you!" he called to the man following the wagon, but got no immediate response.

The tramp, instead of looking up, drew closer to the rear of the transfer truck and touched—almost affectionately, it seemed—a rumpled bit of the painted canvas that protruded from the crate.

Pop Wilson's quick appraisal and cataloguing of the stranger as a tramp was fairly accurate, his only error being in judging him an ordinary tramp. The man's face was blackened with coal dust and his rather large gray eyes, as they turned on the old man, appeared to be focused on something in the distance. In them there was absolutely no expression. Over his face trailed a soot-covered stubble of beard that made one think of the burnt ends of matches—a field of them. The hair, also filled with coal dust, had been a chestnut brown and was carefully brushed back from his forehead, the one evidence of a former respectability.

He wore no hat, but carried in his disengaged hand a cap of the type affected by English tourists; in fact, everything about the clothes, from the slim, stingy coat to the tight-fitting trousers, lifted high above the sorry shoes, suggested the Britisher. Shoulders that were broad and square were made to look narrow, and throughout there was a suggestion of sparseness in cloth. The muscular frame of the tramp gave the impression of being imprisoned, anxious to break its bonds. Pop was aware they did not make clothes like that in America.

Into His Eyes There Came What Was Nearest to an Intelligent Gleam That He Had Ever Shown Round the Paladin

"Any business in here?" the old man demanded to know.

The only response was a vacant stare and another caress of the crated scenery. Pop Wilson's anger was rising rapidly, but subsided when he suddenly recalled that the house was short of help. Two stage hands had left the night before and an extra man was needed in the removal of this truckload to the stage.

"Sceneshifter?" he asked, moving toward the stranger. "Know how to handle that stuff?"

The tramp nodded, his lips twisting into a slight smile, but there was no laugh in the gray eyes. They still gazed into the distance.

"All right! Grab hold, there!" Pop ordered as the team pulled up. "There's a chance for breakfast money anyway."

Without a word of inquiry or explanation the tramp's muscular frame got into action, mechanically assisting in the unloading. When it was all done the old doortender handed him a quarter. The young man—he could not have been over thirty-five—walked through the stage doorway, stopping to look at the mail rack where performers are accustomed to receive their letters. He then proceeded toward a dressing room, still looking blankly ahead, when a detaining hand was laid on his shoulder. The tramp was directed to the back of the stage, where shifters had begun to unpack the set. Under the direction of the boss shifter and Pop Wilson the queer stranger did well. He was told to "stick round."

When asked for a name the tramp smiled enigmatically and shook his head. Evidently he could not remember.

"Stubbs," suggested a stage husky, looking at the beard. "That name'll do."

"I beg pardon, sir?" said the stranger, looking up inquiringly.

The way he accented the words was responsible for the prefix of My Lord. From that moment My Lord Stubbs became his full name, though time gradually cut it down to plain Lord Stubbs.

In three days Lord Stubbs, by his amiability and willingness to work, had become an institution round the old Paladin. From his looks, his accent, and a word dropped here and there, Lord Stubbs' fellow workmen came to the conclusion that he must have come from somewhere on a steamer and had worked in the hold as a stoker. Wandering aimlessly round New York, he had seen the wagonload of stage scenery and had followed it into the alley.

Lord Stubbs used excellent language on the rare occasions when he spoke at all, and, despite his stupidity, was liked because of his evident consideration for the feelings of others. He would do anything that was told him, even to running errands for Pop Wilson, to whom he had taken a great fancy. Out of the kindness of his heart Pop had arranged it so that Lord Stubbs could sleep in the theater. Except to eat and run errands, he never left the building.

As a sceneshifter Lord Stubbs became an adept, though the other huskies, preferring haste to accuracy, often had to call him down for standing in the middle of the stage and critically viewing the work he had done. He would never leave a scene until he had viewed it from the front.

On one occasion they had put up a drawing-room set, with a fireplace to the left and downstage. A door was near the fireplace—entirely too near to suit the queer Lord Stubbs. When the other shifters had gone he removed the jog which made the corner of the room, shoved everything back four feet, and placed the door farther upstage and away from the fireplace. All this in direct violation of the stage directions as laid down in the advance orders. Lord Stubbs had not seen the directions, but he had viewed the effect from the front and did not like it.

"What do you mean by breaking up a set this way?" the property man demanded to know on his return. "We left it exactly right."

"Quite right, sir," admitted Lord Stubbs; "but, you know, they don't 'ave fireplaces two feet from an open door."

"They don't, eh? Well, they do in this act."

"No, sir," insisted Lord Stubbs. "The room would get cold; and besides, a caller, you know, would 'ave 'is trousers scorched before he knew the fireplace was there."

It was too late to change the set then; and, to the surprise of the head shifter, when the actor in charge of the sketch with the drawing-room set arrived he declared Lord Stubbs' shift an improvement on the original directions.

"I fancied you would like it to look more natural," he said; and, taking the fifty-cent tip, he went out through the stage entrance, making inquiry as to the location of a telegraph office.

Though curious to know just what Lord Stubbs wanted with a telegraph office, Pop Wilson had studied the queer fellow long enough to know it would be useless to ask questions. Up to this time that queer smile had baffled all inquiries.

Lord Stubbs might have become famous as a stage hand but for the interruption of his career by the arrival of the Screaming Larkins, an acrobatic and comedy team. They came within three days after he had changed the drawing-room set and had asked for a telegraph office. The fact that the other hustlers, taking advantage of his slowness of wit, had shoved on Lord Stubbs most of the heavy work made his meeting with the Screaming Larkins possible.

Many heavy timbers—to say nothing of overhead wires and trick tables—were necessary in the production of the acrobatic act; and Stubbs found himself busy from early morning until time for the afternoon performance.

Loney Larkin, manager and star of the quartet, might have noticed the efficient manner in which his set had been handled but for troubles that arose following the night performance. The Screaming Larkins, famous throughout the two-a-day, had not made good.

Besides Loney, there were two men acrobats and a woman wirewalker in the act, and on the opening night not one of them had got a good, healthy laugh. A morning rehearsal had been called and it was in the middle of the stage that the house manager found them.

"How'd the act go?" Larkin inquired, knowing full well what would be the answer.

"Rotten! You've lost nearly every laugh in the piece. Good drawing card, I know; but something's got to be done or you'll flop worse to-night."

"I know it," admitted Loney; "but we've got no Bolivar. How can you expect us to get a laugh?"

"A Bolivar?" repeated the manager, indicating that his connection with the vaudeville stage had been limited.

"Yes; a Bolivar—a Patsy Bolivar. We had a bird, but he walked right out on us two days ago and left us flat; claimed to be sick, or something, for a stall." The manager was still puzzled and his face showed it. "Don't you know what a Bolivar is?"

"No, sir," he said. "I've got to admit I'm not wise to a Bolivar. I'm learning something every day in this business. Only yesterday I was watching one of those strongman turns and found out what an 'under-stander' was—you know, the fellow who holds them all up—and now I suppose I'm going to learn what a Bolivar is."

"Why, the Bolivar," explained Larkin, "is the most important part in all knockabout acts. He's the fellow who takes all the kicks in the pants and the raps on the head—the Patsy Bolivar; in other words, the fall guy. Rapping of a fellow over the head will get a bigger laugh than the best comedy line in the world."

"I guess that's right," agreed the house man; "but what are you going to do about it?"

"Got to get a Bolivar—that's all. And—take it from me—they are hard to get. I've known men who got a

hundred dollars a week for playing Bolivar parts. I've advertised and everything; but we're up against it."

A crash at the back of the stage interrupted the discussion of the needs of the Screaming Larkins at this point. A piece of timber, falling from above, had struck Lord Stubbs squarely on the head, and he came stumbling through the back drop, falling almost at Loney Larkin's feet.

With a sickly grin, plainly one of embarrassment, the stage hand rose, rubbed his head, and was about to resume his work. On his expressionless face there was nothing to indicate pain.

"Who is that fellow?" asked Larkin.

"That's Lord Stubbs," the manager told him- "the fellow who's been setting up your act "

"I'll take him, title and all. A man who can take a wallop like that and come up grinning —— Say, Lord Stubbs," Larkin called to the stage hand, "can you play a Bolivar part?"

Lord Stubbs looked round and nodded, that same queer little smile playing over his face. Into his eyes there came what was nearest to an intelligent gleam that he had ever shown round the Paladin.

"No lines at all," explained Larkin, growing enthusiastic. "Just have to be able to take the wallops—that's all. How about thirty a week?"

Lord Stubbs looked at him blankly as though his mind could not grasp it.

"Sure, you can do it!" spoke up Pop Wilson, who, overhearing the conversation, had come in. "That means six pounds a week in English money. Take it."

The Screaming Larkins regained popularity in leaps, the first one being measured from the moment Lord Stubbs became the Bolivar. On the first night Loney Larkin calculated—they calculate those things closely in the two-a-day the act registered one good stomach laugh a minute; and they did not count the smiles and giggles that continued betweentimes.

Lord Stubbs' first cue was to come on dressed as a Rube when Marie Larkin began her skip on the tight wire. While gazing at the beautiful vision swaying above his head he was to trip on the cable bracing and fall on his face. The Bolivar did this so realistically the first time that for a moment the Larkins feared he had been knocked out.

"Hold it!" ordered Loney in a stage whisper as the first guffaw came from the audience. "Hold that laugh!"

He saw Lord Stubbs' eyes blink and knew that everything was all right. This injunction proved unnecessary, however. The Bolivar rose to his knees slowly and awkwardly, his vacant stare wandering from one performer to the other as if anxious to know what it was all about.

This unconscious bit of acting brought a howl from out front.

With mock consideration Larkin assisted Lord Stubbs to a more erect position and then, with a resounding kick, sent him reeling to the other side of the stage, where Evans, the tumbler, hit him over the head with a slapstick. The Bolivar sat down with a thump. He looked inquiringly at Larkin and then at the wirewalker.

Loney understood that the fellow was anxious to know whether he had done it correctly. The audience construed the look differently. To them his apparent mystification at being walloped for staring at a pretty lady in tights was pure pantomime comedy. They laughed accordingly.

"I never have doped it out why people will laugh at a fellow getting hurt," Loney Larkin observed to one of his partners a little later; "but that Bolivar's foolish look is worth a lot of money."

"He's a find—and that's a cinch," admitted Evans, the tumbler.

"Just be our luck, though, to have him get too good and jump the act."

When it was all over Lord Stubbs calmly resumed his overalls and reported to Pop Wilson. Evidently the laughter and applause had refreshed him. His face was flushed, though still expressionless.

"Got away with it, all right," said the old doortender. "I knew you would. Take off them overalls. You don't have to work for me any more. You're a real actor now."

Just the same, Lord Stubbs picked up the tin pail, as usual, and went for Pop Wilson's supper and beer.

At the next performance Lord Stubbs added more new stuff to the comedy of the Screaming Larkins. When struck by the slapstick he stumbled all the way across the stage, finally falling in a heap on the footlights, his head hanging over into the orchestra pit and his legs slashing round wildly as though in a desperate effort to gain a footing.

The Larkins were as alarmed as the audience and plainly showed it; but when Lord Stubbs looked up with that grin and vacant stare the fear turned to laughter. Deliberately he rubbed the spot where the slapstick landed and then, as though struck with a sudden thought, reached down and unscrewed one of the electric bulbs from the footlights, applying it to what was supposed to be the injured spot. After making a silly grimace at the audience Lord Stubbs turned and hurled the bulb at Loney Larkin. It struck the prop table and exploded. This was unexpected "business," but it gave the rough-and-tumble atmosphere of the act a new impetus.

"If he could only do that again," said Larkin to his partner, "it'd be the best scream in vaudeville; but you can't repeat accidents."

Lord Stubbs grinned when they mentioned the new business, but made no response. They shook their heads hopelessly.

Just the same, the Bolivar did the trick in exactly the same manner at the next performance, every move of the stumble being timed as accurately as though rehearsed for a month.

Not once had the Bolivar shown an inclination to encourage a laugh, but his never-changing look of consternation at what had happened did it all the more effectively. Loney Larkin contended that no actor in the world could put over a thing like that deliberately.

Despite misgivings on the part of the troupe that the foolish Bolivar was skimming the cream off the act and unconsciously stealing their laughs, Loney Larkin saw great possibilities for the future. He decided to make Lord Stubbs more like a regular actor. He would attire him in full evening dress and let him do the same thing as a stage-door Johnny that he had been doing as a Rube.

Larkin thoroughly understood and appreciated the laugh-getting efficiency of a silk hat—a topper. It is twenty per cent greater than a slouch hat, especially when the wearer is taking a header on the stage.

"In other words," Loney illustrated to Evans, "it's not much of a smile to see a fellow's cap blown off by the wind: but when a high top hat leaves the head of a dignified gent and goes rolling down the street it's always a scream. That's why it's the funniest thing in the world to see a waiter fall downstairs with a tray of dishes—he's been so dignified up to that time."

"It's all right," agreed Evans, referring to the new clothes for Lord Stubbs; "but can the poor boob wear 'em? Might take you a week to break him in."

This phase of the case was discussed at length, but it was finally decided to be well worth a trial. Lord Stubbs appeared pleased, almost enthusiastic.

They found a dress suit at a near-by second-hand store and added to it a fancy waistcoat, a new-style shirt, and buttons, collar and tie.

After a lengthy search they secured a neat-looking pair of pumps and a cane. The complete bundle was turned over to Lord Stubbs with instructions to go into an extra dressing room and be dressed and ready by nine o'clock the next evening.

Putting a half-demented stage hand in a room alone to dress himself in stylish attire was Loney Larkin's idea of a good joke. He would send no assistant and observe for himself just how Stubbs came out. They ordered the Bolivar to start dressing at seven o'clock so there would be time for correction in case he got mixed up in the mysteries of his new apparel.

At eight o'clock Larkin and Evans found a convenient crack in the door and peered through for a good laugh—but they did not laugh. Lord Stubbs had laid out the clothes in perfect order—had even put every button in its place. He was now stroking the coat as though it had been a pet cat. On his face there was a smile, and his eyes, as well as they could see, had lost some of that vacant stare.

"Like a child with a toy—ain't he?" Evans whispered.

"I've got a hunch that he knows what he'adoing too," said Larkin. "We won't have to worry about that bird being ready. Queer kind of a nut, isn't he?"

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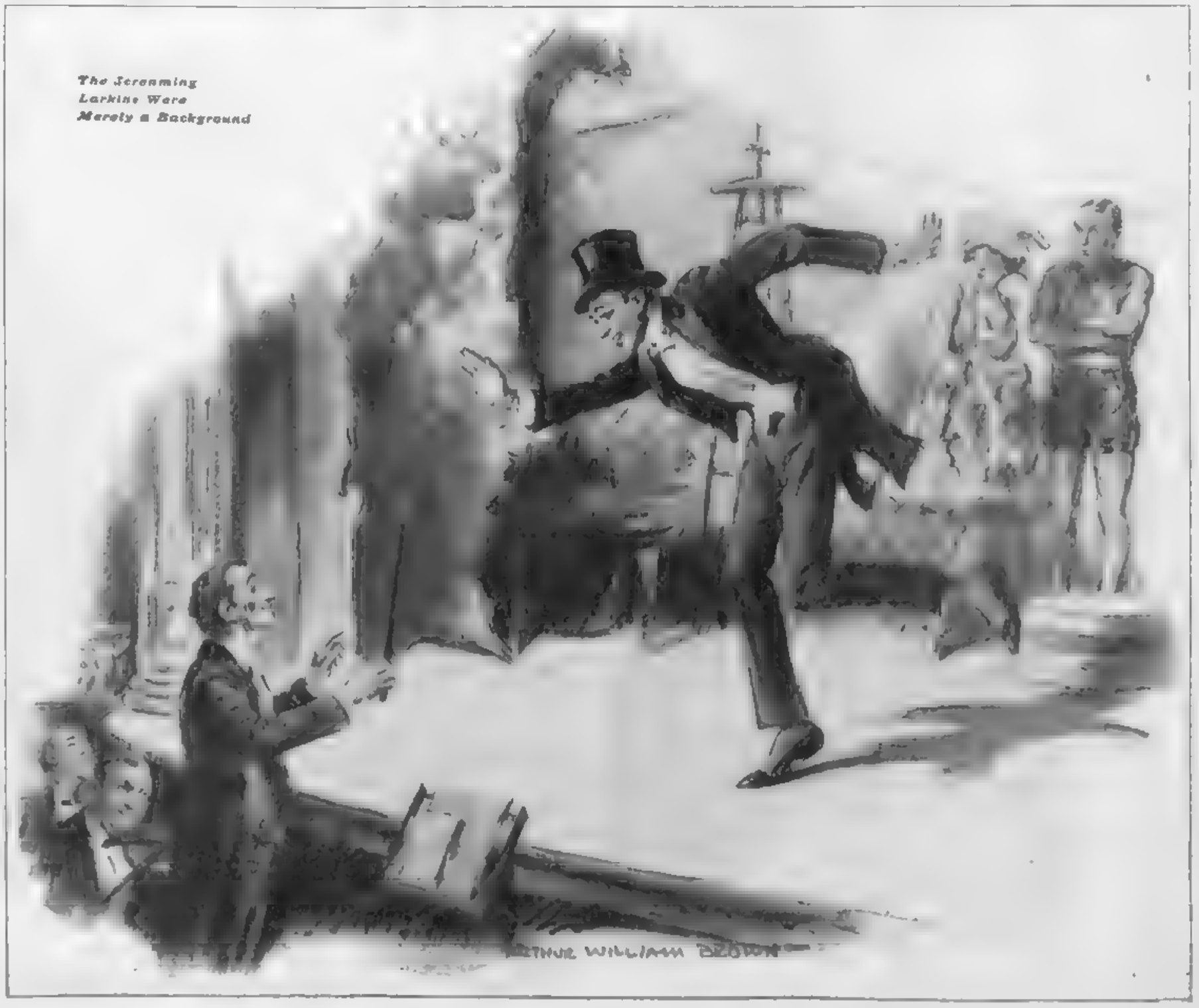

The Screaming Larkins Were Merely a Background

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

NAUGHTY HENREE

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

ONE does not need to be religious, m'sieu', to believe that a Divinity shapes our ends. My life has been free and replete with adventures both amorous and dire; yet I believe in a God who orders all things. Often we may not discern the purpose, but the Directing Hand is ever there. I thank you, my friend, that you do not smile. Too often have I seen glib doubters essay to knock the props from under another's faith—a dastardly deed; for what can they offer in its place?

But it is an age of questioning and demand for proof. As for me, Henri Giraud, I am simple enough to credit things we cannot always see. I still trust the loyalty of a friend, still rely on love and honor; and that certain episodes of the Creation run counter to every principle of evolution matters not a whit. Any religion, m'sieu', that would satisfy my mental requirements would be utterly inadequate to my spiritual needs.

And so I say again that the great events of our lives can only be explained in the light of a Guiding Hand. To prove my contention I shall tell you what befell last Christmas Day. Withholding nothing, I shall narrate the curious adventures in which M'sieu' Joe Hicks and I participated.

You know, of course, M'sieu' Hicks? At any rate, you have heard of the marvelous manner in which he discovered our copper mine and you must be familiar with his superb new palace on the Bluff. It strikes every beholder dumb with admiration. I am informed that a celebrated architect from Paris was so overcome at sight of it that he could not utter a word.

Bien, M'sieu' Joe resides there and entertains with a generosity so princely that the envious seek to represent it as a vice. Not so; it is but the expression of his noble nature. They have even predicted that he will go the way of so many bonanza millionaires. That is but malice, and I do not believe it; yet, should he ever come to such a pass, he will find at his elbow a friend who has not squandered, a friend who is prepared against this contingency, a friend who will stake him again and again. Pardon my emotion, m'sieu'; had it not been for the excellent M'sieu' Hicks where should I be now? A pile of whitened bones at the bottom of a shaft—no more! However, I digress.

After my dazzling triumph at the Pitchfork Ranch over the fellow called Tud, I bade the ladies and all the cowherds adieu amid the most moving manifestations of friendship. I might, without exaggeration, call it love that my admirable conduct had inspired in them. They accompanied me and my dog to the river bridge, singing in a lusty chorus that brought the tears welling to my eyes:

Ol' Hen Giraud's a good ol' soul;
Ol' Hen Giraud's a good ol' soul;
Ol' Hen Giraud's a good ol' soul;
Yes, he is

So runs the refrain that lingered fondly in my ears as my dog and I headed back to the mountain, to stay with M'sieu' Hicks again. His domicile at that period, my friend, was vastly different from the splendid state he now maintains. It was nothing but a crude hut, built of logs, containing one room only, serving not only for living purposes and kitchen, but as the sleeping chamber of the owner. In a dark corner was a species of bed, termed a bunk by the cowherds; with his aid I constructed another of identical shape and proportions.

Again I Discharged My Rifle

A most extraordinary character was M'sieu' Joe, possessing in an eminent degree the qualities of a loyal ally. He was a stranger to falsehood—endowed, moreover, with a fearless courage that prompted him to speak his mind on every occasion, be the consequences what they might. In consequence, however, of a slight defect in temperament, we had a few disagreements; but they were always quickly dissipated. I refer to a pronounced irritability, easily excited in M'sieu' Hicks by opposition or some trifling untoward circumstance. He would swear profusely at such times, but without offense, so highly had he developed this picturesque art. In addition to his other accomplishments M'sieu' Hicks had acquired a fund of faunal lore that was truly remarkable. Again and again he amazed me with his insight into the habits of the wild things infesting our mountain. For long I was skeptical, but later I could not doubt that this knowledge was accurate. And why? Because I proved it.

It happened thus: Said M'sieu' Joe one November day as we sat at dinner:

"Gittin' sick of sowbelly, are you, Frenchy? Then why don't you go out and kill you a bear?"

"And how should I accomplish the feat, m'sieu'?"

"Why," answered my excellent partner, "it's a cinch. All you've got to do is climb up a tree and make a noise like a bee. Every bear within five miles'll come a-runnin'."

You may perhaps surmise that this odd bit of information made me suspicious. I scrutinized M'sieu' Joe closely, but he was wholly grave and thoroughly in earnest. Thereupon I made my resolution, of which, however, I said nothing, lest the enterprise fail. Instead, I affected incredulity, which prompted him to cite numerous cases of the successful accomplishment of this mode of capture—notably by one Abe Green, who enticed a large specimen of the genus ursus by the simple expedient of humming through his teeth, thus luring the expectant animal from his mountain fastnesses to an ambush, where he was promptly dispatched.

M'sieu' Joe imitated this sound for my benefit, and I must confess to a feeling of wonder that so astute a creature as a bear should be deceived thereby. Nevertheless, I practiced it assiduously that afternoon while he was down the shaft; and by nightfall I had attained some proficiency—so much so, that, even to my own ears, the resultant sound resembled the droning of a hive.

It was M'sieu' Hicks' custom to retire shortly after dark, and the instant his head touched the pillow he fell asleep. Consequently it was easy for me to slip out and up the trail a short distance to a stout tree I had selected for the venture. There I composed myself, with a rifle across my knees, and began softly to hum in the manner prescribed.

For a long time nothing occurred to reward my zeal and I was growing discouraged; it is tedious business straddling a limb and imitating the vocal efforts of a hymenopterous insect for hours. Moreover, I was fast growing sleepy. However, I persevered and was at last thrilled to hear at some distance behind me a peculiar snuffing sound, accompanied by a faint rustle of leaves. Should I desist or continue the imitation? M'sieu' Hicks had not stated, but I rapidly reflected that a cessation of the sound might rouse the prowler's suspicions. Therefore I sustained a low, even buzzing.

After a few minutes of tense, absolute silence, suddenly a blur appeared beneath my tree and I distinctly heard something sniff at the bole. I fired. There came a snarl, ending in a whimper and the flailing of a heavy body on the ground. Again I discharged my rifle—more flounderings about and finally quiet. I waited, but there was no movement. I slid down from my perch and struck a match. There lay a great brown bear.

"*La victoire!*" I shouted, running in on M'sieu' Joe. "*La victoire!* Ah, my friend, embrace me! I have done it! I have slain the monster."

He sat up, rubbing his eyes foolishly.

"Wha—what! Here, leggo! Quit tryin' to kiss me, I tell you! What's the matter, anyhow?"

"Come and see." I dragged him from bed.

When he espied my gigantic victim the dear fellow was so overcome with emotion that for a space he could only gape.

"Well," he said at last in a voice that faltered, "I give up. Blast my eyes if I don't!"

We had many arguments, did M'sieu' Joe and I, during that arduous period preceding the triumphant launching of our copper project. You have probably guessed that I invariably worsted him. He would angrily light his pipe and cry:

"You'd be all right, Henree, if you wasn't so doggoned ignorant. That's the whole trouble. You're just awful ignorant."

I smiled, without resentment; one can tolerate strictures from a friend. Besides, it is only the truth that rankles.

For one thing, he rallied me on my gallantry toward the ladies. Having journeyed down from our mountain to the Pitchfork Ranch to purchase supplies at the company store—M'sieu' Joe, my dog and I—we chanced to meet there the young woman who assisted at the messhouse—wife to the fellow called Tud. She was now employed in my old capacity; but I can assert with truth that her skill at laving dishes was far inferior to my own.

Bien, we exchanged civilities. Despite a certain constraint, easily understood, the rencounter passed off well. I showed her those little attentions it is the privilege of a gentleman to bestow and a woman's pleasure to receive; but on our way back to the mountain M'sieu' Hicks, who had held severely aloof, preferring to remain with sundry boon companions in the bar—M'sieu' Hicks burst out, with a jeering laugh:

"What the Sam Hill," he demanded, "do you go and do all that bowing and scraping for, Frenchy?"

"You could not understand, my clown."

"No; maybe not. But let me tell you something, Ol' Settler—all that kotowing is plumb wasted on women nowadays. Nowadays you've got to git down to a sound basis—right down to human nature. A good healthy hug'll do more for a man nowadays than all the pretty speeches you can think up."

"What!" I exclaimed. "You recommend that? Such, then, is your method of approaching a lady?"

"It is," he asserted brazenly.

"Then, my friend, all I can say is, you must have received some stinging rebuffs in your day."

"One or two," he admitted with an odious complacence. "I've had a few; but it'd surprise you how many like it. The next time we go to the store, Henree, try it and see."

I glanced at him with disdain. His vanity was astounding, but it has been my experience that this weakness is extremely prevalent and is to be found oftenest where least justified—a lamentable failing; but many otherwise worthy persons are afflicted with vanity, and I would not permit it to prejudice me against M'sieu' Joe. However, he was not slow to interpret the incredulity reflected in my face. It stirred him to boastfulness.

"Oh, you needn't look that way!" he said. "I ain't so old as I look. I'm only forty-two." He looked nearer sixty. "When I git this beard off it improves me a heap, Henree. And I'm no slouch with the women, either."

I discreetly forbore to argue. His words seemed the wildest folly; yet they set me to thinking. M'sieu' Joe had been in the right about the bear—why should he be wrong about the nature of the women among whom he had spent his career? I pondered the matter well.

"This is a dog's life," M'sieu' Hicks would say in the long lonely nights.

Sometimes the stillness up there on our mountain seemed to tingle; one glanced fearfully over one's shoulder for a shape to appear. Often I felt a mad impulse to shout.

"It's a dog's life," M'sieu' would repeat.

I understood perfectly what troubled him, for he had confided in me as his friend. Three years prior to our meeting, while flushed with the proceeds from the sale of a claim, M'sieu' Joe had married; but the union proved unfortunate, if not wholly unhappy. In short, his wife deserted him.

"She couldn't stand a pinch," he said over and over again; "just hadn't the hard stuff in her for it. She was fine so long as the money held out, and then—but maybe it was my fault, too, Henree. I ain't exactly an angel in disposition, and when I git to drinking, like I used to do —— Besides, she wasn't hardly more'n a kid."

It was plain to me that M'sieu' Joe cherished still a sort of affection for his vanished wife. A wonderful thing is love, my friend! It will survive buffetings and wrongs; it will rise triumphant from the ashes of despair; you cannot kill it except by starving. Yet its manifestations are so varied that —— I recall poor Bellilotte, who entertained for me perhaps a deeper sentiment than any woman who has ever loved me, and I give you my word, m'sieu', sometimes it was difficult to determine whether she adored or hated me. At any rate, M'sieu' Joe was forever finding excuses for the delinquent one.

"What could I expect?" he would break out, apropos of nothing. "I didn't treat her right."

"May it not well be," I ventured mildly, "that the circumstances under which you met first precluded the possibility of ——"

"Shucks, no! That don't cut any ice in this country, Ol' Settler. If a lady behaves herself and acts like a lady she is a lady. Patsy was no saint—I knowed that. But neither was I, for that matter."

I held my peace. It is impossible to talk ideals into a man—they are God-given, or the fruits of experience. And, after all, was not his rough and tolerant code best adapted to his life and its needs?

Bien, M'sieu' Joe moped and was joyous by turns; and we worked in our mine. So gratifying was our progress that one day he set out for town, and on his return announced:

"We can sell a fifth interest in it for six thousand dollars, Henree. How about it?" His eyes were glittering and he licked his lips.

I considered. What our joint property might be worth I could not compute—M'sieu' Joe vowed that there were millions in it—but at the moment we were virtually penniless by reason of his having borrowed my ranch savings to send off in payment of a mysterious debt he owed. We might soon be destitute. Moreover, if the mine proved to be of such miraculous richness what difference could a fifth make to our condition? Enough is sufficient for any but a hog, my friend.

"Accept," I said.

"Great!" exclaimed M'sieu' Joe. "That's the way I look at it. All right; pack up and let's go. And when we land that money we'll take a thousand each and hit East to see the girls. How about it, Ol' Set.?"

"But the mine?"

"It can't run away, can it? And a week won't make any difference. Besides, don't you know what date it is?"

In the multiplicity of my experiences I had completely forgotten.

"It's the eighteenth," said M'sieu' Joe. "In a week it'll be Christmas. And you surely don't aim to spend Christmas in this rathole, do you?—with six thousand good, elegant dollars on tap?"

Both his tone and his manner made me uneasy. He spoke of a thousand dollars as you or I would of a penny, and one could perceive, with half an eye, that he already gloated in anticipation over the orgies his imagination conjured up. Clearly the situation was fraught with menace. Once started, who could tell to what lengths M'sieu' Joe might not go? Our dearly won money would be as water in his hands.

"Would not less than a thousand each suffice?" I urged. "We might fare very well indeed on a hundred, my clown."

"Chicken feed!" was his scornful retort. "Why, that'd hardly cover railroad fare and three squares a day! Don't be short, Henree! This is a great big country and you'd ought to think big. It's all very well to be a piker back East, in a hall-room town like New York; but out here ——"

My decision was made.

"All right, my friend; I will go. *Vive la fête de Noël!* We will take a thousand."

Notwithstanding my ready acquiescence, I was privately resolved on a course of action opposed to his passion for spending. I would take a thousand dollars—yes; but I would not fling it broadcast. Let M'sieu' Joe burn his money. I would guard mine and bring him back in good order.

And so we set out to celebrate Christmas. With Rowdy at my heels and M'sieu' Joe whacking the burro on the rump, we went down the mountain and to town. There the transaction was consummated by which we received the money.

Said my wavering partner, his fingers fairly itching:

"It seems a shame to bank this, Henree."

I was alarmed.

"Here," I told him firmly; "take your thousand and I will take mine! We will instantly deposit the remainder."

He consented, but with lingering regret. Yielding to his importunities, I left Rowdy and the faithful pack animal at a livery yard against our return, and we started East, arriving at El Paso on the morning of Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of December. There we engaged a commodious double room at a modest hotel.

"Ah, Madame, Do Not Weep. I, Henri Giraud, am Here!"

It was my plan to replenish my wardrobe at the earliest opportunity. Coming from the station I had noticed that the ladies hurrying past on the street were not without charm; but it gave me a pang to observe that they scarcely bestowed a glance on us, however feelingly M'sieu' Joe ogled them. I could not but ascribe this indifference to his presence and our somewhat rough exterior. Far other had been my reception in other climes and other days! I abhor boasting; but there are certain brilliant women who would cry their lovely eyes out at the very thought of Henri Giraud being reduced to mean attire. Therefore, I required a new outfit.

A blue suit, which peculiarly harmonizes with my complexion; several silk shirts of lavender with pink stripes; shiny patent-leather shoes; some white silk socks; a soft gray felt hat, and a few cravats of daring patterns to offset the dark serge—these, with a pearl scarfpin, and perhaps a change of underwear, comprised my intended purchases. The whole effect of such an attire is irresistible; nothing I have ever donned becomes me to the same degree.

But M'sieu' Joe frustrated the immediate accomplishment of my design. He had far other thoughts. He looked out on the city and smacked his lips and swallowed.

"I'm going right down, first," he announced, "to git me a drink, and then I'm going to a real restaurant, Henree, and order me thirty dollars' worth of fried chicken. Come on!"

It seemed incredible that he could consume so much and I expressed my doubts accordingly; but he assured me in evident sincerity that his purpose was to eat fried chicken and flour gravy until his pants parted at the seams, and he invited me to witness the gorging. I flatly declined.

"There are some purchases I desire to make," I offered as excuse.

"All right! There's where I got the bulge on you, Henree. I don't need to make myself beautiful."

"I will meet you at supper," I promised. "Go and partake of your chickens until your trousers expand."

"Don't forget to-morrow's Christmas, whatever you do. Well, I'm agoing to drift. *Adios!*"

We parted, but his reminder changed my entire program. In the selfish pursuit of my own interests, m'sieu', I had forgotten one who had a paramount claim on my duty and affection. I descended to the telegraph office; I wired a hundred dollars to my mother at Sorel. How amazed and overjoyed she would be to hear, at last, from the beloved son who had been silent so many months! And to have the joyful tidings of his safety linked with a gift so kingly! My heart swelled at thought of her gratitude. Ah, she would be proud of her Henri! The whole town would ring with my name.

The festival of Christmas is an admirable institution, my friend. It engenders the sentiment of generosity and makes men do kindly acts. It often stirs to warm impulses hearts that are cold as flint throughout the year. Christmas is, moreover, very favorable to the maintenance of

"Well, What Does He Want? You Sure Have Picked a Winner This Time"

domestic harmony and amiability among friends; for, if the members of a family have conceived any mutual offense, the embarrassment of meeting otherwise than cordially on such occasion will often cause the coolness that had begun to take place to disappear. Slight disputes will also be thus prevented from becoming serious quarrels.

It was, therefore, with a breast palpitating with tender recollections that I issued from the telegraph office to write a long letter to my mother. I had neglected her for many months; she should see how I atoned.

Accordingly I established myself in the writing room off the lobby, in a dim corner lighted by a single bulb over a desk. As it appeared to be deserted I removed my coat and hung it over the back of a chair. So recently from the careless freedom of our mountain, I found that a coat chafed my spirit and hampered effort. You have probably noted, m'sieu, that men accustomed to manual labor, or to spending much time in the open, cannot suffer the restraint of a coat in their own domiciles. I will venture to assert that M'sieu' Joe is at this moment in his shirt sleeves, yonder in his palace on the Bluff.

However that may be, I settled myself at the desk and commenced a letter to my mother; but presently the sequence of my thoughts was disturbed by a half-suppressed altercation behind me. One of the participants was a man; the other possessed a soft feminine voice that fell on the ear like petals from blown roses on the grass.

"But I will pay you as soon as my letter comes. It's only thirty dollars, and surely you can wait until ——"

"I get that stall fifty times a year," came the harsh reply; "and if I fell for it this hotel would go bust in six months. Now, I've had my eye on you for a week, young lady, and figured something like this would come off; you've been dodging me every day and the clerks say you're afraid to look 'em in the eye. Whenever a guest starts charging telegrams ——"

"But I tell you there's fifty dollars coming to me from my husband." It is impossible to convey to you, my friend, the desperate pleading in her voice; it would have moved a heart of stone. "It ought to have got here two weeks ago, but sometimes he's slow and then I have to punch him up with telegrams. You'll just have to wait, Mr. Carter, for I won't be earning anything myself till the company starts on the road again. If "

There was an abrupt movement on the part of her inquisitor, who rose to his feet and kicked a chair in impotent spleen.

"Same old story!" he exclaimed. "And I'm expected to blubber over it. Go on and cry! Cry your eyes out if it'll make you feel any easier. But there's one thing I want to tell you—if you don't come across with that thirty day after to-morrow, out you go! And you'll leave your trunk behind, too—law or no law! Do you understand? You can stay over to-morrow, because it's Christmas; but after that —— Well, I've warned you."

Out he went, and just in time; for, shaking in every fiber of my being at the indignities he had heaped on a defenseless woman, I had risen to advance on him. It was in my mind to confront this inhuman monster and denounce his brutality; if necessary, to impress on his *bourgeois* soul that respect for a lady is worth more than thirty dollars, I would even summon him to account. Combat, however, is far from the thoughts of such churls and he eluded me by a hasty exit.

"Madame," said I, approaching the weeping unfortunate, with a bow of appealing deference, "you must forgive me for listening to what was not intended for my ears. In what way can I serve you? But name it, and the thing is done."

Ah, my friend, in that moment I was sublime. My eyes burned with unselfish ardor; my voice vibrated with feeling; my chest swelled with the intensity of my emotion. Poorly clad, yes, and coatless—for in my eagerness I had forgotten to don that garment—but doubtless I appeared to madame one of Nature's noblemen.

She had buried her face against the back of a chair and seemed to be weeping, but now she slowly turned her head to look at me. I felt my righteous indignation against her persecutor redouble—indeed, scarcely could I get my breath. She was, in truth, wholly adorable. Her fair, fresh and springlike face, comparable only to a morning-glory, was surmounted by a black hat; a black velvet dress accentuated rather than concealed the soft curves of her figure. As for her age, I never thought of it. She was one of those women who never grow old, who are capable of love and laughter at fifty. She may have been twenty-four; she may have been thirty. To me she was young and beautiful and in distress, and that is ever enough for Henri Giraud.

"Tell me, madame," I said again, "how I may aid you "

Her reply threw me into momentary confusion by reason of its unexpected character.

"Who asked you to butt in, you little half-portion?"

It was spoken sharply, with a slight hardening of her glorious moist eyes. I stammered an apology, bowed and backed off with what countenance I could summon; but her next words detained me. With a quick abandonment of her hostile attitude and an indescribable graciousness she said: "Pardon me, but I thought you were one of them fresh Alecks. A girl can never tell, you know, and—what was it you asked me?"

"Say, Was That All a Bluff? I Daren't Go Home Without the Money"

Her smile had a most seducing charm. She was altogether attractive and lovable.

"I wished to learn," I repeated eagerly, "in what manner I could serve you. Just now I overheard—I was writing there at the desk; and when that monster addressed you—Ah, madame, believe me when I tell you how ——"

It was an unfortunate line to take, for at the first mention of her predicament she hid her face again and her shoulders were racked by sobs. I have never been proof against a woman's tears, m'sieu'—I say it with pride. The man most to be feared of other men is he whose heart responds most readily to the sentiment of pity.

Gazing on her heaving form, I felt my own eyes fill and smart; and at that moment I recalled M'sieu' Joe's adjuration. It flashed across my mind as lightning flashes athwart the sky.

I knelt down beside her chair, clasping her in my arms as I ardently exclaimed:

"Ah, madame, you rend my soul! Take comfort. Do not weep. I, Henri Giraud, am here! I will be your friend."

Her soft, warm cheek rested a moment against mine; her pulsing body yielded to my superior strength and inclined toward me until she was nestling against my shoulder. M'sieu' Joe was right again—his was the only infallible method. I murmured broken words of consolation. Yielding to them, her grief abated somewhat and she began to dry her eyes with little dabs of a handkerchief that gave off a delicate odor of violets. Even in her grief she took thought of me.

"You'll catch your death of cold in that shirt," she said tearfully. "Where's your coat? Why don't you put it on?"

Accursed oversight! But I extricated myself with admirable aplomb.

"Cold? Not while this heart beats for you, madame. As for my coat, such as it is, it reposes on that chair."

"Well, anyhow," she returned, "you'd best get up off the floor and leave me alone. You're mighty kind, mister, but you don't look like you could help in this fix. And if anybody saw us here like this ——"

"Aha!" I cried. "You think, because my appearance is rude, that I am in poverty; that I could not assist a friend: that ——"

"No, no!" she interrupted, gazing at me strangely. "But ——"

"Then it is that husband of whom I heard you speak just now, madame? Is it not so?" Perhaps my demeanor was too openly contemptuous, for she colored deeply.

"My husband? Oh, yes; my husband—I forgot you heard." Her embarrassment served to heighten her beauty.

"And doubtless that fine gentleman would resent assistance from another man to a wife he had neglected? Is it not so? Such is our masculine way, madame. Where is he?"

"You mustn't talk like that," she murmured, but it was obvious that my shaft had hit the mark.

Her face was turned away from me, but she no longer wept. A gentle melancholy pervaded her, making her doubly interesting.

"And is this ogre of a husband so jealous, madame?" I whispered.

"Jealous? That ain't the word for it!" she answered. "If he seen you here he'd just as soon shoot your head off as not."

I laughed. Henri Giraud was not one to be cowed by bravado! Besides, I had distinctly heard her mention that she expected a remittance from him; therefore, he could not be in the city. Nevertheless, I conceived a burning contempt and antipathy for a husband whose character was so ill-regulated that it displeased him when another man bestowed attentions on his wife which his own niggardliness rendered desirable and imperative.

"But how comes it," I asked, "that he is not with you?"

Another flow of tears; I cursed myself for a fool.

"That—that's just the trouble. He's—left me."

In vain did I implore her to take courage, to be calm. She did not seem to hear. I was in despair.

"Why did he leave you? What reason could possibly prompt a sane individual to abandon so charming a wife?"

Note the subtlety of address here, m'sieu'—conveying at once a reproach to the recreant one and a tribute to her. She was not proof against it. A faint, almost roguish smile appeared on her ravishing lips as she murmured: "Booze! Whisky done it. If it hadn't of been for his drinking we'd be happy."

(Continued on Page 57.)

GREEN TIMBER

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

II

TO BUT few people is it given to carry through life a structure of self unshaken either by time or by event. Many a woman doubtless, like me, has believed that she dwelt in a rock-founded mansion built foursquare to stand immovable against all the winds of chance that could blow; and then some whirlwind of experience has taught her that her house of self was unstable, flimsy, nothing but a pregnable, temporary sort of camp. There never was even a camp, however, but could be rebuilt, made permanent and weatherproof.

When I walked away from the offices of the Alexander Sinclair Cereal and Coffee Company I had no thought yet of rebuilding. I was so intolerably stung by Mr. Sinclair's judgment that as a business woman I was a failure, that I had eyes only for the ruins of self that lay about me. The most hopeful element in the situation was that I believed every word Mr. Sinclair had said to me. As I walked uptown, cold and trembling, physically sick from the throbbing of my heart, I saw myself as I was—perhaps not a temporary office girl like my sister Stella; doubtless several cuts above Miss Ray, who showed a faithful average but buckled every little while; but far, far inferior to a real creative worker like Eleanor Blake, who from the beginning had known what she had wanted to do and had done it.

She had thought out her situation to the core, and I had only supposed I had done so. She had acted on the real knowledge she had, and I had acted more or less instinctively on what I assumed was knowledge.

I had certainly lacked full self-knowledge. It had scarcely occurred to me that interest in a job does not necessarily mean the ability to handle it. The women, I mused drearily, who forged ahead in the game were those like Eleanor Blake.

They were unbefogged, keen to every chance, playing the game the man's way as Mr. Sinclair did, as Shailer Belden did.

I saw now that if Mr. Sinclair was going to make Shailer Belden advertising manager ahead of me, it was not because Shailer was a man and I a woman, but because he deserved it and I did not. Yet recognizing the truth did not cure my misery. My work was as much to me as a lover is to another type of woman, and now that it had failed me, or I had failed it, I felt as wretched as any jilted woman. I went to Lincoln Park and walked in the crisp winter air. Disjointed pictures ran through my mind: Stella's eyes when she had said she was going to marry Shailer Belden; Eleanor Blake's satirical face as she had told the listening business women that when they deserved as much as business men they would get as much; the hansom in which Alexander Sinclair had sat beside the beautiful woman.

A Chance to be a Parasite

I TRIED point by point to go over Mr. Sinclair's indictment of me, and then all of a sudden it ceased to be real. It was as if I were in some bad nightmare and would wake up to find myself at my desk, engaged on some piece of work that would enhance my fortunes, make me head of the advertising department—I, the steady-minded girl who had given up marriage, who had left a soft home to become a business woman and had never swerved from my resolve! Never? Had I not had a hint last night that I was no real business woman when I had wanted, wanted sincerely if briefly, to become a parasite?

I came out of my brooding to observe that I was not far from the house of my stepsister Claire. I went on quickly, reflecting that it must be long past her luncheon hour. I rang her bell, wondering if she would be surprised at my call. I had scarcely seen her since the day of her wedding, three months before, to Mr. Greene, Eleanor Blake's employer, of the Chalmers & Greene Company. She rustled down into the living room, pretty and perfumed, dressed for a drive, and greeted me casually.

I Went Home When Mr. Sinclair Telegraphed for Me

"So glad to see you, Janet dear, and so sorry you didn't come earlier, for I have to go and get hubby in a minute. I wish you'd been here to luncheon; Leonard was here."

She looked at me with a speculative gleam in her eye.

"Do sit down for a minute at least," she said. "Yes, Leonard was here."

"Was he?" I said indifferently.

"Leonard ought to settle down," Claire said. "Of course he lives with us, but he'd be happier in his own home."

It was easy enough to translate: Claire and Mr. Greene would be happier if he were out of their home.

"It's so long since you've dined with us," Claire went on briskly. "Won't you come Friday? Then all four of us can do something in the evening."

I assented. I was being offered an easy future. The time was when Claire had resented Leonard's devotion to me. I asked myself half sneeringly why I had come to see Claire. Was it because of the wish, in my hour of defeat, to get close to someone who was in a sense my own? Or was it to retrieve if possible my chance of becoming a parasite? A logical end, surely, for a business failure!

Claire rose to make a note of the engagement. As she did not sit down again I rose, too, and presently we were driving down the Lake Shore Drive to the building in which were the Chalmers & Greene offices. Claire chattering of the wonderful life she and Charles had together—their intellectual unity, the way she helped him with her advice, the way their tastes coincided. Claire always had had an intellectual and spiritual pose.

We opened the door of the outer office of Chalmers & Greene. Claire, saying she would bring out her Charles to speak to me, went forward. I stood where I was, idly looking at the four or five office girls, all glancing frequently at the clock, simply waiting for the hour to come when their real day would begin. Sometimes a young man looked at the clock, too, and he was always of the same type as the girls—the type that does not know that work, and not a futile freedom, is really life. I smiled bitterly at myself. What right had I to judge anyone? Meanwhile Claire, eager and assured, rustled toward her husband's private room, her eyes beaming condescendingly but kindly upon the office force. She was pouring over them the excess of her own satisfaction in life. As she moved, the door of Mr. Greene's office opened and Eleanor came out. I saw Claire's face harden and darken as she bowed stiffly. Then her face softened, for her middle-aged husband stood at the door, lost to everything except that radiant vision which was his. He put his hand on her wrist and drew her inside his room.

I looked at the office girls. Every face held admiration and envy. Not one girl but was longing to change places with Claire. They were not thinking of love but just of being supported and having money and being able to condescend to working girls. And I, already having agreed to plans which would bring about a *rapprochement* with Leonard Saunders, who bored me—I was less worthy of respect than they.

Eleanor came toward me.

"Come into my office," she said, leading me into a little coop of a room. "They'll forget all about you for half an hour."

I sat down beside her desk, while she said abruptly:

"Janet, I'm giving up my work with Chalmers & Greene."

"I suppose you've got something better in sight?"

"Oh, yes," Eleanor said. "I have had half a dozen things better than this in sight for some time, but I was waiting for a permanent job, so to speak. It's bored me to keep on here since Claire married Mr. Greene and changed her manner to me—and you know it was through me she met him."

"Has Claire ——"

"Claire doesn't matter," said Eleanor, pushing her aside with a lightness that would have infuriated my stepsister. "And Mr. Greene doesn't matter either. For all that he is a shining bridegroom, he makes me, so far as his work goes, think of a married woman. That is, he fell into a job already made for him. His father really built up the firm; Mr. Greene simply came into a business that was running smoothly. The little I could get from him I got long ago. I am practically running his business for him. For a long time I have not needed him, but he has, I think, needed me."

Why Eleanor Wanted to Quit

"BE THAT as it may, I've liked Mr. Greene less since he married Claire. I don't deny she's intellectual, but she doesn't know anything except what comes from books. Set her down in a kitchen, and she'd organize it along old-fashioned lines; set her down in a real-estate office, and she'd put them on the road to Bedlam in a week. But because she's had a course in political economy and knows what a Torrens System title is, and because she's awfully in love, she thinks that she and Charlie Greene are to go through life working and loving hand in hand."

"Do you mean that she's jealous of you?" I asked, laughing.

"Exactly. She's jealous of the way Charlie Greene leans on my judgment; jealous of all I know of his affairs that she does not, and couldn't grasp if she did. I've seen women like that before, only generally it was some good-looking stenographer they wanted to oust—just in case. Thank the Lord, I've never been in a position where I had to be uncomfortable in my job, for fear of losing it or for any other reason, and I don't propose to start now."

"But if he's a real man Mr. Greene can put Claire in her place," I said. "She's not a congenital idiot. She can be made to see that she couldn't do what you do, and that love and business are forever different."

"Charlie Greene's position is this," went on Eleanor: "He doesn't want to admit to himself that I'm really running his part of the business. More than that, he doesn't

want Mrs. Greene to find it out, for he likes her to look up to him and he doesn't forget the twenty years' difference in their ages. My position ——"

But here Eleanor broke off.

"I'm rattling on," she said with some embarrassment.

"I wish you'd tell me your position, Eleanor," I said half humbly and half bitterly. "I wish you would."

My tone was intense, and Eleanor spoke with a certain amount of self-consciousness.

"I suppose I look at it as a good many business women do," she said. "The world of business is still new to us, and we have to find out the rules and learn them from the ground up. I started with the intention of earning everything I got and getting everything I earned. I've given Mr. Greene more than I've received from him. I can't afford to work for a man who isn't bigger than I am, and Mr. Greene isn't as big."

"I think, Eleanor," I said, "that not many women are as big-minded as you are."

Eleanor waved away the compliment.

"The trouble with so many of us," she said—"and I learned this from having been married—the trouble, among many troubles, is that we lack initiative. We can manage other people's business better than our own. We seem to need the sense of a master. It's pathetic to see how utterly some women, with no one depending on them for support either, lack daring. They are afraid to take a chance for advancement when they see it for fear it will cost them something."

"Yes," I agreed, "and often when they do strike out for themselves it is because some man pushes them; and even then, when they've got things in their own hands, perseverance, common sense—something—deserts them."

My voice broke. Eleanor spoke briskly.

"Well, when you and I and a few others have got where we want to be, we'll talk to the beginners through this Business Women's Association and in other ways."

I am sure Eleanor did not know the respect and admiration I felt for her. I had thought her too much of an individualist, too keen herself to get on. Yet how better could she help her sex than by doing her share to win the respect of the business men for one big business woman! How well Mr. Sinclair had read her! He had offered her to me to learn from, and I had been too dull to understand.

Claire Tries to Snub Eleanor

I WAS looking at her, perhaps showing the envy I felt, when the door opened and Claire entered. It was amusing to see how she conveyed the impression that no one was in the room but me.

"Oh, here you are, Janey," she said gushingly. "I've been looking for you everywhere. I've a nice surprise for you."

Then she seemed to see Eleanor, and she addressed her as from an immense height of social superiority. It reminded me somehow of Lucille Hart's complacency because her devoted husband had been rude to his stenographer.

"You may go now," she said. "Mr. Greene will not require your services any further to-day."

"Oh, thank Mr. Greene for me, will you?" Eleanor said easily; "but, as of course you know, if he takes a holiday this afternoon I cannot, unless the Bristow deal is to be delayed."

Eleanor sat down at the desk with the air of blotting Claire and me off the earth.

I intercepted the words trembling on Claire's lips by drawing her out of the office.

"Insolence!" she muttered. "A woman that works should know her place. How can she expect to hold her position ——"

"Oh, nonsense, Claire!" I said, falling into the impatient mood she had always induced in me since the days when we quarreled under my stepfather's roof. "Eleanor Blake isn't a ten-dollar-a-week clerk. Why do you try to humiliate her?—for that's what you're after, you know. What makes you feel superior to her? The only difference between you is that you've married a man whose share in his firm is about twenty thousand a year, and Eleanor, when she's your husband's age, will be making that much herself."

It was a nasty speech, but I felt brutal. I'd heard plain truths myself and didn't mind passing some on. Tears came into Claire's eyes.

"You were always cruel to me, and I'm trying so hard to be nice to you," she said plaintively, and I could foresee what she would be saying to her Charles as they drove uptown; "and—and I'd arranged such a dear surprise!"

"Well, trot out the surprise," I said tolerantly.

"I telephoned Leonard, and he's waiting downstairs. He hopes you'll go for a drive with him."

So evidently I could make my future move as rapidly as I chose. I went downstairs with the Greenes, and there was Leonard waiting for me at the door. His dull, blond face blushed a pleased red when he saw me, and he came forward quickly, stumbling a little. What I can only call the stupidity of Leonard's body had always irritated me. It was all I could do to check a frown as he greeted me with something the air of a penitent who has been in deserved exile and has come back not quite sure of forgiveness.

He had chosen a hansom cab for our drive, and as I sat beside him I remembered the beautiful young girl who had sat, the evening before, in a hansom by Mr. Sinclair. She had looked up into a far stronger face than poor Leonard's.

When he began to talk I wondered how in the world I could ever endure this man, whose sincere love gave him a humility which made him ridiculous, and whose languid brain held nothing but the most commonplace ideas. But as we drove on, and I listened to his account of what he had been doing since we had met, I asked myself why I should be impatient with him. If he was a good enough harbor for a failure he deserved the respect due safe anchorage. Who was I to judge him harshly? Not yet had I begun to see the wrong I was proposing to do him.

I soon ceased to listen to Leonard and harked back to my own affairs. Should I see Mr. Sinclair again or should I send in my resignation at once and straighten up my desk from the long-distance of my retired flat? How should I word my letter? Carefully, so that he couldn't say: "That's just like a woman." I must be dignified, but not hurt; acquiescent, but not lacking in self-respect. It suddenly came to me that I was very tired. To Leonard's disappointment I cut short our drive. Stella opened the door of our flat to me. She flung herself into my arms, her pretty face piteous.

"Oh, Janet dearest!" she cried. "Shailer says Mr. Sinclair has told you. I haven't the words to say how badly I feel. It's just spoiled my engagement!"

"Never mind, pet," I replied, my voice steady.

"What worries me," said Stella, looking questioningly into my eyes, "is the fear that you may blame Shailer."

"Do you blame him?" I asked.

Her blue eyes widened.

"Why, Janet, how can I?" she asked. "I'm going to marry him."

"So you think," I pursued, "that Shailer is a bigger business man than I am, that it's fair for him to be jumped over my head—I who taught him all he knows about advertising?"

Stella blushed deeply. Then she looked at me with a queer smile.

"Business is business," she said. "Shailer had a right to compete with you, he thinks, and anyhow he doesn't believe in women in business. He says they aren't up to playing the man's game."

I reflected rather bitterly that I had taught Shailer a good deal.

"He thinks," went on Stella painfully, "that the fact that you introduced him to Mr. Sinclair has nothing to do with the matter. Janet, to be plain with you, I'm going to be Shailer's wife and I've got to take account of his temperament. Whenever he thinks he's right—and that's pretty much all the time—I've got to think so, too, if we're to be happy together. He's the sort of man whose wife has got to be his echo. I love him enough not to mind."

I laughed and then I kissed her. Shrewd, lazy, dear little Stella! She had chosen her game and had played it, and would play it better than I had mine. Good luck to her!

"It's all right, dear," I said. "Shailer is a bigger business man than I am a business woman, and he's got the place I wanted, because he deserved it and worked toward it more intelligently than I have. I mean it, and you may tell him I said so—only he needn't trouble to send me a consolation present."

Stella blushed hotly. I have no doubt it had occurred to her that Shailer would want to do just that. She knew her Shailer's psychology.

"Meanwhile, dear," I said, "telephone to Shailer that you will dine with him after all."

"Wizardess!" murmured Stella. "How did you know I had refused?"

"Silly baby, was no one ever engaged before? Now telephone, and then tell me about your plans."

So, having telephoned, Stella chattered away about when Shailer had first begun to feel especially drawn toward her, and when she had begun to think no one else was so nice as he—only no one could ever be to her quite what I had been. And I must be her bridesmaid, and she'd always meant to be married in the spring under apple blossoms, but Shailer said he simply couldn't wait that long. What was the need of it with this fine job —— Oh, Janet! Oh, dear! And how could she ever leave me! But Eleanor would be a great comfort to me; Eleanor was crazy about me. And didn't I think a real house in some North Shore suburb would be just paradise?

A Good Stroke at Palm Beach

I WAS glad her pretty little light voice kept running on so indefatigably; it prevented me from going over and over the painful details of my own situation. But the moment Eleanor came in Stella ran to get her hat. Already she belonged to Shailer Belden, and not any more to me; already hours not spent with him were hours lost.

When Julianne had left Eleanor and me alone with our coffee, and was singing lustily some belligerent hymn about putting John on the island, Eleanor said:

"I did not have a chance this afternoon to tell you what my new job is. I'm to be the personal secretary of John J Hinkley—ten thousand to start."

John J. Hinkley, the greatest banker in New York, perhaps in all America! I stared at Eleanor speechlessly.

"We've had each other in mind for five years," Eleanor said jestingly.

"How in the world did you ever get in touch with him?" I asked.

"Palm Beach," she replied. "I had to leave the office and go down there in pursuit of Mr. Greene—to get some instructions he should have been at home to give me. Mr. Hinkley was there—he had the suite next to Mr. Greene. I was going along the corridor, having just arrived, when the door of Mr. Hinkley's sitting room opened and a couple of servants carried out his stenographer, who had had a stroke. I walked in and offered to take his dictation. I told him perfectly frankly who I was and that he could borrow me from Mr. Greene. He telephoned in to Mr. Greene's room—you can imagine how Charlie Greene fell all over himself to do J. J. a favor. So I worked for J. J. till one of his confidential secretaries could get down from New York."

An opportunity she had seized? Yes, but Eleanor was big enough to make chances if they did not offer.

"What else?" I asked.

"Why nothing, except that Mr. Hinkley offered me a job, and I said I'd remind him of it when I'd finished my law course and specialized on banking He knew I wanted from him something better than he'd offered. I'm going to take young Maggie Doherty along with me."

I looked at her wistfully. Here was the superwoman in business.

(Continued on Page 53)

I Was Intolerably Stung by Mr. Sinclair's Judgment That I Was a Failure

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XVIII

THE guests had gone, the musicians had followed them, and in the huge Beeston house, its lower floors once more shadowy and dim, Crabbe and the other servants yawned their way about, locking up for the night. It was striking two when the old servant, after a final round about him, slowly climbed the stairs Stillness fell then. Bab's dance was over.

Upstairs, alone in her dressing room, she sat with her chin upon her hand, plunged in a train of thought. The night, in spite of the fact that May drew near, had come on cold, and Mawson had lit the fire in the grate. Bab, after her dress had been removed, had slipped a wrapper over her bare arms and shoulders, then drifted to the hearth.

"You may go, Mawson," she said to the drowsy maid; and Mawson departing, Bab slipped to her knees on the big fur rug before the fire.

The warmth of the glowing cannel allured her. Downstairs in the last hour of the dance a chill had seemed to steal upon her, a sensation that had been as much mental, perhaps, as it was physical. She felt dull, numbly troubled, and in addition a shadow of apprehension was now creeping upon her. Why, she could not have told. Filled with all that had happened that night, she sat staring at the coals, conscious only of the burden that had begun to weigh upon her.

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

After all, what was it that had happened? As her mind, harking back over the night's occurrences, dwelt on each event, her vision of what had taken place grew more and more confused. It was not just of Varick she thought, for Varick, she knew now, she had lost. Of that she was sure. The instant she had told him the truth, that she had given her promise to David Lloyd, the look on his face had been enough. This look and the exclamation that had gone with it had shown doubt, first, and with it dismay, consternation. Then she had seen, she felt sure, a look of repugnance follow. But there was something besides that, something Varick seemed to know and that was causing him deep concern. What could it be?

Of the real facts regarding her presence in the Beeston house Bab as yet knew nothing. However, though ignorant of the truth her mind was by no means at rest. Already back in her brain a dim something was at work. One hardly could call it a suspicion—not yet, at any rate. Suspicion, for one thing, involves some suggestion of the truth. It was more bewilderment, a sense of confused, growing wonder.

As she sat there staring at the fire in the grate, her mind groping round for some explanation of the evening's experiences, a quick remembrance came to her. It was like a ray of light—a sudden, illuminating gleam stabbing swiftly through the darkness. Her thoughts turned back to the first morning she had spent in that house, the Christmas Day when she encountered the Lloyds, David's cold, unresponsive parents.

Bit by bit she recalled the scene: First, Mrs. Lloyd's air of aloofness, her chilly reception to her new-found niece. Then in train with this Lloyd's keen, curious interest in her life at Mrs. Tilney's, her acquaintance especially with Varick. Of course by now Bab had learned why Varick was no longer welcome at her grandfather's house. It was because of Beeston's hatred of Varick's father. But even this hardly could be reason enough for the Lloyds' deep-rooted interest in the matter; at any rate, not for their concern in Bab's early friendship with Varick. She remembered also the climax of that scene, the moment when, grim of face, flying the signals of war, Miss Elvira had swooped down upon the Lloyds. At sight of her they suddenly had been stricken silent. Why? And then Miss Elvira had flung those few tart words at the pair. They had contained a warning, a threat too. But why was that threat necessary? Was it to keep them from revealing something to her?

Gradually the conviction that this was the real explanation began to grow upon her! In this case the revelation, the secret they knew, must have something to do with Varick. But how was he involved? Was it something shady they had to tell? If so, why didn't they tell it? Why didn't they give him a chance to defend himself? Mulling this over, she recalled, too, with sudden vividness something that had occurred on that eventful afternoon when she had driven alone with Beeston, the day when in his rage he had denounced Varick as a fortune hunter. Varick's father, as Beeston had told her, had tried to trim him, and instead had himself been trimmed. That the man Varick, Senior, had been dishonest was manifest. Had he perhaps handed down this trait? Was Varick dishonest too? But if this was true, why didn't they say so? That she herself might be the one concerned did not enter Bab's mind by even so much as a suggestion.

An hour passed. The cannel, crackling and snapping on the hearth, began presently to burn low. It grew gray about the edges, its glow subsiding, the ashes turning cold. As three o'clock struck out in the hall Bab heard a sound upon the stairs. Startled, for an instant she held her breath. Then, the sound passing on, she recognized it—or so she thought. It was old Crabbe, she told herself. Having locked up, he now must be going to bed. She did not know he had been there an hour already. Her alarm gone, she reached over to the grate and with the poker stirred up the waning blaze. Again the coals began to snap and crackle, their light dancing on the ceiling of the half-darkened room. And Bab once more resumed her thoughts.

It was not only Lloyd and his wife that were hiding something, it was David, and Miss Elvira, and even Varick. However, though she recalled Varick's quick question addressed to David, "Does she know?" its significance did not dawn on her. To her it was merely a part of the tangle, the mystery, a mere repetition. Suddenly irritation swept over her. They were treating her like a child. A child—yes, that was it! They were all of them trying to hoodwink, to cozen her. Why?

Again and again, as Bab knelt there, her thoughts returned to the queer, distracting events that had marked her presence in that house. And still the truth evaded her. She arose presently and, going to the glass, unwound the coils of brown, wavy hair piled on her slender head, which by this time had begun to throb painfully. In all the dreary confusion in her mind one thought stood out above the others—she had lost Varick!

A half hour passed, and she was again in her place before the dying coals. She could not sleep. Late as it was she felt she would rather sit with the fire for company than lie wide-eyed in bed, staring sleeplessly at the walls. More memories swam before her now. This time they were of that evening, the Christmas Eve, now months gone by, when in Mrs. Tilney's dowdy dining room she had dreamed of herself as an heiress sought after and fortunate. The dream, still vivid, rose mockingly before her.

She would have a party, a dance. She would have music, flowers, lights. A gay figure, she would dance, her happiness complete. But little had she dreamed then, there at Mrs. Tilney's, that not one lover but two, the old love and the new, would be present, striving together to win her. And least of all had she dreamed it would be the old love that lost, the new love that won. But so it had been. Drearily staring into the grate, she was thinking how different the reality had been from her dream when, on the stairs outside, she again heard the muffled sound. This time she did not mistake it.

Her heart thumping a swift tattoo of alarm, Bab struggled to her feet. Down the stairs, along the hall now and straight toward her door came the slow, painful footfalls. Then, after a pause—a vital moment in which the blood poured tumultuously into her face, her bare neck and shoulders—a hand tapped on her door, a guarded, secret signal. When she opened the door David stood before her, and at her look of inquiry he signaled her with a finger on his lips.

"Hush!" he whispered. Then without further ado he swayed into the room upon his crutches and, turning, shut the door behind him.

Bab gazed at him in silent wonder. The impropriety of his coming to her room at that hour did not occur to her. What struck her to silence was his look, the expression of his eyes and mouth. His face was drawn and haggard. A light like fever burned in his eyes. She stood before him, her hair tumbling about her shoulders, and waited expectantly for him to speak. When he did his voice was low and broken.

"I couldn't wait; I had to see you," he said. He paused and gazed at her for a moment. "I've not frightened you, have I?" he asked. Bab could see he was trembling.

To her astonishment, when she answered her voice was quite composed.

Time Sped Forgotten. Engrossed in Each Other, They Considered Little Else

"No, I'm not frightened; it's only—why, what is it? What has happened, David?" Vaguely she began to guess what had brought him there.

His eyes, dull, still darkly burning, had fixed themselves on hers. "I saw your light," he said slowly, "and I couldn't wait. I wanted to know whether what you told me to-night you meant—whether you still mean it, that is." Then, his mouth contracting sharply, he paused, steadying himself on his crutches. "You know," he said slowly, the effort manifest, "to-night I saw you with him. I hadn't realized it before. I didn't know there was someone else."

It was as Bab had guessed. She had surmised, indeed, the reason for his coming. But though she had, she made no effort at evasion. She merely wondered that in all her talks with David she had not long before divulged her real feelings for Varick. In mocking iteration, through her mind jingled the words of that hackneyed saying: "It's well to be off with the old love before you're on with the new!" Well, indeed! It happened, too, that she was!

"You mean Bayard, I suppose," she returned.

David did not give her a direct answer, but she could see the conflict that was raging within him. Again his mouth twitched, and he swayed perilously on his crutches. Then, as swiftly as it had come, the storm passed.

"I don't suppose you'll understand; I don't suppose anyone would," he said thickly, his face set; "but it's not fair, not just. Because I'm like this, maimed and twisted, why must I always be made to pay for it? Don't mistake me," he interrupted as Bab sought to speak, "this is not self-pity. Pity is the thing that hurts me worst of all. I want a chance—that's all I ask! I want just for once to be like other men. I could stand it before. All my life, at school, at college, afterward too—all that time when I saw other boys, other men at their play, at their sports, their good times, I could stand it. I wanted to do what they did, but I couldn't. I knew, too, that I couldn't, that I never could. I knew that I had to grin and bear it. Yes," he said with a fierce vehemence she had never seen before; "and no one can say I didn't grin, that I didn't bear it! Even he will say that for me—you know whom I mean. Ask him."

Bab, wondering more now, spoke again.

"I'm sure he would," she said quietly.

He gave her a quick glance; but the hurt in his eyes, his drawn and haggard mouth, went far to obscure the resentment he put into the look. He did not dislike Varick, she knew; they had been friends, and still would have been had David had his way. What roused him now was the bitterness of all he had had to stand.

"Oh, but what's the use!" continued David with a shrug of hopeless misery. "What's the use! I could stand that—seeing men do the things I wanted to do. I've stood it for years. To-night, though, when I saw him with you—when I saw, too, the look he gave you—that was too much! I'd thought after all I'd had to give up all my life that perhaps I might have you! And then I saw I couldn't!"

Bab was watching him fixedly. His eyes on the floor, he did not see the color fade suddenly in her face.

"Well?" she said abruptly. David at her tone looked up. For a moment his face was vacant. Bab steeled herself to speak again.

"What has Varick to do with it?" she demanded. "Why do you dwell on him?"

There was an instant's pause.

"Bab, what do you mean?"

She did not answer directly. Then, because she would not hold him in suspense and hurt him more than he had already been hurt: "You haven't lost me," she said. "I told you I'd marry you, and I'll keep my promise, dear!"

A moment later, swaying on his crutches, he had laid both hands on her shoulders and, his eyes alight, was gazing deeply into hers.

"Oh, Bab, do you mean it?"

"Yes, dear," she returned courageously. "I'll marry you when you want."

XIX

APRIL now was drawing on toward May; and after the dance, the first within its walls for years, life in the Beeston house went on much as it had before. The family, at the end of a fortnight, was to go out to the Beeston place on Long Island; and once they were there settled for the summer, David meant to announce the engagement. Meanwhile Bab's mind was so full of it that there was little room there for anything else.

Her decision to marry David had changed her mental attitude entirely. With the past and its events she was determined she would not distress herself. In this she included Varick. She no longer pondered, either, those happenings, still unexplained, that so long had bewildered her. It was to the future she looked. Varick had gone out of her life. David was the one she must think about.

The days slipped by, every one, it seemed to Bab, fuller for her than the one before. And it was to David that all this was due. There was not an hour when his every thought, every consideration was not directed toward her. Bab vividly perceived the depth of his feeling for her.

In the time that preceded the departure for Long Island a feverish happiness seemed to animate him.

"Don't Think Me Rude, Bab, but Will You Tell Me Why You are Going to Marry Him?"

He hovered about her as if he resented the loss of even a single moment of her company, and Bab was far from objecting to this. David's companionship always had allured her; his thoughtfulness, his consideration must have endeared him to anyone. Besides, David's happiness somehow was infectious. When she was with him her spirits leaped contagiously. More and more in those few days Bab learned to appreciate how companionable he was.

There was about him, too, a gentleness and understanding that were in themselves subtly comforting to her. David, in spite of his deep-rooted feeling for her, seemed ever fearful of alarming her. In the same way, though eager to have every moment with her, he was careful never to obtrude himself.

"I mustn't bore you," he said once.

"Bore me? Why, you never do," Bab returned; and with a quick comprehension she laid her hand on his. A light at the touch leaped into David's eyes. Instantly, however, he controlled it.

"I'm glad," he answered simply

Day by day he hovered about her. Even when Bab was alone, she had but to call, or dispatch a servant for him, to have him instantly respond. It was as if he were constantly on guard, watching over her. David might be a cripple; but the woman he loved could not have asked for a more able knight nor one more generous. Bab eventually had to call a halt to his prodigality. There were flowers every morning, books, candies, what not. Then one night—it was just a week after the dance—David, his face radiant, tapped on the door of her sitting room. He had one hand held behind him.

"Guess what's in it," he proposed.

The day before he had suggested giving her a motor, a small, smart landaulet of a type she had casually admired; but this plan instantly had been squelched. What need had she of a motor when her "grandfather" had at least five. However, what David now held behind him was manifestly not a town landaulet. But it might be the order for one.

"Look here," said Bab: "have you been silly enough —"

With a shake of his head, his eyes glowing, he interrupted her.

"Guess, can't you?" he persisted.

Then when she couldn't he came a step closer to her.

"Look," he said, and suddenly opened his hand.

In it lay a ring, a single diamond set on a platinum band. It was not a huge stone, ostentatious and vulgar, but one whose water was as translucent as a drop of dew. As she beheld it Bab caught her breath.

"For me!" she cried.

David nodded. In his hand was a chain, too, a finely woven thread of gold. "Till we've told them," he said, his voice low, "wear it round your neck, Bab."

Her breath came swiftly through parted lips. Beeston's pearl, worth five times David's gift, had not begun to thrill her so. It was the significance of the ring, all it conveyed, that made her heart leap and color pour into her face.

The following Saturday the family, bag and baggage, moved to Long Island. Half the servants, Crabbe in charge, were already established there; and Saturday afternoon, sometime after luncheon, Beeston and Miss Elvira were to follow. The run to Eastbourne was short—not more than an hour; and they were to take the limousine. Bab and David, however, elected to leave earlier. Just after breakfast David's roadster was brought round to the door.

The morning was brilliant, a burst of sunlight glorifying even that ugly neighborhood, the street lined with its rows of brownstone fronts. The air, too, was animating. May was at hand, but the morning in spite of that had a tang like October. Bab wisely had tucked herself in furs, a muff and scarf of silver fox. At the curb she found David already waiting in his motor.

The roadster, a powerful machine, glittered with varnish and brightly polished metal. David never looked better than when he was seated at its wheel. As Bab came down the steps, smart in her furs and her fetching little toque and fashionably cut tweeds, a quick smile lighted his face. Certainly his features were attractive. Though he was not handsome, there was about him a look of high-bred, clean-cut manliness—an expression thoroughly appealing to women. As the chauffeur, having tucked a rug about Bab, climbed to his seat, David bent swiftly toward her.

"Bab, you're beautiful!" he whispered.

The arm pressed against hers she could feel tremble with his feeling. Then, its engine purring softly, the car shot forward. Their way lay eastward. Taking to a cross-town bystreet, they were soon at the bridge, the broad reach of river below leaping in the crisp sunlight like silver. In the distance far below a long, narrow power yacht slipped past like a missile. "Look!" cried Bab. Her animation grew bubbling. Bending forward, her muff tucked beneath her chin, she looked about her with eyes glowing. Everything interested her. After the yacht it was a tug shrouded in steam and buffeting its way along that caught her exuberant notice. How delightful was the morning air! How the sunlight got into one's spirits! Bab laughed and chattered exhilarantly. David, too, laughed and chatted with her.

Before long they left the river behind them; and rolling out of the last dingy street that lay upon the way, they came presently to the country. In the lush, fresh coloring of its fields and of the low hills that lay hazy in the distance they found a new exhilaration. Time sped forgotten. Engrossed in each other, they considered little else.

The morning by now was well advanced, and as they forged along the broad, level highroad they began to meet the stream of motors that every day heads cityward from the big Long Island country places. David, as the roadster neared Eastbourne, began nodding to the occupants of the big limousines, the big touring cars, and the smart, powerful motors like theirs that passed them. Each time he did so he was at pains to mention their names to Bab.

As She Sat There, Her Mind Groping for Some Explanation of the Evening's Experiences, a Quick Remembrance Came to Her

And they were names, too, that would have thrilled the ordinary mortal, the man in the street. Bab herself was thrilled that David knew many of them. It pleased her that some of them, a few, she knew too. Most gratifying of all, though, was the interest with which David's acquaintances gazed at her. She wondered that often these looks were pointed. Was it because she was the Beeston heiress? Was it that alone, or had they guessed the truth about her and David? Plunged in this reverie, delightful to her with all the fancies it evoked, its dreams of place and power, she did not notice that as her chatter had subsided David's animation had risen correspondingly. All his life Long Island had been his playground, and hereabout there was hardly a stone, a tree, a hedge that was not familiar to him, filled with reminiscence. Then all at once his animation waned. As they topped the rise that led down to the Eastbourne plains he brought the car to a standstill.

"Look!" he said.

Bab had never seen Byewolde, the Beeston summer place. In the rush of life during the few months she had been a member of the household there had been no opportunity. Now, however, as she looked across the open lowland to the wooded slope it crowned she knew the house instantly. Ten minutes later the roadster, after a burst of speed that gave Bab the impression that she was being borne through the air on rushing wings, came to a halt under Byewolde's high Doric porch.

"Sit still, Bab," said David; then he turned to the chauffeur. "That's all, Gaffney," he directed; "I won't need you now." To Crabbe, who, deferent, all eagerness, had come hurrying to the door, David bade a pleasant good morning. "Luncheon at one, Crabbe—just for us two, you understand. We'll be back."

Then he threw in the clutch, and the car shot out again from under the tall white porch. Bab said nothing. Awakened abruptly from the pensive reverie in which she had been plunged, she had seen instantly that there was some purpose behind David's quick, energetic manner. What the purpose was, though, she did not know or particularly care. His plans might be anything, she would be lazily in accord with them. The day, the leaping sunshine, the swift exhilaration of the ride and David's deferent, tender attention—all had been to her a subtle balm. She sat back in her cushioned seat, her chin tucked luxuriously in the soft deep pelage of her muff, indolent mentally and physically, her eyes lazily wandering over the view. It was the first time in days she had felt at peace with herself and her surroundings. It mattered little to her that inertness really was the reason for that peace. She was content not to think.

Byewolde, as such places go, was not vast perhaps. Its charm, instead, lay in its well-planned variety. The house, Colonial in type, stood facing a wide sweep of lawn, a stretch of rolling turf as soft and as closely cropped as velvet. At one side of the house was a terrace hedged with box and evergreen; beyond that a sunken garden. A deep, dimpling pool lay at the garden's end, the depth sapphire with the reflection of the skies; and before it was a Roman marble garden seat, its snowy whiteness standing out against the carpet of turf, the bronze green background of the hedges. Bab's eyes lighted as the motor, turning out of the drive, headed down a byroad that led along the garden's side. Over the hedge she got a swift glimpse of its quiet, seclusive charm. Then the road plunged of a sudden into a wood. Oaks, maples, elms, some of them huge, wove the lacelike tracery of their leaves and branches in a close network overhead, so that for a space the motor rolled onward through a tunnel of greenery. In its close, cloistered quiet one might have been miles from any habitation. The sunlight trickling through the latticed foliage overhead lit the wood's dim vistas with a mellow gleam, like light from a cathedral's glass; and a hush fell upon Bab and David.

The motor, slowing down, purred softly, like some huge insect—a denizen of the wood. David touched Bab upon the arm. Along a sunlit opening a herd of deer slipped silently into view. Almost instantly they were gone, like wraiths dissolving into the wall of the foliage that enframed them. A thrush, somewhere hidden in that dim, bosky depth, of a sudden burst into a throb of song.

"Like it?" asked David; and Bab drew in her breath.

"It's wonderful!" she exclaimed.

He was silent for a moment, looking about him. Then, his tone deliberate, he said to her: "Grandfather's given me this. Before we owned it I used to come here. Then one day he bought it and gave me the deed. It was a birthday present."

Bab looked about her again. All this a birthday present! She would perhaps have been even more impressed had she known something of Long Island values. There were a thousand acres in that wood.

Of the Byewolde estate, however, the wood was but a minor part. The Beeston town house gave to the uninitiated no indication of the wealth of the owner, for it differed little from a hundred others in the neighborhood. Here, however, not even the most ignorant could err as to the money required to maintain such an establishment. As the motor, rolling on, threaded the roads that led from one quarter of Byewolde to the other, Bab herself grew impressed with it.

David was particular that she should see it all. There was not a view he did not point out to her; there was not a nook, a corner in all that domain he was not eager to have her discover. And it was all well worth seeing. A show place even in that countryside, where wealth is a commonplace, Byewolde was the envy of its neighbors. Nothing mediocre, one saw clearly, would do for Beeston. The cattle standing knee-deep in the lush pasturage were prize stock; the horses gazing over the fences at the passing motor were blooded animals; the gardens and greenhouses, these last under their acreage of glass, were splendid with their array of exotic flowers and foliage. David, alighting, led the way among them. The orchids, the roses, the long beds of lilies, violets, carnations—all these he showed her in turn. There was one house filled entirely with palms and ferns; there was a grapery, too, where at any season great clusters of grapes, deep with their purple bloom, were forced into luscious ripeness.

As he led her from one to the other of Byewolde's wonders, Bab again grew conscious that behind his animation, the exhilarant eagerness he showed, David had some purpose. His air again grew feverish. The gardener, an elderly Scotchman, hobbled along after them, dilating proudly on the flowers to which his life had been devoted. David and he long had been cronies, Bab discovered. It was "Maister Davvy" this and "Maister Davvy" that. He seemed hardly aware of Bab; all his attention he devoted to the young man, his master. On one occasion, though, there came near to being a misunderstanding between those two—on one side David, gay, animated; on the other the Scotchman, old and dour, his soul wrapped in the flowers that had been his life. Bab's attention was called by a sudden exclamation from the old man.

"Oh, Maister Davvy!" he cried in consternation.

They had been standing before one of the orchids, a bronzelike exotic on which a single bloom, a flower with strange pale lilac and green petals, had just burst forth. Bab, filled with admiration, had exclaimed at its beauty, and David had plucked it from the plant.

At the old gardener's evident dismay he laughed lightly.

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A Duty Worth While

THE Germans developed a great business in making dyes from coal-tar products. They did it so well that they captured a large part of the world's trade. Our cloth makers are still seeking a satisfactory substitute for the German article. Making coal-tar dyes is an elaborate process, requiring a good deal of capital, high technical skill, a thorough organization. According to what seems the most trustworthy testimony, if a dyestuffs business were started here and exposed in its infancy to German competition, its chances of surviving would be dubious. Hence the argument for a protective tariff.

The idea of a protective tariff to nourish infant industries was first applied in a large way, we believe, by Hamilton. Friedrich List carried it from this country to Germany when the modern industrial development there was beginning.

List's doctrine was that the protective duty in such cases should be moderate and temporary; moderate—say not over twenty-five per cent—because if the industry required great protection it was probably so weak inherently that it could never attain an independent footing, and if it could never attain an independent footing it should never be started; temporary—say twenty to thirty years—*for the same reason, for if the domestic industry was always to be at so great a disadvantage as compared with the foreign industry that it could survive only by continuous government support, it would be more economical to buy the foreign article and devote domestic capital and labor to some field where it was not at so great a disadvantage.*

On that basis a protective duty to start a new industry is worth while.

Labor on the Free List

SOMETHING disagreeable will happen to us, Judge Gary thinks, unless we "have protection against the cheap labor and the impoverished conditions abroad which are inevitable after the war."

The argument, as we get it, is this: With the discharge of millions of soldiers there will be much unemployed labor in Europe; wages will fall; low wages will cheapen manufactures; cheap manufactures will undersell American goods in this market, causing a fall in prices here which will cause a fall in wages.

Therefore, we should have a high protective tariff, so that competition of European goods cannot cause a fall in prices here.

Meanwhile every port should be wide open, so that Europe's cheap labor—unable to get employment at home in making goods for the American market—shall pour over here and compete with domestic labor, thereby causing a fall in wages but not in prices.

We must have adequate protection against the results of cheap labor abroad, but not against the cheap labor itself. Over eight million immigrants came over here in the last census period. That their competition affected wages adversely is rather probable. If there is to be such a condition in Europe as Judge Gary suggests we may be obliged to discard the Sixth Grade Guide to Rhetoric, upon which we have so far mostly relied in dealing with the immigration question, and go at it with arithmetic. That will be a loss in some respects, because a constitutional inability to multiply two by two and arrive at the correct result will shut out some of the talent that has been devoted to the subject in the past.

Is This Utopian?

REGARDING a tariff commission that is advisory only we have doubts. But Senator Newlands asks why there could not be a tariff commission modeled on the Interstate Commerce Commission which would take existing duties as a base line, just as the Commerce Commission took existing railroad rates as a base; then, either on complaint or on its own motion investigate a given duty, condemn it if it was found to be unreasonable and substitute for it one that the commission considered reasonable. Perhaps it could only recommend the substitution of another duty, in which case it would probably be less useful.

Almost everybody knows there would be no particular trouble about the tariff if it could be divested of its historic rôle of a football for partisan politics. Almost everybody knows there will be no end of trouble about it otherwise. Can it be got out of politics?

Consular Service Needs

WITHIN a decade or so the consular service has been greatly improved. The fact that a man has edited the Lone Ellum Bugle in single-hearted devotion to the political interests of Senator Snodgrass for a dozen years no longer entitles him to represent the nation commercially in foreign lands.

Tenure of office is secure for a man who behaves himself and does his work acceptably. Such a man may entertain reasonable hopes of advancement. This is a great gain.

The consular service should, of course, offer a career. It should be able to compete for talent with the foreign departments of the Steel Corporation and the Standard Oil Company. Rooting out the spoils system has started it hopefully in that direction; but in the vast commotion at Washington a good many details get slighted, and in some cases consular pay is inadequate because it does not take proper account of the expenses of that particular post. There are posts where the British and German consuls get all the way from thirty to a hundred per cent more than the American consul—and England and Germany are not throwing away money either. A hard-and-fast rule on traveling expenses sometimes takes money out of a consul's pocket.

Housing a consulate over a livery stable is not good business. The Standard Oil Company, knowing the commercial value of appearances, would not house its branch office that way.

The service has been greatly improved; but it is still somewhat under the delusion that a dollar saved is always a hundred cents clear gain—whereas, in fact, it is often a million cents dead loss. A wise liberality is what the consular service needs.

Hiding the Bottle

WE HAVE one and three-quarter billion dollars of bank reserves, an excess of three-quarters of a billion dollars above legal requirements. This is a good deal like a spare ten-dollar bill in the pocket of a gentleman with an imperfectly curbed thirst.

It is a standing temptation to speculation, overexpansion, boom and bust. It reminds us all the while of a doubt as to whether we are intelligent enough to use credit intelligently. But three-quarters of a billion dollars of this reserve consists of country-bank deposits with city banks.

Mr. Seay, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond, proposes that this three-quarters of a billion, consisting of country-bank deposits in city banks, be no longer counted as legal reserve.

The Federal Reserve Act provides that finally it shall not be so counted. Mr. Seay would put that provision of the act in force at once. The money would still be there, but we wouldn't see it staring us in the face as excess reserve. The bottle, instead of standing on the sideboard under our eyes, would be tucked away in the pantry.

The Little Fixit Boys

SOME manufacturers apprehend trouble when the war ends. They think Europe will then make a violent effort to sell goods in all markets, especially in this market. With a world trade to rehabilitate and several million discharged soldiers at hand clamoring for employment, Europe may cut prices, throw in trading stamps, distribute free cigars and otherwise plant thorns in our commercial path.

Fortunately the manufacturers have taken their apprehensions to Secretary Redfield, and he is going to fix it for them. He will have a law passed to protect them. The law will provide for the creation of a Universal Little Lord Fauntleroy Trade Commission to see that nobody anywhere competes with America except in a gentlemanly and considerate manner. It shall be empowered to examine, anywhere in the world, a manufacturer's invoices, books and conscience.

If it finds him competing rudely it shall shake its finger at him twice and say "Fie! Fie!" If he persists in being naughty after that the commission shall give his distressed American competitor a stick of red candy and tell him not to cry.

Of course there is no difficulty whatever—of a commercial or any other nature—that cannot instantly be removed by just passing a law about it, preferably one creating a commission.

We wonder what would happen to the genius of universal legal regulation at Washington if some ogre should cut off its curls, put it in long pants and push it out of doors.

The Bond Argument

AS TO setting up an extended system of national defense and paying for it with a bond issue, the argument is that people want the defense but do not want to pay for it, and are so simple-minded that by the simple trick of deferring payment to some future date they can be made to think they are getting the defense for nothing. According to statesmen who hold this view the President should address the nation substantially as follows:

"Such is your mental condition that I cannot ask you to pay at once for the gun you need to save your life, because paying for it would make you mad. If you do not have to find the money now you can be made to believe it will somehow find itself by and by. I've got to buy the gun on time, with a bond issue, then lead you out behind the barn and thrust the weapon into your hand and tell you Santa Claus sent it to you for Christmas. You will swallow that with perfect good nature."

Give Our Shipping a Chance

THE National Foreign Trade Council wants a permanent shipping board, composed of five men "experienced in shipping and foreign trade," to advise Congress on maritime legislation. But what is the likelihood that Congress would follow the advice?

We rather guess that if Congress could and would delegate the shaping of marine legislation to such a board for, say, twenty years there would be quite a flourishing merchant marine at the end of that time without any drafts upon the Federal treasury except for services rendered.

If Congress could and would lay down a rationally attractive program and stick to it for twenty years, probably capital would go into that field.

Congressional willingness to toss a monkey wrench into the works, in conformity with some interesting theory which is serenely detached from experience, constitutes quite a handicap. Suppose that, properly invited and encouraged, we get our merchant marine to flourishing; then Congress dumps upon it some theory that has blue eyes and golden hair but will not work. The law under which railroads are compelled to sell their Great Lakes boats is a case in point.

That possibility, or probability, does not encourage investment in ships. If Congress can grant a valid twenty-year franchise, constituting a contract like the franchise a city grants a street railroad, that might well be the foundation of a merchant marine.

John Bull's Way

NERVOUSNESS, among those who sympathize with the Allies, over any cabinet shindy in England would probably be quite without warrant. That's the way John Bull usually does it. In the life-or-death struggle with Napoleon he turned out half a dozen cabinets. He had no sooner got the Crimean War neatly upon his astonished hands than he indulged in a parliamentary spasm and fired the ministry.

When foreign relations are as bad as they can be and brickbats are coming through all the windows like hail, John's first idea is to grasp the government firmly by its whiskers, break a chair over its head and kick it under the table—after which he feels fit to attend to the little matter outside.

We have heard a good deal lately about British decadence, and maybe it is all so. But to judge simply by the past we should say that when England is all yammer and wail, with everybody shaking his fist in everybody else's face, and there's a howl here over a broken head and a shriek there as the stove lid catches papa in the eye—why, then everything is most promising and the outlook could not be better.

Judging by the past, if England fought as silently as France does we should suspect it was out of wind and could not last long.

The Going Guest—How Turkey Speeds Her—By Eleanor Franklin Egan

JUST out of jail and ready for next to the worst! The worst I have already lived through—five days' imprisonment in the village of Demotika, in ancient Thrace, a Turkish frontier town near the border of Macedonian Bulgaria. I finished the experience with a conviction that it is unfortunate for one to have been, through life, too delicately nurtured. That was the most I got out of it.

When that arrogant Turk arrested me I thought: "Oh, well; why be a correspondent in Europe these days if you can't get into jail once in a while?" But about the third day my sense of humor began to fail me, and by the time they let me go I was reduced to a point where I was perfectly willing to play Br'er Rabbit until I got safely out of the Ottoman Empire. And, at that, I was sustained throughout the ordeal by gleeful upburblings I had some difficulty in suppressing in the presence of my jailers. The stupids did not get what they were looking for, though I had it with me all the time.

When I left Constantinople I was frankly frightened; or, better expressed perhaps in the language of some of the nobler sections of my own country, I was "a bit scairt." Everybody was. The atmosphere grew grimmer every day; an order was issued that all aliens should be off the streets by nine o'clock, and in the enforcement of this order all the amusement parks and places of entertainment were closed. The live and enticing city grew dark and deadly quiet.

Numerous bands of Arabs and Kurds, in tunics and hooded turbans and with long, murderous knives, brought up from Asia Minor to be turned into soldiers or for some other purpose, began to prowl up the Grande Rue in the evenings and peer into the few lighted windows. Even the hotels pulled down their iron shutters early and people began to look their thoughts into one another's eyes instead of expressing them in words. All atmosphere, no doubt—purposely created for some mysterious end or resulting from our own vague fears; but it was enough to turn one's thoughts to harbors of safety. I decided to leave.

I did not want to. I wanted to stay and see it out. I wanted to see who would collect on certain bets that had been made on eventualities slated for the end of September. Would the Allies break through by that time or not? Two to one on the Germans!

Rumors and Alarms

THEN one day the city blazed out in riotous decoration and the news was handed about that the British, in making an attack on a certain height on the Peninsula, had been driven back, even across their own trenches and into the sea, with a loss of twenty thousand killed and wounded and ten thousand captured. The exaggeration was overdone. It defeated its own ends. But, just the same, it was a startling statement and we kept digging into it, mining for details. The figures dwindled day by day until there was little left of them and everybody realized that the authorities had perpetuated a sort of hoax, presumably for the benefit of the populace; but, when the news was finally reduced to fact, the fact remained that the British had sustained another reverse. It was most discouraging.

Then Bulgaria came in. This had been expected and we were assured that a satisfactory agreement had been reached. So far as the Allies were concerned, it was all over. They would be "driven into the sea"—the Turks love that phrase. Already Bulgaria had turned over to the Turks sixteen of her best guns and they were then on the way to Gallipoli, while two hundred wagon-loads of ammunition stood waiting on the border for the official declaration. But why send the guns and keep the ammunition? The Bulgarians, as neutrals, had a right to sell ammunition to anyone who could afford to buy it, did they not?

Stupid fabrications, but coming from such official sources that they could not be wholly discredited. Something was in the air, and that something engaged our strained and most unneutral attention.

I had expected to return to Nish via Sofia, but was assured that all railroad communication between Serbia and Bulgaria had been suspended and that my only avenue of escape from Constantinople was by train to Dedeagatch, the Bulgarian port now blockaded by the British, and thence by steamer to Athens, if there were any steamers, or on by rail across Macedonia to Saloniki. More official misrepresentation; and I was all alone.

The first thing to do, of course, was to destroy every written line in my possession, with such reservations as I could muster the courage to try to get away with. I was solemnly warned not to attempt any foolishness, and assured that if any notes were found on me concerning the Armenian atrocities, or touching the situation in Constantinople in any way, I should be turned back and kept under such strict surveillance that I should not be able to move hand or foot until everything was finished. I did not believe this, but I knew it was easily possible for me to give my ambassador considerable extra trouble; and this I certainly should hesitate to do.

So I was very careful. I kept a number of things I wanted, but I took the greatest possible pains to minimize chances of being discovered. What more could be expected of an honest Christian in the midst of such conditions? The only way to keep me from carrying out information—every little thing is information, according to the censor—would be to confiscate my head, since in that I carried most of it; and in any case I couldn't see how a few notes to insure accuracy of statement could do any additional harm.

When my baggage was ready it looked entirely innocent and I closed it up with a feeling of the utmost security. There was a leather portfolio in one bag that was perhaps a shade too innocent, since, so far as I knew, it contained nothing but some blank paper and envelopes and half a dozen unused notebooks. But not a written word, said they; and I made a clean sweep.

Getting permission to leave Constantinople is itself quite a process. In the first place, the visitor—and indeed everybody—must have a police permit to remain in the city; and after this is secured one carries it always in a handy pocket for use in emergencies. When you are ready to leave—or a few days before you are ready, if you are wise—you take this paper, along with your passport, to the nearest police office, where you turn it over and for the steenth time undergo a minute examination and scrutiny, and tell everything you know about yourself, even unto your mother's maiden name. Fact! If you pass muster you are given another paper, which entitles you to go to police headquarters in Stamboul and ask for a passport visé and final clearance.

And you cannot get your passport stamped at police headquarters either. You must go to a custom house. At one of the custom houses they are likely to be out of stamps and, after answering a few dozen questions which, considering they are out of stamps, they have no right to ask, you cross the Golden Horn to the other custom house and repeat the operation. At least, that is what happened to me; and afterward I stood for five straight hours at police headquarters waiting on the leisurely motions of the individual of last instance.

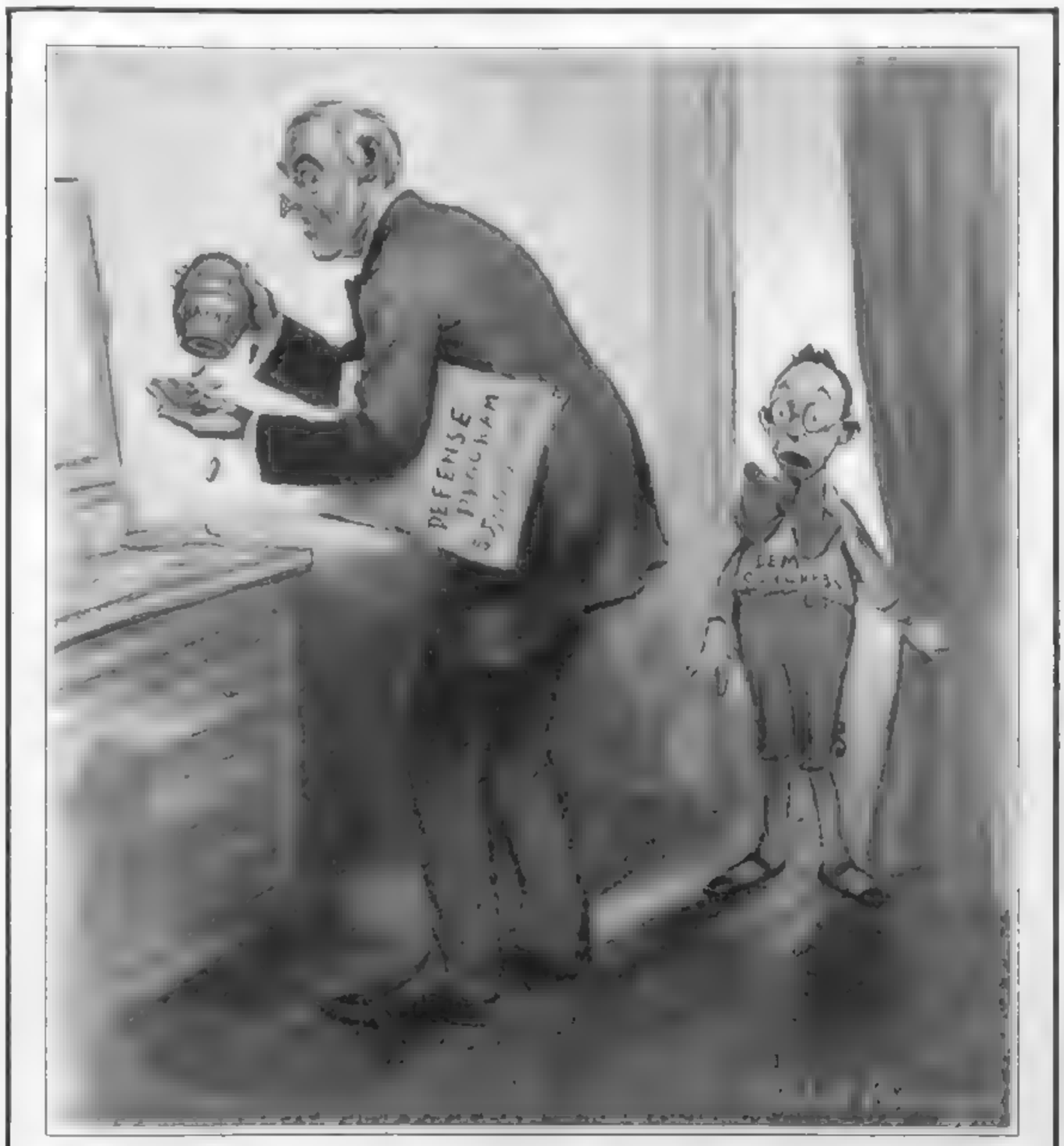
Permits and Delays

THEN I had to get a special permit to take out with me enough money to carry me to my rather distant destination. Nobody is allowed to carry more than fifty dollars in gold, and Turkish paper is just nothing but paper once you get across the border with it. The rule with regard to gold applies in Bulgaria also; so one must go to the Bulgarian minister and get a special permit to carry necessary funds through his country.

It is altogether a most tedious and trying procedure; but eventually—it took me three days—I got everything arranged and was at liberty to depart. Incidentally I was under immediate necessity to depart, because none of my papers was good for more than three days.

The train left Constantinople at eight in the morning and was due to arrive at the border about six in the evening. It was late, of course, and it was nearer nine when we pulled up alongside a station where the only lights were lanterns on the arms of officials and one big electric globe suspended at a height of about six feet, for

(Continued on Page 69)



Father!!

THE BLUE-SKY COMPANY

A Sentimental Adventure—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

The Knocks Came; the White Object Moved Back and Forth; Then the Knocks Again

MOLLY was hopelessly sociable. Moreover, she had a sort of innocently mischievous curiosity about people. In any human assembly she immediately began, so to speak, prying about with a soft little forefinger, and with no more ulterior motive than an inquisitive child has in poking a bug. Being herself a small young person, nice to look at, with round cheeks that dimpled when she laughed, and lively brown eyes, she always found plenty of material; but at the Sanitos Springs Hotel Mr. and Mrs. Plover amused her more than anybody else.

She noticed them coming up in the motor bus from the railroad station, they having arrived from New Orleans on the same train that brought her, and Mr. Plover being a noticeable sort of person. He was a gangling young man—about thirty, she judged—with big feet and hands suggestive of the plow; but his shoulders sloped. His brow sloped, too, and his chin receded, while a hatchet nose thrust out from his thin face. That homeliness, with his freckles and pale blue eyes, at once commended him to her. He wore a yellowish flannel suit, with both suspenders and a belt, and a tall-crowned, broad-brimmed hat of expensive straw which sat down on his ears. Presently, for greater coolness, he took off the hat, disclosing a tall, narrow head, covered with hair clipped so close that it looked like a pinkish mold. At that, she rather fell in love with him and struck up a conversation.

He responded with the eager friendliness of a stray dog. That same afternoon he told her he kept his hair clipped close in order to arrest a tendency to baldness. She forbore to ask him why he would not as lief be hairless by nature as by art.

He was ready to talk with her as much as she liked and she presently discovered that a precise correspondence between his statements was not always to be expected. For example, he told her he owned a dance hall in Milwaukee; but next day he mentioned that he was anxious to find a suitable location and settle down in a steady business, because both he and his wife were tired of always traveling round and never having a home.

"You would sell your dance hall, then?" she suggested.

"Oh, I have sold that!" he replied promptly and untroubled; but if he obviously lied it was in so gangling, freckled-faced, open-handed and ingenuous a way that, like his homeliness, it endeared him to her.

It appeared that the pair had really traveled extensively over the United States; yet it was evident that they were not familiar with establishments of the pretentiousness of the Sanitos Springs Hotel. He said so frankly and asked her advice as to when and how much he should tip the table waiter.

A gold-mounted and bejeweled emblem of a fraternal order adorned the lapel of his yellow-flannel coat. When she made a reference to it he replied at once:

"I ain't really an Elk. I won that off a fellow a while ago. Of course I never wear it where I'm known, because it would make the real Elks sore at me; but I put it on when we come up here so's to help our social standing."

He made the explanation with perfect gravity—just as he called all the servants George, from the imposing head waiter down to the bell boys. As their acquaintance progressed Molly was aware that, to a degree, it was sort of under the hat with respect to Mrs. Plover—that he had confidences for her which he delivered with a kind of understood wink, implying that they were not to be given away to his wife; but, as for any ground of jealousy, that was patently absurd, because Mr. Plover's doting devotion to Mrs. Plover was rather more obvious than any other of his oddities. That he considered her the most beautiful, charming, witty, sagacious woman in the world was perfectly clear. He talked to Molly a great deal about her.

"That poor kid's certainly had terrible hard luck, Miss Patrick," he said with a mournful shake of his head. "Terrible hard luck! I guess she wouldn't have hitched up with me at all if she hadn't been on her uppers." Immediately he grinned in the way that illuminated his homeliness. "I suppose I oughtn't to 'a' said that; but I know you won't repeat it. You see, Kate's going in for being a regular swell here. You bet she could put it across with the best of 'em if she only had a fair show," he added admiringly—and then, with grave humility: "Of course I'm a big handicap to her."

As to Mrs. Plover's beauty, Molly might have filed quite a list of feminine-eyed exceptions to Mr. Plover's estimate; yet Molly would have admitted that she was a rather handsome young woman in a dark and somewhat aggressive style. She was probably about her husband's age. There was that in her face and eyes—to say nothing of a bitter wit—from which Molly could readily believe she had experienced hard luck. Molly even surmised that perhaps it would be just as well not to know all the details of that ill fortune. Mr. Plover once incautiously referred to a time when she had been in the show business.

In spite of his candor, however, there was always a sort of veil—a foggy background—in his confidences; in fact, Molly was quite unable to make the pair out. At first she might have taken Mr. Plover for a country boy—about as much boy at thirty as at fifteen—who was on his wedding journey and determined to blow himself regardless of expense; but his artlessness was mixed with definite streaks of shrewd sophistication which plainly indicated other than rustic experiences.

She presently sensed that things somehow were not going just right with them. Coming in on the same train, they had been assigned to a room adjoining hers, with a locked door between, so that the rooms could be used as a suite. She heard them talking low far into the night. She found Mr. Plover's long face lengthening, with an expression of anxious dejection. She detected deep anger in Mrs. Plover's dark eyes. Mrs. Plover became bitter about the hotel, and in that Mr. Plover—usually of lamblike amiability—heartily joined. They denounced the establishment in Molly's presence as a mere organized robbery; but they stayed on.

Coming up to her room one day, she saw a burly, swarthy man, with uncommonly square shoulders and a head as round as a cannon ball covered over with short curly hair, knocking on the Plovers' door. Mr Plover opened the door as she passed and let the man in. She had hardly entered her own room before she heard, through the door between the two rooms, Mrs. Plover's voice raised high in wrath. Evidently she was pitching into somebody hammer and tongs.

The dance—that is, the particular and fateful dance—occurred on the evening of the following day. Sometime in the night, after the dance, she was wakened by a commotion in the next room. There were at least three voices and considerable stirring round. In a few minutes the voices ceased, but she was still drowsily aware of a certain subdued stir in there. Then she went to sleep again.

It was a quarter to eight by her watch when she wakened, and she purposed to sleep another hour; but something obtruded on her lazy consciousness—a sound at the door between her room and the Plovers'—the chambermaid doing up the room, she thought drowsily; but the sound someway insisted on attention. Soon she discovered that it was two soft little knocks in quick succession on the lower panel of the door, followed by a pause; then two other little knocks. She blinked at the door, listening. The phenomenon continued steadily—two very soft little knocks, a pause; then the knocks again. She lifted herself on her elbow, and then saw a white object sticking through the crack under the door. The knocks came; the white object moved back and forth; then the knocks again.

She ran over there, stooped and laid hold on the white thing—a sheet of note paper. For a little it resisted her pull; then it was released. It was hotel note paper and the following message was written on it in a sprawling, boyish hand:

Kate is pinched for jewelry robery. I must get word to her. Try to open this door. Don't make a noise. I am wached. Write.

Resp'y, J. F. PLOVER.

She read this with amazement, ran to the writing table and caught up a pen. "Wait till I dress" she wrote on the bottom of the note; then gave two gentle knocks on the lower panel, and stuck the sheet under the door, whence it was at once taken by Mr. Plover.

She dressed as rapidly as possible, her mind a mere jumble of question marks, and examined the door. It was securely locked, however; so she wrote: "Can't open door. Meet me in the hall."

Some little time, evidently devoted to awkward literary exercise, elapsed before the note came back. Beneath her words Mr. Plover had written:

I am wached. We must not be seen together. There is a tall chaimbermade setting in the end of the hall. She is waching me. If I was to go in your room or you in mine she wood see us. She is a detective. I will nock three times on the door; then I will go out into the hall and go down to the hall that runs crossways, like I was going out on the upper porch. She will follow me. You look out in the hall and see if she ain't followed me. If she has, then you slipp into my room. I will leav the door unlocked. Then I will come back and you will be in my room and noboddy wiser. Then I can tell you about Kate. Be careful. Don't leav enny peaces of this round.

Round-eyed and open-mouthed, Molly pondered this strange communication a moment. It was an unpleasant sort of thing to do; yet she could not doubt that some mysterious calamity had befallen her friends. She wrote "All right" on the paper and tucked it under the door.

The three raps came a moment later and she heard the opening and closing of Mr. Plover's hall door. When she stepped into the hall a tall, strange chambermaid was disappearing into the cross hall. No one else being in sight, she slipped into the Plovers' room. It was in great disorder—trunk and bureau drawers standing open, their contents in a tumbled state. Several minutes elapsed before Mr. Plover came hastily in, immediately bolting the door behind him.

"It's all right; we fooled her!" he whispered breathlessly; and she saw at once that he was suffering from extreme nervous agitation.

He was pale, so that the freckles were more prominent than usual; and beads of perspiration stood out on his sloping brow, which he wiped off absent-mindedly with the sleeve of his flannel coat.

"Kate's a good girl, Miss Patrick," he said in his breathless whisper. "They pinched her. You know she's a good girl. I want to tell you how it happened. I'll tell you straight. They're watching me all the time. It's terrible! Sit down."

She took a chair, while he, with a jerky motion, pulled another close beside her. Then he raced on with his story,

whispering, his pale blue eyes horror-stricken and the beads of perspiration oozing out on his forehead, which he wiped off, now with his coat sleeve, now with his hand. Frequently he swallowed between sentences, as the action of his prominent Adam's apple showed.

"That stuff I told you about owning a dance hall in Milwaukee was all bunk. We had to say I was in some business to make a front, you see, or these people here wouldn't associate with us. I'm what they call a pool sharp. I find some feller that thinks he can play pool, you know, and then stall round and get him to play with me, and generally beat him. You wouldn't understand it, so there's no use my going into that any more." His voice choked off; he swallowed, and wiped his brow with an uncertain hand.

"I come down to New Orleans to play the races," he hurried on huskily. "That's my failing. I make a good stake and then play the races. It shows I ain't got the right stuff in me. Kate knows it, but she stands for it. She's a queen, Miss Patrick, if ever woman was. As luck would have it, I made a good killing in New Orleans right off; and then Kate wanted to come over here and play the swell a while. The poor kid ain't ever had a show." His voice failed again and his misery was so complete that Molly's sympathetic heart melted.

He Responded
With the Eager Friendliness of a Stray Dog

"My judgment was against it. You see, we always live like plain everyday people, even when I have a roll—just a good boarding house and usually riding on the street cars. I've got the ambition to buy a good pool room in some town where the police are reasonable, and settle down and have a home. We're both tired of always knocking round the country. I had eighteen hundred dollars in the bank last August; but the ponies is my weakness. The poor kid wanted it though; so we come over here—thirteen dollars a day for this room and our board, to say nothing of tips. Just as I expected, when we took to sailing under false colors, luck turned square against me. I ought to have put something aside, you know; but when I get to playing the ponies I lose all my judgment. So I got plumb cleaned out. You wouldn't think a man with the responsibilities for a wife on his shoulders would do it; but I went stony broke a week ago Tuesday, owing a hotel bill of a hundred and ten dollars. It was fierce!"

He got a pink-bordered handkerchief out of his coat, then, to mop his brow.

"Well, I stalled 'em off down at the desk about the bill. You see, I had some resources coming to me. There was a guy from Galveston, Texas, down at New Orleans that I'd been stalling round for a game of pool. I knew I could beat him all right; but he'd got on to who I was. They call me the Plowboy Champion, you know. I'm well known in sporting circles; but I always pretend I'm somebody else, you see, so the other guys won't be afraid to play with me. Well, this guy had got on to who I was and he was kinda afraid to play with me. Still, I'd been stalling round him and I thought he'd come on all right. So I rustled down to New Orleans to fix up a game with him.

"Probably you've noticed that roundheaded guy with black curly hair—an Eyetalian, I guess. Well, he's the hotel detective. You see, when I didn't pay the bill they begun to look me up and see who I was; so this detective gets on to me too. He says: 'I'm on to you; you're the gink they call the Plowboy Champion. Come across quick and dig out of here!' Of course, soon's they found out I wasn't any swell, but just a poor pool player, they went right after me roughshod. I says: 'Your money is what you want. I'll play this match with the Galveston man and then I can pay you all up, and we'll slip out of here and nobody will be wiser.' So he agrees to hold off—not wanting any scandal, I suppose. Then I soaked everything Kate and me had and touched all my friends, and got up this match. You can see how much depended on it. If it's the last word I say on earth, I could 'a' beat that guy with one hand tied behind me if I'd been in my normal mind; but I was so anxious I couldn't play at all. He skinned me just like I was glued to the floor. It was fierce! Of course all my friends had bet on me and they was dead sore. I guess this Eyetalian guy stuck up something on me too, for he was crazy—going to have me and Kate pinched the next morning!

"Well, here was another week's hotel bill due and all our duds here, and the hotel swearing it would have me arrested for not paying the bill, and us getting deeper in the hole every day and no way to get out. I guess they would have had me pinched, only they was afraid it would get into the papers that I'd been staying at the hotel. Kate told 'em she'd wrote to her uncle in Pennsylvania and he'd send us money. She ain't really got any uncle in Pennsylvania, but she's a good talker. We didn't dare to try to beat it, for they'd have nabbed us sure. That was the terrible hole we was in when you started us off on this jewelry business."

"I?" Molly gasped. He nodded, swallowing.

"Of course you didn't mean a thing by it. I know that. But you and Kate was coming up from breakfast and the chambermaid was making up the Odells' bedroom down here at the end of the hall. Mrs. Odell was in there jawing her about something and the door was open. You saw a red box on the glass-covered dressing table over by the window. The lid was up and you says: 'The lady is pretty free and easy with her diamonds.' That's the way Kate repeated it to me—'The lady is pretty free and easy with her diamonds.' Kate says to me: 'Why not do it? We're up against it good and plenty and it would be dead easy. Let's make a good stake at one crack and have it over with.' I wouldn't listen to it at first, because I wouldn't have her take any such risks; and I never did anything like that myself—except maybe in a small way, about like a kid robbing an orchard. I wouldn't listen to it at first; but Kate stuck out for trying it; and, as she said, what else was there for us to do? You see the idea kind of haunted us. I'm a weak man, Miss Patrick."

He waited a second to get his breath and wipe his brow.

"You see," he raced on, "the Odells have a parlor that's number three hundred and forty-eight and a bedroom that's number three-fifty. I rubbered round the office and found that they always left the key to the bedroom in the box behind the desk. They used just the key to the parlor, you see, leaving the bedroom door locked all the time. So I caught that youngest, pimply-faced clerk alone behind the desk, and I sailed up like a man in a hurry and said: 'Room three-fifty!' And he handed over the key to the bedroom. It was just like this."

He took from his coat pocket the key to his own room. There was a bronze disk rather larger than a silver dollar, with the name of the hotel and the room number on it. Attached to the disk by a short bent wire was a grooved and notched spring-lock key. Dropping the key back into his pocket with a large shaky hand, he wiped his sweaty brow.

"Well, I bent the wire and took off the key and put on a key like it that I had in my pocket. Then, about ten minutes later, I tossed it back on the desk. So we had a key to the bedroom. We figured that the closet in their bedroom must be about like the one in ours here—a good big closet which would probably be hung full of women's clothes, so anybody could hide behind the clothes in it, all right. There was a dance last night, you know. We figured the Odells would be down to it and that Mrs. Odell would wear her jewelry. You see, Kate was to take the key and slip into their bedroom along about ten or eleven o'clock—whenever there wasn't anybody in the hall to see her—and hide in the closet.

"After they went to bed she'd pull the closet door open a little, so's she could hear. I've got a ticker that makes a noise like a telegraph instrument. A friend of mine used to use it. I was going out in the grounds back of the hotel along about two o'clock in the morning, when everything was dark and quiet, and when the coast was clear I'd click twice. Then she'd slip out of the closet and throw the red box out of the window and I'd pick it up, and she'd let herself out of the bedroom and go to our room."

His voice, grown husky from whispering, faded out again, and he swallowed twice before he could get it back; and Molly's heart was constricted when she saw a tear form in each pale blue eye and roll down this gangling person's freckled cheeks.

"Gee! I hated to do it!" he whispered fervently. "I hated to do it! But you see what a hole we was in. It wasn't because I had any scruples on Josiah Odell's account. Everybody in Chicago knows about him. He made his money by running a string of bucket shops. I didn't have any feeling about swiping his diamonds like I would if he'd been an industrious workingman; but it was the risk—especially for Kate. You see, this Eyetalian detective might suspicion us the first thing, because he knew I was a pool sharp and broke, and needing money mighty bad. So I didn't want the jewelry in our room at all. They might bust in any time and search the room. That's why Kate was to throw the box out of the window instead of bringing it here.

"I had a place all picked out where I could hide it, and then get hold of it to-day and skip to New Orleans with it and cash in.

"Then another thing—you see, when Kate let herself out of Odell's rooms she couldn't tell but somebody might be in the hall and run into her. So she just wore her kimono, and then anybody could see she didn't have a box or nothing on her—just a woman in a kimono, like she might have been coming from the public bathroom."

He had given up by then trying to keep the perspiration from his sloping brow. It trickled unhindered down his nose.

"Well, about two o'clock I made the two little clicks, and a minute or two later the box come sailing out of the window and plumped down on the grass beside me. I had to paw round half a minute before I found it, and I'd just got it in my hand when somebody turned on the lights up in the Odell bedroom. Gee! I never knew a man could be so scairt!"

Two more tears rolled down, mingling with the perspiration.

"I knew right off they'd got Kate somehow or other," he raced on huskily, his voice shaking. "Oh, it was fierce! But I didn't lose my wits—only for a couple of seconds. I knew they'd got her. I ran to the south end of the veranda, because I had got out that way, through what they call the sun parlor. Right next the veranda steps there's a great big bush with sort of yellow little flowers on it. The branches hang down most to the ground, kind of like a weeping willow.

"I crawled under the branches and jammed the box in among the stems of the bush. Then I hot-footed in through the sun parlor and up the stairs to our room and got out of my clothes in the dark and ducked into bed. I hadn't been here more'n two or three minutes when a knock comes on the door. I got up and turned on the light and opened the door, rubbing my eyes. It was this round-headed Eyetalian guy and Mr. Harris, the manager, with his hair all rumpled up, and in a bathrobe. They asked me a lot of questions and tore the room all to pieces, like

"I'd Just Got It in My Hand When Somebody Turned On the Lights Up in the Bedroom"

Christmas is just around the corner

Dear old dad! You sometimes wonder what makes him so quiet or why he is so touchy. Every now and then he is so jolly you wish he would be like that oftener. Do you ever stop to think of the burden dad carries, business affairs, family responsibilities—bills, bills, bills? Yet when things do let up on him a little he just gets natural and boyish again.

Christmas is just around the corner. This year make it up to dad for some of the good times he's given you.

What kind of a watch has your dad? Unless he is well timed there is nothing under the sun that will please him more than a handsome, dependable, accurate watch.

Buy him an Elgin—a Lord Elgin, the aristocrat of the watch world. You can't buy anything finer in beauty or durability. It will cost you $100 to $115. A lot of money? That is why we are talking Christmas gifts now. Take time by the forelock; club your contributions together and give dad something worthy of him and worthy of you. There is no watch accuracy greater or more famous than Elgin accuracy, whether it is the elegant Lord Elgin or the more modest Wheeler movement.

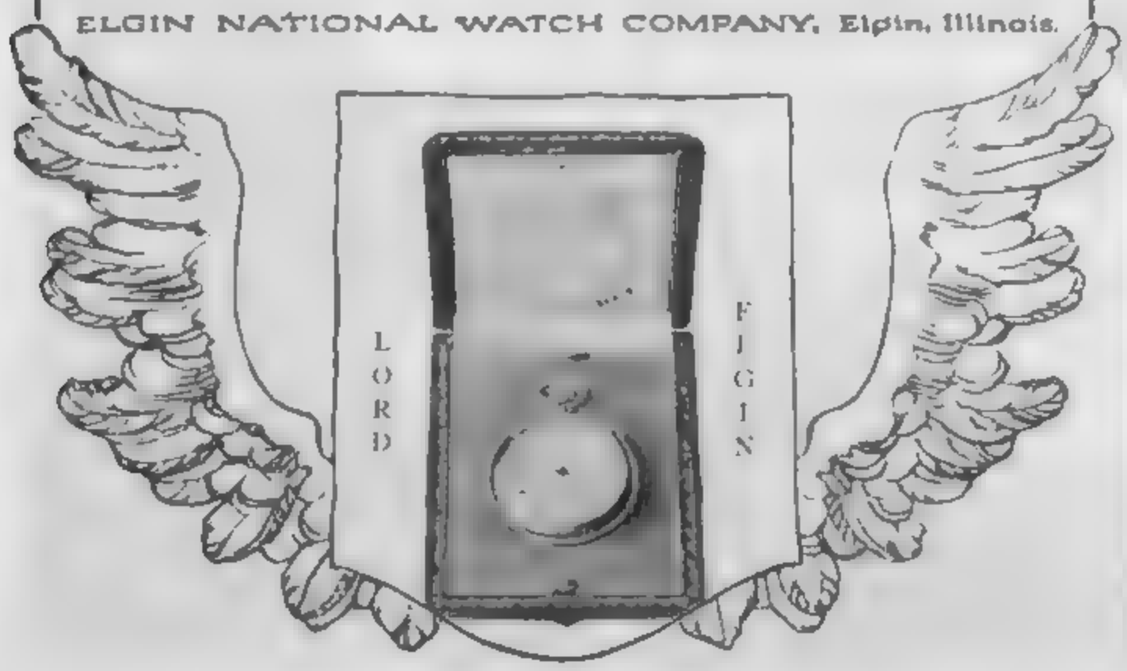
Ask Your Elgineer

Write for Elgin Booklet—"Time Taking—Time Keeping." Send stamped and addressed envelope for set of Elgin Poster Stamps.

ELGIN WATCHES

K E E P T I M E

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, Elgin, Illinois.



you see; but, of course, they didn't find anything."

"But where was Kate?" Molly whispered.

"They've got Kate in jail over at Sanitos. I went over there soon's it was daylight and hung round till seven o'clock, but the sheriff wouldn't let me see her. You see, they haven't arrested me. They're giving me some rope in hopes that by watching me they can find out where the jewels are; but they're watching me like hawks every minute. I couldn't make a stir or telephone or write a note, because they would be right on to it.

"I'm awful sorry to trouble you, Miss Patrick; but there's Kate! Of course they'll be telling the poor kid I've confessed and they've found the stuff, and all sorts of things to get her to confess. And if they can break her down they'll send her over sure! The hotel people are crazy about having a robbery in the house. They'll hammer away at her. I thought you, Miss Patrick, with your standing and friends—you see, they wouldn't dare fool with you—I thought you might manage to get word to her. If she'll only keep a stiff upper lip and say nothing, there's a good chance that by and by they'll want their jewelry back pretty bad, and I can fix it up so's they'll take the diamonds and let her off. If she says anything now while they're hot she's sure a goner! You know these sneaking detectives will take any kind of advantage of a lady—especially if they've got her locked up. They'll be trying to break her down. If you can only get word to her now to keep a stiff upper lip—and they don't stick me in jail on account of the hotel bill—why, you see, there's a good chance for her." He wetted his tremulous lips and added huskily: "Gee! I want to get that poor kid off!"

It was ten minutes past eight when Molly left the Plovers' room—Mr. Plover having again lured the tall chambermaid into the cross hall to give her an unobserved exit. At half past nine Albert Lamb and Billy Wiggins dropped off the train from New Orleans at the little town of Sanitos, which was two miles from the hotel. They felt anxious and looked it. Only by bribing the taxi driver had they managed to catch that train; and on the twenty-mile journey they had speculated, with oppressed minds, as to what could have happened to Molly that she had insisted on their coming at the earliest possible moment and meeting her in the dingy waiting room of the town station instead of at the hotel. They sat, one on each side of her, in the dingy waiting room while she told them the story. At its conclusion they looked at each other with considerable surprise.

When they were alone, discussing ways and means, Lamb observed:

"Lovely little romance the youngster has stumbled into! Two cooing blacklegs who go round affectionately stealing jewelry! If I see this blushing bride over in the jail I suppose she'll lift my watch; but, of course, if Molly wants it we've got to get it for her."

The getting proved to be difficult, however. When they met at the Sanitos Springs Hotel at eleven o'clock Lamb had accomplished his mission. Going to the county jail, introducing himself to the burly, good-natured sheriff as a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, and telling a plausible story, he had quite easily secured an interview with the prisoner. He came away with the opinion—from the set line of Mrs. Plover's lips and the look in her dark eyes—that she would not have been very likely to break down and confess even if he had not brought her the assurance that her husband was nominally at liberty and there was an excellent prospect of securing her freedom presently by returning the jewels.

Billy Wiggins had completely failed, however. Mr. Odell had listened with interest to his allegation that he was a private detective in New Orleans and sustained certain nameless relations with the gang which presumably had planned and executed the robbery; but when he got round to the point that the jewels might be recovered by dropping the prosecution of the young woman he met an explosive and profane negative. To him Mr. Odell repeated, with passion, the statement he had made to the New Orleans newspapers—namely, that the jewels were worth fifty thousand dollars, and he'd blow in another fifty thousand if necessary to put the thieves where they belonged. He mentioned that he had pledged himself to the hotel management to carry on the prosecution with the greatest vigor, and nothing could prevent him from redeeming the pledge.

"Huh! Looks sort of blue for our larcenous babes in the woods," Lamb commented soberly. "Next time Molly gets sentimental she must pick out a young lady who can steal a jewel case without bumping into the table and waking the people up. I might see whether I can get anything out of him."

The opportunity came after luncheon; but his success was even less than Billy's. In his most genial manner he introduced himself as a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. Whereupon Mr. Odell, without pausing in the deliberate operation of cutting the end from his cigar, and eying the beaming stranger unresponsively, replied in a gruff voice:

"Just tell your paper that all Josiah Odell's got to say to it is, Go to hell!"

With that he settled himself into a chair, his back to the disconcerted correspondent, calmly lighted his cigar and hoisted a large foot to the veranda railing. Lamb surmised that his experiences with the press of his home city had been of a disagreeable nature.

Mr. Odell was a tall and portly man of sixty, dressed in a baggy linen suit and rather rumpled negligee shirt; but his outstanding feature consisted of a pair of long iron-gray side whiskers, the tips of which rested on his stomach at a point not far above his waist, while his firm and somewhat fat chin was smooth-shaved. On noticing these whiskers Lamb had at once wondered whether their proprietor had not some time followed the trade of a quack and been affectionately known as Reliable Old Doctor So-and-So. Nothing else would seem to justify such appendages. After the rebuff Lamb wondered further whether there might be some connection between the original use of the whiskers and their owner's prejudice against newspapers.

However that might be, the case looked decidedly blue for Molly's larcenous babes in the woods. Of course Mrs. Plover had been caught red-handed. If she were prosecuted conviction seemed certain. Looking soberly down at Mr. Odell's broad shoulders, Lamb was quite conscious of this. Then, as Mr. Odell took the cigar from his lips, he noticed a large solitaire diamond ring on his left hand; and, with that, an idea occurred to him.

"There's a chance," he said to Billy Wiggins a little later. "Of course, we know where the jewels are, and there's a chance. I'll have to skip back to New Orleans and get some help. Josiah Odell will owe us quite a lot when this affair is over, for we've got to give Molly's pool sharp enough to pay his hotel bill, and the help will cost something.

"It's an idiotic sort of situation; but I'd feel terribly humiliated if we couldn't pull this off for the youngster."

At a quarter past eight next morning—having learned when the Odells usually breakfasted—he knocked on their parlor door. Mr. Odell, collarless and in his shirtsleeves, opened the door, and was about to shut it again, with a rude word, when he recognized the man who accompanied the newspaper correspondent and the private detective as the sheriff.

To make sure of the recognition, the newspaper correspondent said blithely:

"Sheriff Mahon, Mr. Odell. He has something to say to you."

The sheriff was a stout man, considerably unkempt as to clothes and with yellow irregular teeth; but his large flabby face expressed competence and good humor. As soon as the three were inside the parlor—Mrs. Odell meantime peeking in from the bedroom—Lamb turned expansively to Billy Wiggins and announced:

"The detective, here, has found your jewels. We brought the sheriff along to have you identify them."

Billy drew a red morocco case from under his coat and opened it. Mr. Odell took the case, and himself and wife examined the glittering contents, remarking to each other on various recognizable features.

"They're ours, all right—no mistake about that," said Mr. Odell, and put the box on the writing table.

"Very well," said Lamb cheerfully. "Awfully obliged to you for coming over, sheriff. It was necessary to identify them, you know. And now," he added in his breeziest manner, laying a hand on the sheriff's arm, "you won't mind my having just a word with Mr. and Mrs. Odell?"

Laughing, he led the sheriff to the hall and shut the door on him. At the same time Billy Wiggins stepped over to the writing table and picked up the red box. Mr. Odell was frowning with suspicious belligerence when Lamb turned from the door and addressed him genially:

"This would make a corking story for my paper. They'd fairly eat it up! But I don't think I'll print it. The easiest way is for you and Mrs. Odell to pack up quietly and slip across the state line, where a subpœna can't reach you. Then we'll demand an immediate hearing for Mrs. Plover; and, as there will be nobody to appear against her, she will be discharged. Just as an evidence of good faith, this young man will keep your jewelry until she is free. Of course your diamonds are only paste. I brought an expert up from New Orleans last night to look at 'em. The whole package is worth maybe a couple of hundred dollars. After the statements you've made, Chicago would laugh its head off at you if the story got in print. You'd never hear the last of it. Shall we call it a bargain right now, or shall I call in Sheriff Mahon and tell him?"

Late that afternoon Molly insisted on introducing Mr. Plover—who had paid his hotel bill and was quite moist and tremulous with joyous gratitude—to Lamb.

"This will be a great lesson to me," he affirmed in a rather uncertain voice, shaking his homely head. "It will be a great lesson to me to steer clear of joints like this. You bet, if anybody ever says swell hotel to me again I'll run a mile!"

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 13)

lives—to stay. I'm going to teach country school there and live with him."

"Then I won't see you at all next spring; not at all—not even then?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Will you miss not seeing me next summer—a little?"

"Yes; I'm afraid I will."

Her voice was so low he could scarcely hear it. She stared through the window again. For a second he laid his hand on hers, which rested nervelessly on her knee. Her hand was a holy thing, yet now he had the courage to touch it; she had spoken so forlornly that it would have seemed natural to take her in his arms and comfort her.

"Honestly, I'll be—I don't know just how to put it," he said. "I don't know how to tell you how glad I am if I have made the summers happier —— Oh, I'm just talking words! All I can think of is, you're going away from me; maybe never come back. Why, six or seven years now I've never gone by your farm without looking for you. I've imagined —— Oh, I know you so well! I've watched you read and play and work; and then when you went to Joralemon I imagined you studying there ——"

"How did you know I was there?"

"Saw you on the street and asked about you. Why, do you know when I found you were in high school I took up history and geometry, and the whole caboodle, so's to be with you?"

"I don't know—how did you take them up?"

He explained. He brought into the noisy car something of the white nights on which the girl and he had studied side by side. She listened, hesitated, answered:

"I guess maybe I've sort of made-believe about you too—ever since you first waved to me. I pretended you were my courier—like in a fairy book; that you brought me messages from abroad to my castle on the hill of glass. And then sometimes I thought of you as a railroad man; but I imagined you going clear out to exciting Western places. Once I got a time-table and learned the names of some of the places in Dakota and Montana where I pretended you went every day—names that made me fancy things, like Big Sandy and Cañon and Wolf Creek and Silver and Homestead and Antelope. Is it very silly for a grown-up woman to make-believe? Think! I'm twenty-one now!"

"Why, honey, it just means that you and I have stayed kids instead of getting stupid. I guess I've always been waiting for you to play games with. So I've always been—oh, always been kind of good and —— Oh, thunder! I don't know how to say it without making it sound sissy."

"I know. . . . Oh, please tell me—tell me honestly: Am I doing wrong in talking to you like this? I did—I'm confessing so much that it scares me; it isn't ladylike, I guess, but I have to—I did want to talk to you before I went away for the last time. So I took this train—intentionally. Was that wrong?"

"Honey, all I know is that if you hadn't spoken to me I would have been so darn miserable for years —— I never would have known where you had gone, or anything. I wouldn't have had anything to live for. Oh, you couldn't have done that!"

He caught her hand; his fingers interlaced with hers, disturbingly conscious of the softness of the flesh between her fingers. He looked at her piteously. As her voice, her fine brown eyes, everything about her, had told him she was indeed the girl he had hoped for, so perhaps something of the clean and dreaming boy who had devoted his soul to her worship was revealed in his Norse eyes and frank face. She did not withdraw her hand. She murmured:

"I worried about it all terribly; but I couldn't go away without speaking to you if—if you wanted to."

"You must know—look at me, dear! You must know how much I wanted to. Don't you know?"

She did not answer. She glanced shyly at their linked fingers and tried to pull her hand away; but he held it tight, while his thumb stroked the silken warm hollow between her thumb and first finger. She peeped uneasily over his shoulder, as though she were afraid someone was watching them. Gradually her eyes came back to his, and she admitted:

"Yes; of course I hoped you might care."

"I did! Honey, see here! We've—what is it they call it?—we've started fencing now. We mustn't. Think how much we've got to do in such a short time. My division ends at Saint Hilary and we've got to get acquainted before then—and every so often, I guess, I'll delay things by getting scared to think that I'm actually sitting beside you and talking to you. To you! Tell me—oh, tell me all about yourself."

A quick scuttling to cover is more characteristic of lovers than is frankness; but the pressure of time kept these babes in the woods from the unhappy evasions and recriminations with which most lovers fill up evenings for a year or two.

They bravely started out to probe each other's soul. They spoke with a most commendable gravity of books and music. She asked him who his heroes were and he was immensely pleased with himself, because he had thought that out long before and could answer offhand: "I admire Jim Hill, because he's a great railroader; and Dante, because he was a great lover; and Lincoln, because he was a great man."

They really made a creditable effort to be lofty and impersonal according to the best standards inculcated in the normal school; but he would be asking: "Were you glad the first time I waved to you?" And she would inquire: "Were you excited when you saw me standing down there right by the train, with a letter for you?" Such important topics as the church he attended, and what she really thought of the æsthetic value of Mademoiselle Mary Pickford of the Films, were frequently sidetracked by such interruptions as this: "Oh, aa-a-ay—tell me: What is your house like in front? And I've always wanted to know whether that brick building is a milkhouse or a smokehouse."

Their eyes held each other. He touched her hands, marveling:

"I can't believe you're really here; that this is —— But, gee! I knew your hands would be like this—fingers sort of pointed. And I always did think your eyes would be like maple trees on an October afternoon—and they are! Gee! I'm almost as bad as one of these here poets; but I can't help it."

"Oh, you mustn't!" she whispered and listened for more.

He had to leave her at each station, but their talk hung suspended, like a humming bird over a honeysuckle. His absences made them more conscious of the cruel race that time was running with them.

The barren outskirts of Saint Hilary approached. It seemed as though the passing country was galloping faster and faster, to terminate their hour of glory. With a hectic urgency he demanded:

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"About four hours."

"Then listen! You get off here at Saint Hilary. I've got about three hours before I start out again. Two hours from now there's a train on the Grand Pacific—parallels the M. & D. to Minneapolis. You'll have plenty of time to catch your train this evening. I know the G. P. crews and I can deadhead you through."

She looked curiously shrunken, smaller and younger, in her alarm.

"Why—why—I couldn't ——"

"You could! Quick! Darling, think quick! You've known me for years. Look at me! No time to be polite. We'll regret it all our lives if you act like a prissy schoolma'am. Do I need to swear I'll protect you? Look at me! You know this is the biggest thing in your life, like it is in mine. I can see it in your eyes. Come!"

She was crying, her fingers pressing her throat until the flesh round them turned from even brown to blue-white. The train was entering the Saint Hilary Station. She had not answered.

"Quick!" he begged. "Won't you be lonely for me—'way off in Nebraska? Won't you remember my flowers? There won't be no one that I'll want to throw flowers to!"

He stooped for her suit case. He seized her hand—its small whiteness disappeared in his hard paw as though it had been swallowed.

She wearily rose. He guided her down the aisle.

They stood on the station platform, shy, awkward, with nothing to say, as the train pulled out. Once she started toward it. He put his hand on her arm gently and she stopped, still eying the train. As the last car fled from them, its rear door and windows like the square nose and eyes of a leering face, she peeped at him, deprecating, appealing.

"Gone," he said. "Sorry?"

"No, not now. . . . It was mean of you to remind me of the flowers. What could I do after —— What is your name?"

"Chris Thorsten. Honey, you aren't afraid now, are you?"

"Not any more, Chris—dear. You've made me pretend about you for so long now, that I guess you're my oldest friend. And don't you want to know my name?"

"Oh, your name. Oh, that's all right, we'll change it!"

She nodded absent-mindedly, then blushed so furiously that she could scarce answer when he added with sudden laughter:

"Gee, I've clean gone and forgot to propose, and all along I've been intending to propose very next time we met."

His laughter was that of a man who has found glorious happiness—not of a wistful boy nor of a morose Dante.

You can see for yourself, he didn't live 'way off in Arcadia or Japan, so of course he wasn't a romantic type.

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

(Continued from Page 23)

"What's the difference, McNare? Here, Bab," he said, and handed her the flower. "Pin it on your waist."

McNare's distress still persisted.

"Ye've pluckit it, my orchid!" he cried. "Yon's the Sanctu, Maister Davvy; 'twull be the prize of a'!"

But David only laughed again. If a prize it would be fit, then, for a lady to wear. It was fortunate McNare had it ready to pick. At this point, however, with quick understanding he detected something in the old gardener's expression, and his bantering ceased. The ancient face had grown grayer, more furrowed.

"It was my bairn!" said McNare. "It was the apple o' my eye! I'd gi'ed it a year and more's care." He drew the back of one horny hand across his eye.

"McNare!" cried David contritely.

Bab turned away as David impulsively put a hand on the old gardener's shoulder. That was like David. He would not for the world have hurt another.

A shadow seemed to have fallen on his spirit when he rejoined her. He was repressed, less eager, less animatedly talkative. He pointed to the flower in her hand.

"You don't want that, Bab," he said suddenly. "Throw it away."

Throw away the blossom which before the calamity McNare had said was priceless! Bab hesitated, but David insisted on it.

"It's blighted, Bab. You mustn't have about you anything that isn't all suggestive of happiness. Not to-day certainly, and never if I can help it."

She gazed at him with softened, thoughtful eyes. It was some time before David regained his spirits. From the greenhouses he took her through Byewolde's stables, past rows of stalls and boxes whose dozen or more tenants lived in pampered luxury. The coachman, a ruddy-faced, beefy gentleman of the old school, kicked a foot out behind him as he touched his hat to David and Bab. He, too, like McNare, was an old-time servitor in that house; and with a bustling anxiety to serve and to please he kept the three stable grooms on the jump, parading his charges before the visitors. The sleek, satiny-coated animals—cobs, coach horses, and finally a pair of thoroughbred hunters—Bab could have admired interminably. Just then, however, a bell at the near-by farm began to clang.

"It's one o'clock," David announced. "Crabbe will worry unless we make haste!"

So Bab regretfully climbed back into the motor. A moment later they dashed up under the high Doric portico again. She and David lunched alone. In the big, low-ceiled dining room, rich with its hangings and its paneling of mahogany, bright with the array of silver and cut glass on table and sideboard, Crabbe served them with soft-footed, silent deference. At the end of the room the French windows stood open, and from her place at the head of the table, ensconced behind the massive Beeston tea service, Bab looked out, first on a long stretch of velvety lawn, then at its background, the wall of evergreens that guarded the sunken garden. The sunlight of that perfect day still shone upon it. Allured by all this she sat gazing on the prospect dreamy-eyed. How delightful it all was! How splendid! And to think that once, a few months before, she had been a nobody, a little waif in a boarding house!

A deep breath escaped her. "David, isn't it wonderful!" she murmured.

David, as she spoke, awoke abruptly from a reverie.

"Wonderful!" he agreed as he looked up at her. Then he comprehended. "You mean all this, don't you?" he asked.

Bab nodded, and, his eyes fixed on hers, David for a moment sat silent. The luncheon had been served, and Crabbe at a signal from him had left the room. In the brief interval that David sat gazing at her, Bab saw a change come over him. Again his eyes brightened, deepening with animation. Again she saw dawn in them the look of purpose she had seen there that morning. Pushing back his chair he arose, and with a hand on the table to support him he came slowly toward her. Bab's eyes fell. Never before had she felt herself so alone with him—with anyone, for that matter. Had this been their wedding day, their first few moments together, she could not have felt more conscious. The color crowded into her face. She dared not look up now. She felt David's hand slip beneath her chin.

"Look up, Bab!" he whispered. She obeyed awkwardly. His eyes, she noticed, had grown very serious. "Listen, dear," said David. "All that I've shown you I showed you with a purpose. I wanted you to know that some day it all will be mine—you understand, don't you?—ours, Bab, yours and mine! That's why I showed it to you!" Then she felt the hand that held her face up to his tighten. "Remember," he added, "it's yours—ours, Bab, no matter what happens! What's mine will always be yours. You understand?"

Bab was looking up at him with parted lips. "Yes," she murmured wonderingly.

"Yours and mine! That's why I showed it to you, Bab!" And then: "I love you! I love you!" he whispered.

xx

IT WAS a week after this that one afternoon Crabbe brought up to the pretty chintz-hung bedroom, now Bab's, the card

(Continued on Page 33)

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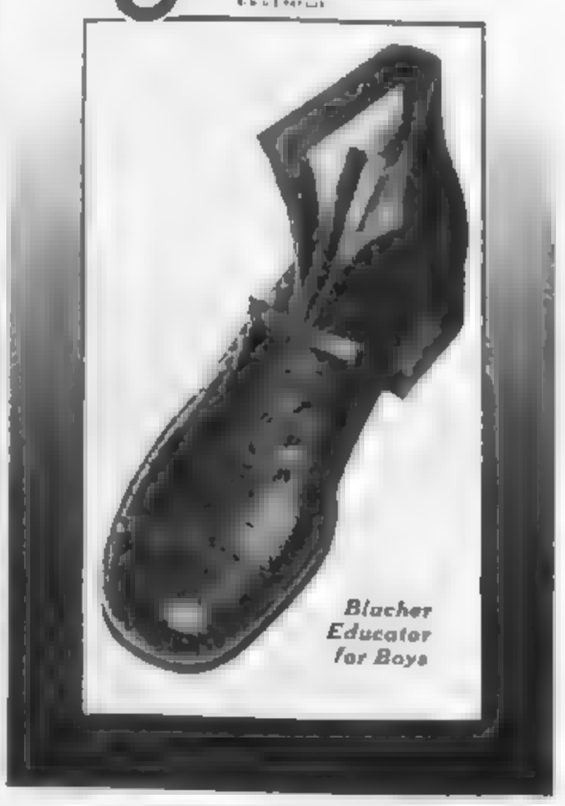

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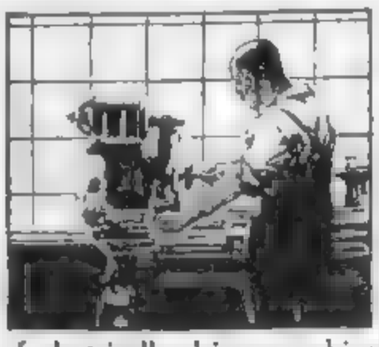

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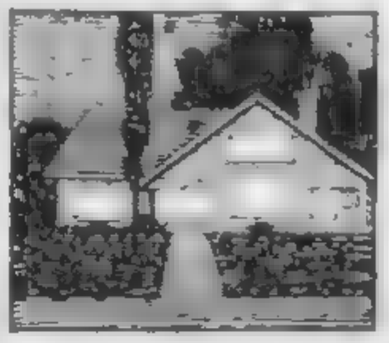

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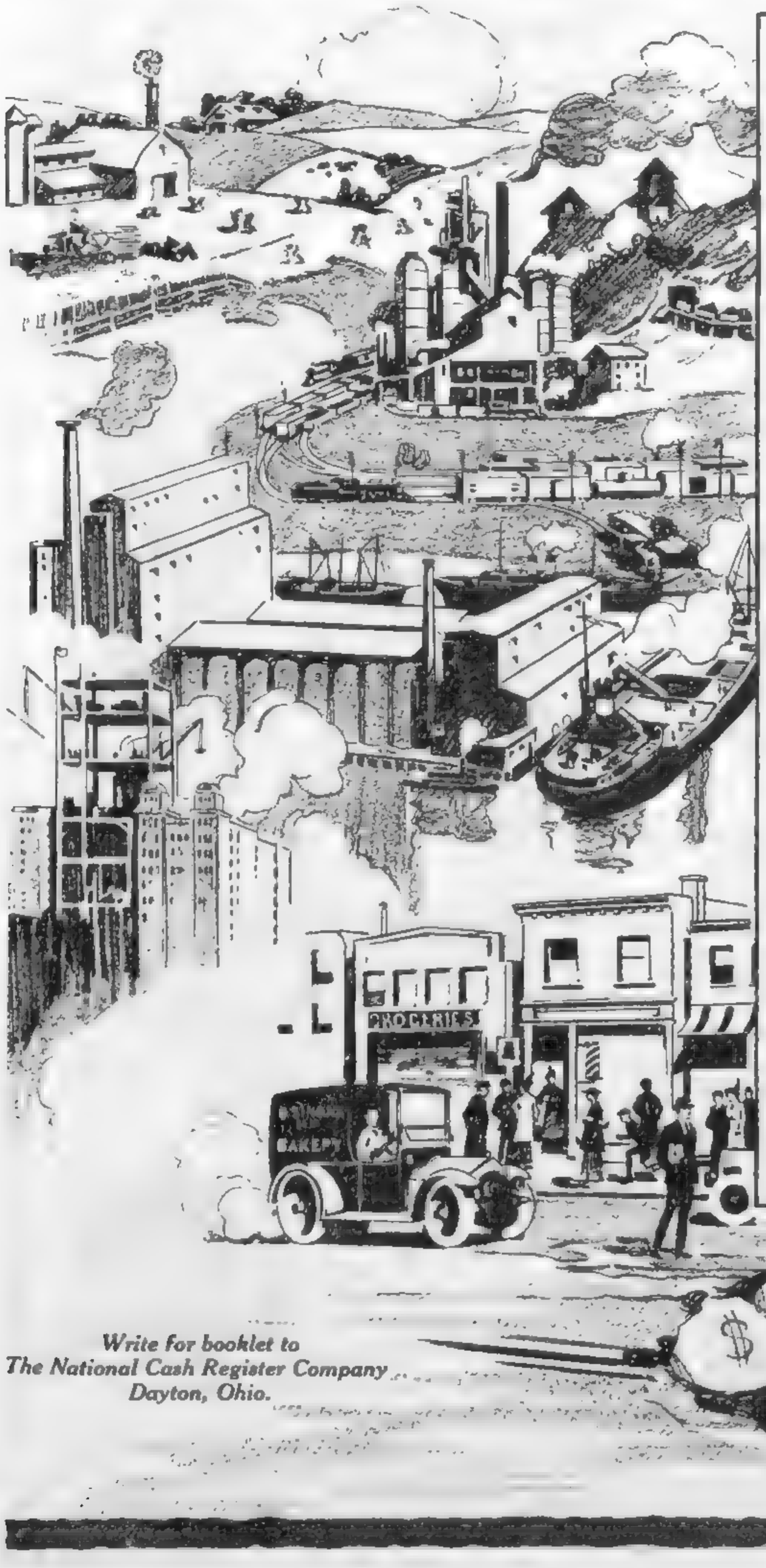

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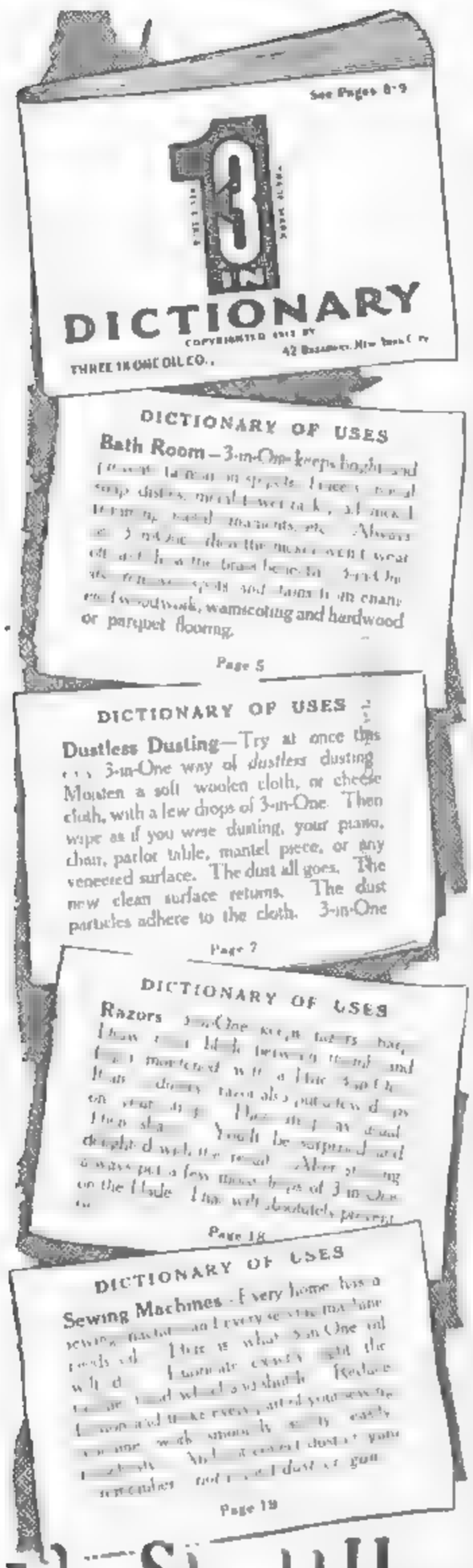

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(Continued from Page 30)

of a visitor who was waiting in a pony cart outside. Bab, as she read the name, exclaimed with pleasure:

"Linda Blair!"

"And begging pardon, please," added Crabbe, "the young lady asks particular if you'll see her."

Bab directed him to ask Miss Blair upstairs at once. The Beestons by now were settled for the summer at Byewolde. Beeston himself, entirely recovered from the illness that earlier in the year had threatened to lay him low, every day was to be seen walking or driving about the place. Bab was his constant companion. After his queer behavior the evening of the dance Beeston had resumed toward her his former air of gruff indulgence. To all appearances he might have been the most doting of grandfathers, Bab the most beloved of grandchildren. Miss Elvira, too, was as natural. All that one could descry the least unusual about her was a smile, grim and covert, that off and on lighted her craggy features.

The week had been a full one for Bab. The engagement David had not yet revealed, but had it been openly known the countryside could not have done more in the way of making Bab's days at Byewolde memorable. Here in the country she had been accepted, been taken for herself, far more than had been the case in the city. One reason for this was that in town the people were engrossed with their own affairs; there time sped too swiftly for them to give much thought to a newcomer. At Eastbourne, however, where the pace was less swift, the various households more closely associated, more of an opportunity was afforded to make Bab feel she was really welcome.

She was left little time to herself. This was as she wished it; for all the new life, new scenes, new activities, thoroughly entertained her. Life in town, brilliant as it had been, had not appealed to her as this did. The reason, perhaps, was that in New York her surroundings had been too new to seem real. She had been a little staggered by her first acquaintance with luxury. The money everything cost had especially bewildered her. Now, however, she had begun to grow accustomed to it all. Money and the luxury it brings had become a commonplace. Already she had begun to lean upon it as a necessity. The animation of her new life, too, had become a second nature. She was rarely unoccupied. Every night she dined out; mornings and afternoons she either rode or drove with her new friends, now not so new either; or, alone with David, the two rambled in his roadster up and down the many unfrequented byroads of the island. Polo practice had begun at the country club; occasionally there was a drag hunt too; and at these events, where the neighborhood turned out in force, David seemed anxious to have her seen.

"You don't mind being dragged round like this, do you?" David asked one day. "I want you to meet everyone, you know."

Bab didn't mind in the least. Now that she had got over her first feeling of strangeness there was nothing she liked more. However, in all this new life, among all her new friends, there was one person who from the first had filled her with a subtle feeling of disquiet. And this person was Linda Blair. Was Linda her friend? Bab wished she knew. She liked the girl; more than that, she admired her. Linda, besides, had been a playmate of David's since childhood. But of late, it seemed to Bab, she had begun to notice about Linda an air of chilly, growing reserve. There was in her expression, too, a veiled disapproval. Bab wondered what she had done to offend her. She was still debating the question when Crabbe ushered in the caller.

"How do you do, Bab?" said Linda, and with a quick smile Bab put out her hand.

"How nice of you to come!" she returned. Determined not to be stiff, not to show that she had noticed Linda's air of reserve, Bab tried to make her welcome very real, and she succeeded in this. But Linda's call she soon saw was not merely social. The girl crossed the room hesitantly, a slender, quiet creature, more womanly than girlish; and, having taken the chair by the window that Bab indicated, she sat waiting for Crabbe to withdraw. Obviously there was some special reason for her visit.

"You'll have tea, won't you?" asked Bab.

"Thanks, no," murmured Linda; "I can stay only a minute. I must be going on directly."

Bab dismissed the butler, and with a growing interest seated herself in a chair opposite her visitor. There was a formality about Miss Blair's manner that did not escape her. Though pleasant enough, she had something in her air that held Bab effectually at a distance.

The conversation at the outset was aimless. To Linda manifestly it was an effort, and at times she came perilously near to rambling. There was to be a luncheon at the country club the week following, and she talked of that. Then, apropos of nothing, she remarked on a picture show she had seen in town, veering from that to a projected run of the drag hounds the following Saturday, the last meet of the season. Bab, in the pauses, led on the talk as best she could. But it was a difficult matter. Suddenly, in the midst of a sentence—something or other about a race meet the month following at the country club—Linda broke off with awkward abruptness.

A faint frown of irritation swept across her brows.

"Let's be frank," she said bluntly; "I didn't come here for this. I've something I'd like to ask you." Her dark eyes on the girl opposite her, for a moment she paused. "Bab," she then asked quietly, "what are you doing to David?"

Blunt as the question was, and disconcerting, Bab already had guessed this was the purpose that had brought Linda to see her. She saw now, too, that it must have been her affair with David that had caused Linda's chilly reserve. Linda must have guessed what was happening. The color rushed into Bab's face, which only added to her anger, for she resented showing her feelings.

"What do you mean?" she asked coldly.

"Don't be angry," Linda begged; "I don't mean to offend you. David, you know, has been my friend, my playmate, all my life. It's not just you that I question; I would have asked any girl. Don't you understand? David's a man, of course; but then, too, David's different. I can't stand by and see him hurt. Think how much he's had to bear already."

Bab looked at her in undisguised amazement.

"Hurt?" she repeated. "Why should you think I would hurt him?"

Linda smiled at her gently.

"You know perfectly, Bab."

"I do not," Bab returned crisply; "I know what you suggest, of course—that I am—well, leading him on, to put it vulgarly. Isn't that what you mean by hurting him?"

"Precisely."

"And you really think I am doing that?"

"No; I only asked whether you are."

Bab with an effort got rid of the note of irritation in her tone. If she must fence she would at least fence with art. So she returned Linda's quiet smile.

"You've known David, as you say, all your life. Why, then, did you come to me? Why didn't you ask him?"

A quick change swept into the other's expressive eyes, and Bab beheld it with surprise. It seemed to Bab almost as if she winced.

"Stop and think! You don't for a moment believe I'd let him know, do you? I at least don't mean to hurt him!"

Bab waited till she had finished.

"Yes," she said, "but that doesn't prevent your hurting me. You still suggest I am amusing myself at his expense!"

Linda shook her head.

"No; I merely beg you not to! That's why I came here to see you."

"I dare say," said Bab quietly; "but there's one thing you overlook: You seem to forget, Linda, that what in another girl might seem significant, on my part would be harmless. Have you thought of that?"

"Harmless?" interrogated Linda.

"Exactly," smiled Bab. "David, you remember, is my cousin."

It was a clincher. Bab, as she delivered the thrust, rather complimented herself on her cleverness. Somehow, though, the riposte fell short of its expected result. Linda's expression did not alter. Concern was still deeply written in her eyes. Her mouth quivered, setting itself as if again she had winced.

"David doesn't think so," she said.

The retort fairly took Bab's breath away. It was as Linda said. David indeed did not think so; and there dawned on Bab then what she had been guilty of in hiding the truth. David she was to marry, yet virtually she had denied it. What was more, in her denial she had displayed an attitude of

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defiance that might easily be construed as shame. Again she colored, irritation uppermost in her feelings. She was incensed as much at herself as at Linda. She was angered, besides, that she had agreed to conceal her engagement. Why had she done it? But what annoyed her most was her own clumsiness in handling the present situation.

"David," said Linda slowly, "thinks you love him."

Bab had been seated in a low chair, her head negligently thrown back and her fingers laced together in her lap. Now she got suddenly to her feet.

"I don't see any reason why we should go on like this. I know David loves me, Linda, and I'm going to marry him."

For a brief moment Linda stared at her with every indication of amazement and incredulity. "You marry David?" she gasped. But when Bab assured her this was so, Linda looked neither relieved nor gratified. "Marry David?" she again repeated; and then in her eyes once more rose that vague cloud, a shadow of inward trouble. "Don't think me rude, Bab," said Linda hesitantly, "but will you tell me why you are going to marry him?"

"Why?" echoed Bab. Her discomfort, her righteous indignation perhaps, at this point got the better of her. Linda, had she been David's own sister, could not have been more insistent. A sister, indeed, would have thought twice before she'd have ventured to go so far.

"Look here, Linda," said Bab, her voice matching in tone the angry glint in her eye, "I've been frank with you; now you be frank with me. Why do you wish to know all this? Is it because you'd like to marry David yourself?"

The shot went straight to its mark. Bab saw her visitor swiftly catch her breath.

"I—marry David?" In Linda's air, however, was pain, not discomfiture. The shadow in her eyes darkened perceptibly. "You don't understand, Bab; David and I were brought up together. We've been playmates since I was a baby. If he were my own kin, my own brother, I could not love him more. But that doesn't mean I could marry him. I don't love him that way."

The words, each freighted with significance, thundered their accusation in Bab's startled mind. Linda did not love him that way! Bab, as she sat staring at the speaker, recalled her own reflections in the matter. She, too, had loved David as if bound to him by some tie of blood. She, too, had felt for him that same companionship. Beyond that, though, how else had she felt for him? How else had she loved the man she was to marry? She was still staring at her visitor, the question in her mind still unanswered, when Linda suddenly spoke.

"Why are you marrying him, Bab? Don't you know?"

Bab found her tongue then.

"Because I—I ——" She did not finish the sentence, but began another instead. "Why shouldn't I marry him?" she demanded, her voice strong with indignation. "Why shouldn't I marry David? I know he loves me; isn't that enough? I know he isn't marrying *me* for my money; he's marrying me for myself. That's why I'm marrying David."

Linda still was steadily eying her.

"And is that really the reason?"

"It's one reason," returned Bab.

Again Linda studied her with curious intentness.

"Bab," she said finally, her tone as grave as her air, "if there were someone else you loved, really loved, and you could assure yourself he was not marrying you for your money, then would you still marry David?"

Bab's breath came swiftly.

"Someone else?" she repeated. Then she demanded: "Why do you ask?"

Linda quietly rose, picking up the driving gloves she had laid on a table near her as she did so. She began now deliberately to put them on. Changing the topic abruptly and ignoring Bab's question, she drifted toward the door. In the hall downstairs she turned with a smile and held out her hand:

"Bayard Varick will be at Eastbourne to-morrow, Bab. He's coming to us for the week-end."

XXI

LINDA had said she did not love David that way! Bab's mind still clung to that speech, wrestling with it dully. Five o'clock had struck from the spire of Eastbourne church as the pony cart, with a smart cob clinking in the shafts, drifted along a shady byway in the Beeston woods. They were the same woods in which Bab had spent that first morning at Byewolde with David, but she was alone now. There was not even a groom beside her on the seat of the Hempstead cart in which she was jogging along.

She had wanted to be alone. Ever since that moment when Linda had uttered those memorable words Bab had felt she must get off by herself and think things over. Then, too, Linda had said Varick was to visit Eastbourne. He was to spend the week-end at the Blairs' place near by. As the clock in the church tower struck, Bab mechanically counted the strokes. Five! He must be there now!

In view of Bab's firm resolve to marry David, her reflections concerning Varick seemed rather disconcerting. Varick, she'd told herself, had gone out of her life. She was done with him. But Bab somehow had not foreseen that Varick, like a ghost, would not down. She had not reflected that his life and hers must of necessity cross continually. Left to herself, to the resolve she had made, she could have married David with perhaps no more than a qualm or so. She loved him, she knew. She might not love him, perhaps, as a wife should love her husband, but then what matter was that? Round her in the life she now was leading countless women were married with much less right. They did not love at all. It was for convenience they married—for place, for power. Rarely, it seemed to her, did they marry just for love. And the marriages, after all, did not turn out so badly. Some of the women—quite a few, in fact—even learned to love their men. Of course a good many didn't, but then why dwell on that? She already loved David as a companion; in time she might learn to love him in another way. Probably she would.

The cob, hacking along at his own free will, now all at once pricked up his ears. Over the treetops from the near-by side of the wood the breeze brought a quick burst of sound. Bab heard it dully. It was a hunt day at the country club, the season's last, and the hounds were out. Clucking aimlessly to the cob, she again plunged into her reverie.

The scene with Linda the day before had helped to clarify Bab's impressions. She began now to see things in their actual light. She saw even the truth concerning herself and Varick. What if he had sought to marry her once he learned she had money? He loved her, didn't he? She knew he did. She knew, too, he would marry no one he did not love, no matter how much money she had. Then in the midst of this reflection, her mind in its ferment going over and over it again, a new realization came to her. Of her love for Varick there could be no question! She knew how she loved him, this man who had gone out of her life. She loved him as she wished to God she could love David, the man she was going to marry. But she had given her promise to David and she could not break it.

The cob again pricked up his ears. Bab, aimlessly fingering the lines, felt him bear all at once against the bit. Just then in an open field beside the wood the hounds swept past in full cry.

"Steady, boy!"

Full of life, vigorously skittish, the cob had begun to prance. Bab pulled it down to its four feet presently and sat waiting for the chase to go on. Hard after the racing hounds came the vanguard of the field, the riders who followed, three men and a girl out far ahead. The men were strangers, but the girl Bab knew. She was the daughter of one of the Beestons' neighbors, an elfish, harum-scarum creature, whose chief delight seemed to be a reckless disregard of life and limb—her own, however. Perched on a big, raw-boned roan thoroughbred she took the in-and-out, the jump into the road and over into the field beyond with the aplomb of a veteran. The next instant she was gone.

Bab was still gazing after her when there was a crash and crackling of brush close beside her. A fourth rider, topping the roadside fence, flew into view. His horse instantly she recognized. It was one from the Blairs' stable, a thoroughbred that Bab often had seen Linda riding. The next instant she had recognized its rider. It was Varick!

Bab's heart beneath her trim linen jacket gave a thump and she sat staring at him in wonder. The color a moment later poured

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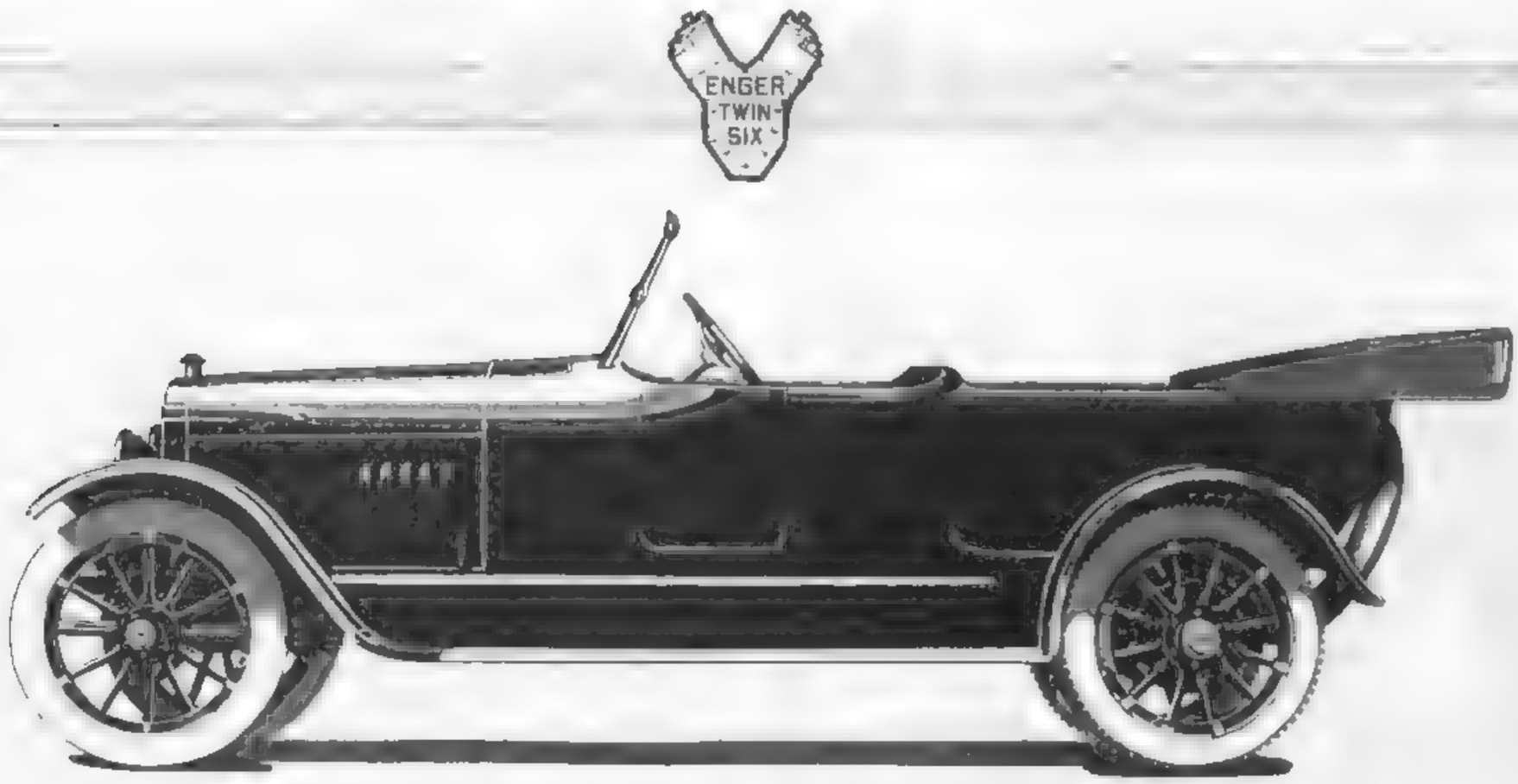

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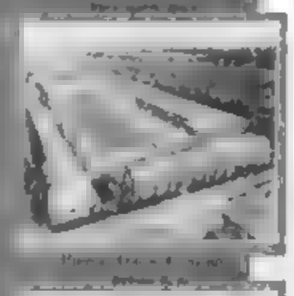

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into her face. Already, before he saw her, Varick's mount had bucked into the road and, crossing it at a stride, was gathering himself to buck the fence beyond. Varick pulled him up sharply. The horse, his eyes rolling with excitement, fought at the bit, and for a moment his rider had difficulty in getting him in hand. Then, quivering, the animal trotted toward the cart.

"Hello!" Varick hailed cheerfully. "I didn't expect to see you." Sliding from the saddle, he slipped the reins over his arm. "Nice to see you, Bab"; and he held out a hand to her.

She had never before seen him in riding things. The things themselves she had seen, and she remembered them, the boots especially. Slim and slender, neat on their wooden trees, they'd stood in a corner of his room at Mrs. Tilney's. What visions they'd created. And now in the boots, in his smart, well-cut riding clothes, how well he looked, how pleasant, smiling and well-bred! In contrast Bab felt herself *gauche* and uncomfortable. It did not make it any easier for her that he seemed in no way awkward or constrained. He stood beside the cart looking up at her, and with an effort Bab murmured a response to his greeting. As she finished, her air confused, he smiled faintly.

"I've been hearing about you," he announced.

Hearing about her? Bab sharply pulled herself together. In Varick's tone was something more than the mere raillery the speech conveyed. She thought, too, she knew where it was he had been hearing of her.

"I dare say," returned Bab; "you're at Linda Blair's."

The subtle innuendo of this he did not seem to heed. A quick light came into his eyes.

"Linda told you I was coming, did she?" He smiled brightly. "Linda's a dear, isn't she?" he exclaimed.

Bab long had heard of Varick's friendliness with Linda. His admiration of her, too, was evident. It was not from Linda, though, that Varick had heard of Bab. Of that his next speech assured her.

"Where's the happy man, Bab? I heard the news at the country club, you know. Why are you alone?"

The happy man!—and Varick had heard the news! Speech for the moment left her. That day her engagement had been announced. David, deciding to wait no more, had given the news to his intimates. Tomorrow every newspaper in the city would have it. What should she say to Varick now in answer to his question? Was she to tell him that the happy man she had left at home? Was she to tell him, too, why she had left him there? The fact that David was announcing the engagement had caused her to seek solitude. She wanted time. She needed the opportunity to face herself before she must face Beeston, Miss Elvira and, last of all, David's parents. Yes, but what about Varick? She had not dreamed of facing him!

The night of her dance—that moment when first she had told him of the promise she'd given David—the revelation had not been nearly so trying. Emotion had dulled her. She had been excited, overwrought, the pang of it had been blunted. She had found no time to ruminate, to taste its bitterness. Now, however, in the cold, everyday light of the fact as it was, as it ever would be, there was no soothing opiate of emotion to dull the pain.

She had indeed not counted on facing him. Almost she would rather have faced the truth itself. Varick all the time was looking at her.

"Bab," he asked, "tell me just one thing: Are you happy?"

Her eyes drifted hazily away. Happy? The word somehow seemed an affront. Why was it that happiness had always to be dragged in? Linda had asked would David be happy. Here Varick was asking would Bab herself be happy. Why must everything so depend on her? She wished devoutly she could for once be freed of the responsibility. If only things could be made happy for her!

"Won't you answer?" asked Varick.

She had sat looking at him in silence. Of the storm, the ferment that was seething in her mind, Varick had no hint. Her face was set. Outwardly, with her lips tightly compressed, her mouth rigid, she looked reserved, affronted, if anything, at what he asked. The question was not one that could lightly be asked of any woman, least of all of a woman who had just promised herself. Varick saw her eyes, as he thought, harden. Then she looked away. He did not know, however, that why she did so was that of a sudden the eyes had clouded mistily.

Their mistiness she would not have him see. But he was not dissuaded. As he gazed at her Varick's own face grew set.

"Look at me, Bab! Be angry if you like, but you've got to answer. If you're happy, say so, and I won't bother you. But I want you to tell me."

Reaching up, he took in his the small gloved hand that clung to the rail of the Hempstead cart. She made no effort to release it. They were quite alone. The hunt, swinging westward over the open fields, had carried with it the first of the field; the others, with the onlookers following in traps and motors, had streamed away down a near-by road. Round these two was the wood, its leafy walls a haven of cloistered, quiet privacy.

"I want you to tell me, little girl," said Varick. His hold on the hand under his tightened reassuringly. "I just want to be sure you're glad, contented. If you are, then it's all right; I won't say a word. If you're not glad, though, not happy, then I want to help you. Don't you understand, Bab?" She still did not reply, but sat perched on the cart's high pad staring straight ahead of her. The effort to answer him was beyond her. Then for the first time he seemed to see her misery.

"Why, Bab!" he cried.

His air changed instantly, awakening to quick activity. He bade her sit as she was and, flinging the reins of his mount over a fence post handy, he took the cob by the bit. The cart he turned into the road. This accomplished, he returned to the tethered thoroughbred and, gathering the reins in hand, climbed into the saddle.

"Drive along, Bab," he directed; "I'll follow."

There was another byroad, a turn-off from the main drive, a short way beyond; and there, as if of his own accord, the cob swung in. Tunneled in that aisle of greenery Varick and Bab were alone, alone indeed. Reaching over as his mount cantered on beside the cob, he touched the hand that held the reins.

"Pull up, Bab," he said; adding then: "You must not feel like that. Now tell me what's wrong." Her mouth was quivering. She had been sitting there all the time with the tears brimming in her eyes. "You know," Varick added quietly, "I want to help you."

That fixed it.

"Oh, Bayard, Bayard!" cried Bab brokenly. He did not speak, but he again slipped from the saddle and, with the reins looped over his arm, came and stood beside the wheel.

"How can I tell you!" she went on. "The other night, the time when you danced with me, I knew what I ought to do, but I couldn't. It was all so strange, all so sudden. I'd been blinded by it. All the new life I'd lived, that and all it had brought me, seemed to have blurred everything. It wasn't just what they'd said to me that made me turn from you; all along, from the very first, from the time at Mrs. Tilney's, I'd felt you didn't think I was as good as you were. When the money came I thought it would change things. Then the more I thought the more I knew it wouldn't. I was still as I'd always been; if you married me I'd still be the same. And then my grandfather told me it would be like you to want to marry me now, to want me for my—my money. And David didn't. He wanted me for myself, just that. I could be sure of that; he'd have his own money, you know. He'll be as rich as I'll be some day."

"As rich as you'll be, Bab?"

"Yes," Bab answered—"when grandfather dies, that is."

Varick dared not meet her eyes. In his heart he could have wept for her. Presently his glance returned to her.

"Then it wasn't just David's money, David's position, that tempted you? That's not why you took him, is it?"

"David's money?—tempt me?" Her astonishment was genuine. "Why should it?"

Varick did not pursue the question. Again he laid his hand on hers, and again she let it lie there.

"Some day you'll understand," he said quietly; "you'll see, too, that neither has your money made any difference with me."

Bab's voice at this broke again. She knew now, she protested, that it hadn't. It made Varick smile whimsically to hear her.

"And you don't think me dreadful?" she pleaded.

"Dreadful?" He laughed. "Of course not!"

"You said you'd help me. Bayard, what am I to do?"

Varick was still smiling. In the smile, though, was now nothing whimsical.

"I don't know, Bab."

"You don't know!" Varick slowly shook his head. "Do you mean that?" asked Bab, her eyes wondering.

He stirred uncomfortably.

"I'm afraid so. Don't you see you're the one that must help yourself there? I can't decide that for you; it wouldn't be right."

Her wonder grew. What wouldn't be right? Hadn't he voluntarily offered to help her?

"You don't understand," said Varick. "I'll help you any way I can, Bab, but not that way. I can't tell you whether you must marry David. Your conscience will have to decide that. It's hardly right for me even to comfort you. Can't you see it?"

"Don't you love me?" she asked slowly. "Is that it?"

Varick smiled anew.

"You know I do," he answered. "But if you'd think, you'd see, too, I have no right even to tell you that."

The fine ethics of this, however, Bab was in no mood to comprehend. Love is woman's one fierce, common right. She wages it as man wages war—instinctively. And as in war, in love—as she often sees it—all things are fair.

"It's just this, Bab," said Varick: "You've given your word to David Lloyd. You're his woman, the one he's going to marry. With that promise still standing, you're as much his as if you were his wife. I can't tell you anything, Bab; I mustn't even tell you that I love you." Trying to keep his feelings from showing in his face, he fastened his eyes on hers. "I was a friend of his once. I can't stab him in the back like that. If you love him, Bab, marry him. If you don't, then decide whatever way you can. But don't ask me to decide for you. I can't! I never can!"

"You mean that you won't?"

"I'm afraid so," he responded gently.

"You won't help me at all?"

"Not that way, Bab. It's a question I wouldn't help any woman to decide. What's more, I'd not marry a woman who wouldn't or who couldn't decide it for herself. If you love David Lloyd your course lies open. If you don't love him it lies equally open. You'll have to do the choosing."

He released the hand he held in his and began fumbling with the reins looped across his arm. The thoroughbred, busily cropping the roadside grass, lifted its shapely head, its muzzle nuzzling Varick's shoulder. Varick's lips were firmly pressed together. He did not look at Bab. "I must be going; we can't stay on here," he murmured. "Shall I see you again?"

With what composure she could command she turned toward him. Inwardly now the turmoil of her emotions rose to concert pitch. Of its fierceness, however, evidently he saw nothing. Bab's eyes again had in them that look of hardness that had been there at first. "Good-by," she said methodically. She did not bother to say whether they should meet again or not. She felt in her shame a fierce self-condemnation. The fact she did not blink—she had flung herself at Varick's head, and Varick virtually had refused her! She had cheapened herself! With a fierce struggle to hold back the flood of tears, the hurt that flung its signals in her eyes, she gathered up the reins, then spoke to the waiting cob. The cart rolled swiftly up the road. Speeding along, it turned a bend in the wood's tunneled greenery. Behind it the thoroughbred and its rider were left standing.

But had Bab looked back before it was too late she would have seen something that perhaps would have stilled the tempest of resentment, of bitter hurt, that raged within her. Varick still stood there in the road, the reins dangling from his hand, looking after her. Then, when he could no longer see the slim figure perched swaying in the high cart, his eyes dropped, and he stood on, his shoulders drooping, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. Forgotten, the thoroughbred once more fell to cropping the grass.

"Poor little girl!" whispered Varick. "My poor, poor little Bab!"

It was long after six when the cob, its flanks white with lather, came stepping swiftly up the drive to the portico at Byewolde. A groom from the stable was waiting. He gave one look at the horse, then glanced sideways at his mistress. Ordinarily she was not one to push an animal to its limit. But Bab gave no heed. Her bedroom was where she longed to be. Above all she wished to get there before any of the household should see her. The fates willed otherwise, it seemed.

"Begging pardon, please," said Crabbe as he opened the door for her; "Mrs. Lloyd will be in your sitting room. She'll wish to see you."

Bab's heart clanged with sudden apprehension.

"Mrs. Lloyd?"

"Yes, miss; she's been waiting above an hour now. She said you were please to go to her immediately."

Bab slowly made her way up the stairs. It was the engagement, of course, that had brought Mrs. Lloyd hurrying to Byewolde. She had heard the announcement that afternoon. Bab opened the sitting-room door and stepped inside. Not above five minutes later the door again opened and Mrs. Lloyd emerged. She came quietly, discreetly, as if not to disturb others in that household

Her pale, usually expressionless face was lighted now with an ironic smile. She had just seen Bab. And, from A to Izzard, she had divulged to her the story of Mr. Mapleson's forgery.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Sense and Nonsense

Luminous Bait

TINY electric lamps, operating from little batteries, have been developed remarkably, so that there are now pocket lamps which are about the size and shape of fountain pens; but the oddest development of all is luminous bait.

The luminous bait is really a very small lamp made in the shape of a bait fish. A little battery sends a current through a tiny electric lamp, and the rays shine out through lenses on the side of the bait. Several hooks are attached to capture the fish, which is supposed to be attracted by the marvel.

Matching Up for Oliver

OLIVER HERFORD, the humorist, is addicted to gray clothes. His summertime garb may vary as to cut, but never as to color. On the first hot day of last June a friend overtook him as he strolled down Fifth Avenue.

"Oliver," asked the friend, "how does it happen that your suits are invariably of the same shade of gray?"

"That's simple," drawled Herford. "I always send the tailor a sample of my dandruff."

Lady Hazzard

JACK HAZZARD, the comedian, has a letter from a friend in Boston, which he treasures. The letter contains a bona-fide account of an answer made by a grammar-school pupil in Boston during the course of an examination in English.

The youngster, a boy, was called on to spell and define the word hazardous. This was his reply:

"H-a-z-a-r-d-e-s-s—a female hazard."

Moved and Seconded

PAUL ARMSTRONG says a lawyer acquaintance of his, who lives in Seattle, was retained to defend a darky accused of absconding with the funds of a colored debating society. The outlook for the defendant was rather black.

At the trial the attorney for the defense arose, as soon as the charge had been read, and said:

"Your Honor, I move that this indictment be dismissed ——"

Before he could proceed further his client was on his feet, too, addressing the Bench without a trace of embarrassment.

"Your Honah," said the defendant briskly, "I seconds dat motion."

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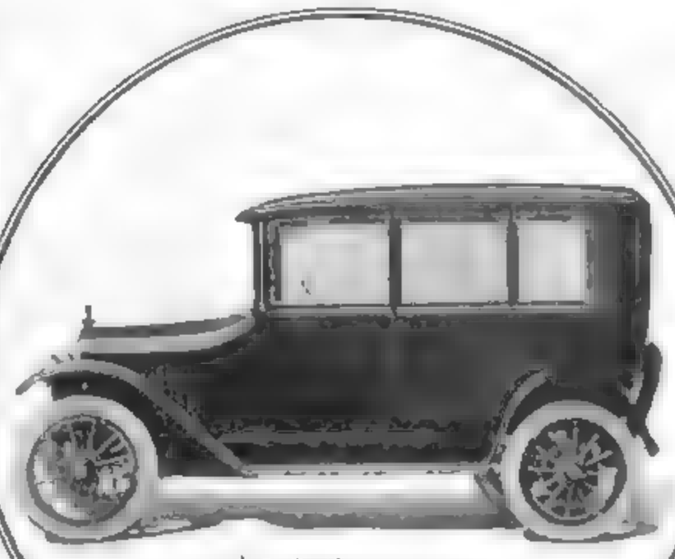

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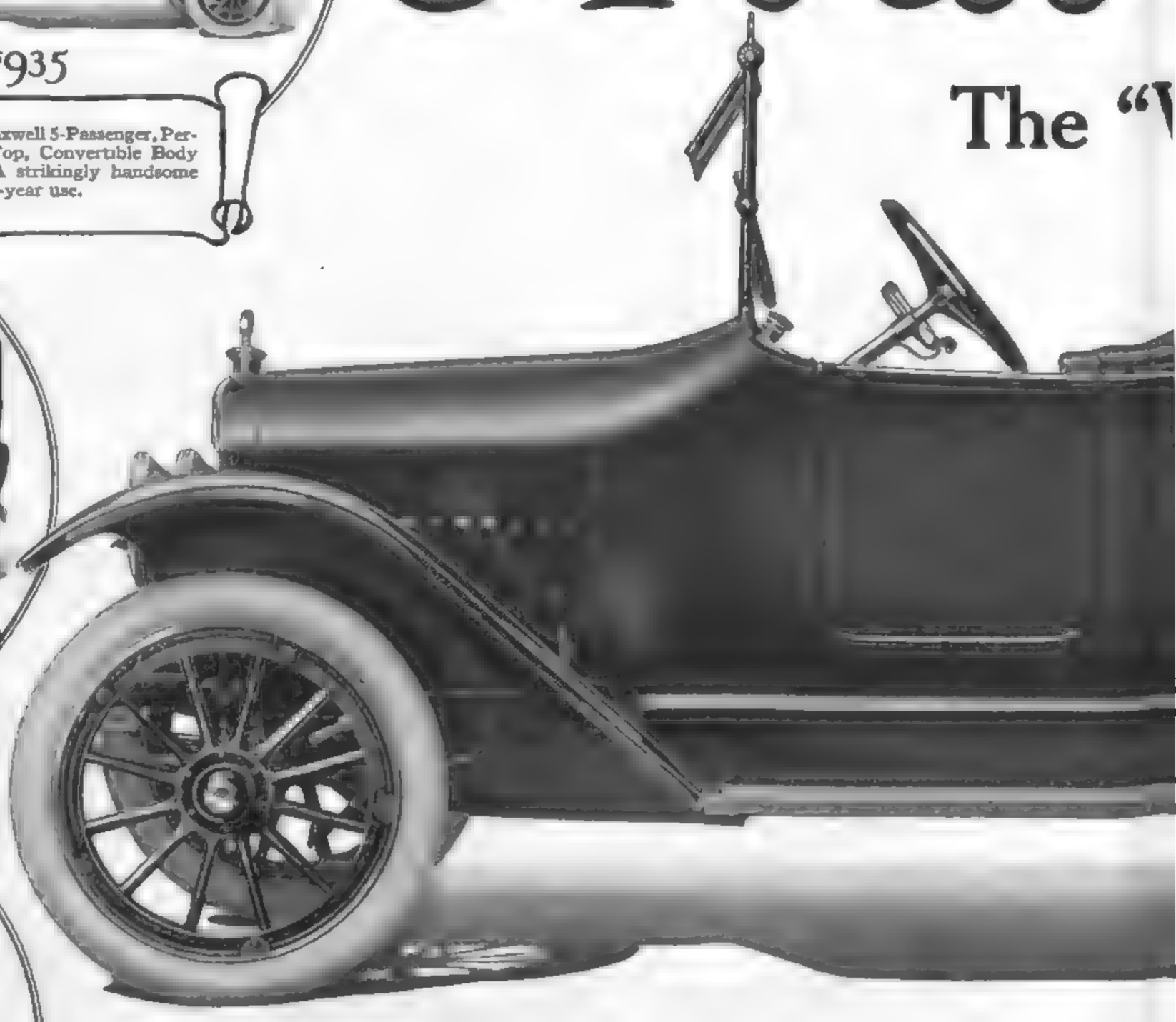

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The windows down—all the open-air comfort of a touring car. With windows up—all the protection from inclement weather that a limousine affords.

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The Maxwell Roadster. A smart, up-to-date car. Ideal for your wife or daughter. A comfortable, handy, economical runabout.

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Everyone about to buy an automobile is interested in cost—both first cost and after cost. Unless the car you buy is really completely equipped, its price does not at all represent the first cost.

All five Maxwell models are equipped with electric starting and lighting system, high-tension magneto, demountable rims, one-man mohair top

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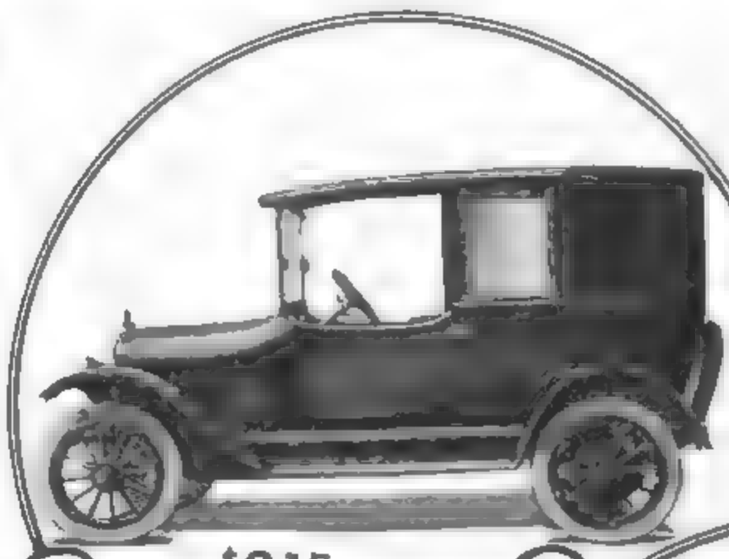

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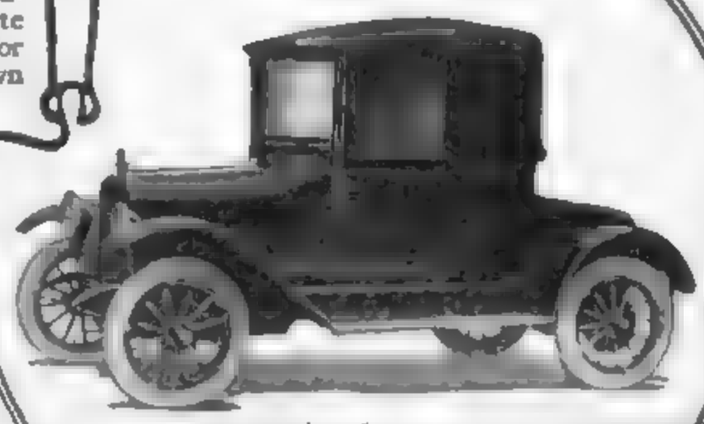

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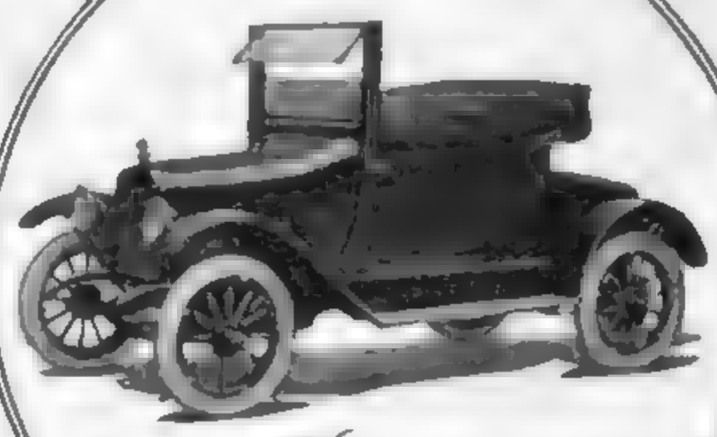

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Maxwell bodies have ample seating
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The Maxwell is making remarkable economy records for—

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Manning Bowman Electrics

Everyone appreciates that this is the age of electricity. "Do it electrically" is the familiar slogan. No manufacturer has made better application of electricity to his line than the makers of the famous Manning-Bowman Quality Ware.

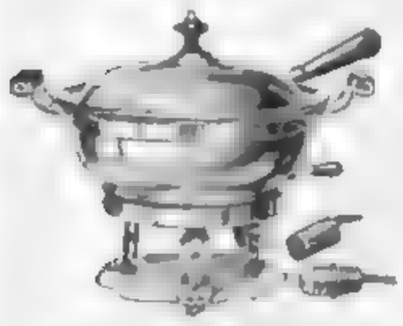
These electric household utilities have many features that distinguish them from other electric devices, and are made to meet the requirements of practical daily use.

Percolators

The Manning-Bowman patented valve construction circulates the maximum amount of water that can be passed through the ground coffee and therefore makes best coffee.

These electric percolators are made in urn and pot styles, a feature being the absence of cumbersome wiring and an automatic cut-out that prevents damage in case the current has been left on until the water has boiled away.

Pot Percolator No. 11292



Electric Chafing Dish No. 1298/54

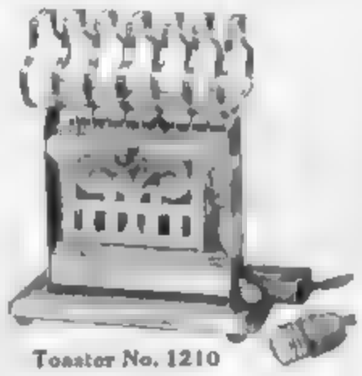
Chafing Dishes

The refinements of the chafing dish are most fully developed in the electric. Either the water pan or food pan can be instantly clamped to the electric stove by means of a patented cam which insures perfect heating contact. Detachable plugs, three-heat regulation, low current consumption, are other Manning-Bowman features that merit your attention.

Toasters

The electric toaster has proven itself one of the most desirable and most used of all electric devices for the table. With the least possible preparation it makes crisp, golden brown toast in a minute or two.

Manning-Bowman Electrics include many more devices than the ones illustrated and, on request, we will send a booklet describing the entire line.



Toaster No. 1210

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For Alcohol Stove or Range

The standard of quality for cooking and heating devices for use with alcohol or on coal or gas range was established by the famous line of Manning-Bowman Ware.

Urn Percolator No. 3493

Percolators

The name Manning-Bowman identifies the product of the manufacturer who developed the percolation principle of coffee making and guarantees you a better, more healthful, more delicious cup of coffee in less time and at less cost than can be obtained by any other process.

Tea Ball Tea Pots

Tea made in this pot is always uniformly delicious. When the tea reaches the desired strength, you lift the knob and the tea ball is drawn up out of the liquid and automatically locked above it. This prevents the tea from becoming stronger as it stands.

Tea Ball Tea Pot No. 10173

Alcowax Heater

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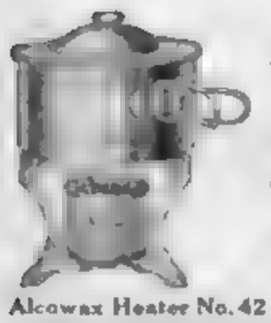


Alcowax Heater No. 42

Manning-Bowman Ware is on sale at jewelry, housefurnishing, hardware and department stores.

Catalogue illustrating an assortment of these goods sent on request. Write for Booklet L-22.

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Makers of Nickel Plate, Solid Copper and Aluminum Ware

AN ORDER FOR GRAPE STAKES

(Continued from Page 5)

insisted on signing the duplicate himself. Having made the sale he formally accepted the order. Then he went out and preached a little sermon to Mr. Hankins on the fine art of salesmanship.

"Whenever you know you've got something the other fellow wants and which none of your competitors has, be independent, and, when you sell, skim the cream off the market. The usual price for air-dried stock is two dollars above the price of green. I got three."

Mr. Hankins nodded. He judged it best not to tell Cappy that the world had been wagging on while the old gentleman dozed in his private office; that with the advent of dry kilns few manufacturers air-dried their stock nowadays, and consequently air-dried stock—always preferred to kiln-dried—sold readily at three dollars above the price of green lumber. He was satisfied in the knowledge that Cappy had got the market and no more—which was a lucky stroke of business—since Cappy hadn't sold a stick of lumber in ten years! Air-dried stock was common in those days and commanded only a two-dollar advance. Hence, in common with numerous other philosophers, Mr. Hankins forbore to spoil Cappy's pleasure, for Hankins held to a theory that what one doesn't know doesn't bother one. The result of which tended to inflate Cappy Ricks with an undue sense of his own importance and render him easy prey for J. Augustus Redell.

When the air-dried tank stock had been laid out on the cap of the wharf, tallied and ready for the Argus to come and take it away, the manifest of cargo was forwarded to the San Francisco office, and under instructions from Cappy the stock was billed at once. With the bill in his pocket he drew Redell aside when they met for luncheon at the Commercial Club.

"About that tank stock, Gus," he said. "It's going to come to about three thousand dollars. The Argus is loading it to-day, so suppose you send us over about two thousand on account. You can have sixty days on the balance."

"You're a philanthropist, Mr. Ricks," Redell laughed. "However, neither Luiz nor myself is an object of charity. We've been discounting our bills for some little time, so we'll discount this and send you a check in full this afternoon. In the meantime, have you any objection to doing further business with the West Coast Trading Company—for cash?"

Cappy felt a little bit ashamed of himself.

"Don't rub it in, young man," he protested. "You know in your heart you're a speculator and not to be classed with solid, conservative business men, no matter how much money you may have in bank at this minute. However, just to show you I'm a sport I'll take a chance. What do you want me to quote you on?"

"Grape stakes," said Redell promptly.

A word here anent grape stakes. A grape stake in California is approximately two inches square and six feet long. It is split from clear straight-grained redwood and is roughly pointed at one end with a hand ax. Along in August and September, when the crop of California wine grapes commences to ripen, these stakes are driven into the ground beside the vines, which are then tied to the stakes to prevent the weight of the grapes from bearing the vine to the ground, thus breaking it and causing the fruit to spoil.

As a rule grape stakes are not manufactured by the redwood mills, although occasionally a redwood mill which closes down its logging camps for the winter and has to employ a few men to look after the camps sets these men to making grape stakes in order to keep them busy. Perhaps ninety per cent of all grape stakes are made by homesteaders on a piece of timber land—small farmers with a few trees and woodsmen who have been employed by mills that have shut down during the winter. Being out of a job these men contract with the mill owner for the purchase of windfalls and down timber in inaccessible places where ordinarily it would go to waste; then with a winter's provisions they go into the woods and split this waste timber into grape stakes. When spring comes and the logging camps reopen these men go back to day wages, leaving a nice little pile of grape stakes seasoning in the woods all summer, ready to fill the fall demand.

A peculiarity about the marketing of grape stakes, however, lies in the fact that they pass through several hands before reaching the consumer. Inquiries for grape stakes quite generally come first to the redwood mill owner, who knows where he can lay his hands on sufficient to fill the order. He therefore buys from the man who made the stakes and sells at a profit to the broker or jobber, who sells to the retailer, who in turn sells to the vineyardist. At best the grape-stake business is a "piking" business, which is why the mills will not bother with it, leaving it instead to the pikers in their immediate neighborhood.

Now, Cappy Ricks' redwood mill was situated in Humboldt County, and the quantity of grape stakes made each winter in Humboldt County is so negligible as to be almost *nil*. The reason for this lies in the fact that there is plenty of redwood timber in the counties to the south, which are nearer to the market and hence enjoy a lower freight rate. Cappy Ricks knew all this. He knew, also, that his company had never made or sold a single grape stake and never figured on doing so. Apparently by tacit consent the Humboldt County mills had permitted the business to go to their Mendocino and Sonoma County neighbors on the south, and the grape-stake business, therefore, was the last thing on earth liable to interest Cappy Ricks.

J. Augustus Redell was well aware of this, for which reason he broached the matter to Cappy; for when one presents an unattractive proposition, well knowing that with a little argument he can convince his auditor that it contains hidden merits, he is extremely liable to be taken seriously. Therefore when Cappy said nothing, but merely favored Redell with a withering glance, the latter backed him into a corner and with serious mien said:

"You wouldn't consider an order for grape stakes, eh? Well, since your mill is in Humboldt County, I don't blame you for not wanting to compete on the usual piffling basis, but if you got an order worth while perhaps that would make a difference."

"What do you call an order worth while?" Cappy demanded wearily.

Redell glanced round as if fearful of being overheard, then lowered his voice and said confidentially:

"Mr. Ricks, I have a scheme for cornering the grape-stake market in this state."

"Huh-huh!" said Cappy tartly, "another little gamble, eh? Keep it up, Augustus, keep it up and you'll shoot your little wad yet. Don't despair!"

"I cornered the red-cedar shingle market once, Mr. Ricks."

"You were just lucky that time."

"Well, I'll be just as lucky this time. This is not a gamble, Mr. Ricks. It's just a mortal cinch, and why somebody hasn't thought of it before is a mystery. Do you want me to tell you how it can be done?"

"Well, I have no objection to building castles in Spain, Gus, my boy. Your plan may be sufficiently ingenious to prove interesting, and I always admire brains in whatever form I find them. Spin your little yarn!"

"When I do," Redell warned him, "you're going to be fascinated with the opportunity and want to go into the deal. This is my scheme, but I'm not able to carry it through alone, so I'm going to let you in on it. However, if you do not care to go into the deal, all I ask of you is to keep quiet and give me a chance to do business with some other Humboldt County mill."

"All right, I promise," Cappy answered.

"Thank you, Mr. Ricks. Here is my plan: You have millions of feet of good, sound, clear, straight-grained, redwood timber going to waste, haven't you? Windfalls and trees that have been split and smashed in felling? And it's going to lie on the ground and rot if you don't do something with it, isn't it?"

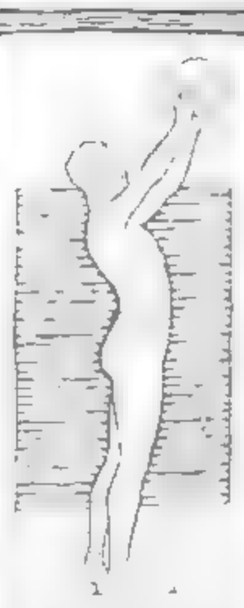
"Yes, I guess that's true."

"Very well. Now, Mr. Ricks, I've been investigating the cost of grape-stake production. Two men can split and point one thousand stakes per working day of ten hours, and a grape stake contains two feet, board measure. What do you value this waste material at?"

"Oh, say five dollars per thousand feet, board measure," Cappy answered. "That would be a liberal estimate."

The 50¢ Underwear that's knit in the dollar way

Tug! Scruff! Never mind



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12 Superiorities 12

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2. Mayo mule-spun yarn
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7. All edges laundry-proofed
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9. Snug-fitting cuffs and ankles
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12 Superiorities 12

IT fears no strain in tub or on man's back—this Mayo Underwear.

You notice that in wearing it—when you rub and stretch the fabric and yank at the seams.

The good lady notices this on wash-day when she soaks it, boils it, wrings it, and irons it.

That's because Mayo 50c Underwear is actually ***knit in the dollar way.*** "Knit in the dollar way" means a fabric with *10* ribs to the inch instead of 8.

10 ribs to the inch instead of 8 guarantees ***more elasticity, more warmth, more wear.***

Men's Single Garments	*Men's Union Suits*
50c	**$1.00**

Boys' Union Suits

50c

Those who prefer the old style 8-rib garments will find Mayo 8-rib Underwear an excellent value.

All dealers have Mayo Underwear or can very quickly get it for you.

THE MAYO MILLS, MAYODAN, N. C.

Mayo
MADE OF MAYO YARN
Underwear

"Very well. Then the cost of one thousand grape stakes would be ten dollars for the stock, say five dollars for labor, six dollars freight to Oakland Long Wharf and say a dollar and a half for loading on the cars—a total cost, f. o. b. cars, of twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. Do you know what grape stakes sold for this fall?"

Cappy was forced to confess that he hadn't the slightest idea.

"Grape stakes were firm at twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents per thousand, f. o. b. cars at Oakland Long Wharf; and if you doubt that statement ring up any Mendocino County mill and they'll confirm my statement. All of the cost figures I have given you are extremely liberal, but even at that I have shown you where you can deliver grape stakes at a price five dollars per thousand under the lowest price at which grape stakes have sold in five years, and at the same time realize five dollars per thousand feet, board measure, on the timber that's going to lie in your woods and rot if you don't move it."

The proposition struck Cappy Ricks with the impact of a shell from a forty-two-centimeter gun. He loathed waste of any kind, and Redell, realizing this, had shrewdly laid emphasis upon that point. He saw he had the old schemer wavering, so he said with the utmost assurance:

"I told you you'd be crazy to climb aboard, Mr. Ricks. All right, then, I'll let you in on the deal. Now, listen to the program, and if you can pick a single hole in it I'll buy your luncheons for a month of Sundays. I have given a deal of study and consideration to the grape-stake situation and I am morally satisfied that I can go to the dealers right now and on a basis of $25.00 per thousand, f. o. b. cars Oakland Long Wharf, contract with them for their entire supply for 1915. And if I can procure those contracts now, do you know how many grape stakes will be required to fill the orders?"

"Well, I believe the normal consumption of grape stakes in California is about a million a year," Cappy admitted.

"This year it will be about a million and a quarter. However, if I can contract now to deliver a million in 1915, I will have the market right under my thumb."

"Well, why the devil don't you go to it?" Cappy demanded.

"I dare not. I'm afraid to shoot the market unless I know positively where I can get grape stakes to fill my orders and at a price that will leave me a margin of profit worth my while. I suggest you give me your word of honor that if I can land orders for, say, a million grape stakes, you will fill the orders for me."

"Hum! Ahem! Harumph-h-h! You said something about cornering the market."

"Well, if I can get orders for a million grape stakes and have a redwood mill back of me to fill the orders, I will be enabled to satisfy practically the entire demand throughout the state, will I not? Then where will these Mendocino and Sonoma County fellows be with the grape stakes they'll get out this winter? With the market cut from under them they'll be left with their grape stakes on their hands, of course. They won't even have the poor satisfaction of being able to cut prices on us! And you know as well as I do, Mr. Ricks, that the men who make grape stakes know nothing about the market. They are entirely out of touch with the dealer and consumer. They depend upon the redwood mills in their vicinity to buy their stakes from them, and you know the redwood mills seldom seek an order for grape stakes. If it is thrown at them they'll take it and fill it, provided they can do so at a profit."

"Augustus," said Cappy solemnly, "that sounds like a mighty reasonable proposition."

"It's as clean as a hound's tooth. Are you with me or are you not? Speak now or remain forever silent."

"I'm with you," said Cappy Ricks, "if it's the last act of my misspent life." And he held out his hand.

Silently J. Augustus Redell shook it, and the deal was closed.

Three weeks later Redell dropped into Cappy's office.

"The trap is set, Mr. Ricks," he announced. "Herewith for your signature a contract calling for one million two hundred thousand split redwood grape stakes, 2"x 2"—6', pointed, at a price of twenty dollars per thousand pieces, f. o. b. San Francisco Bay points. That's a trifle

Keep Young

Don't think that Quaker Oats, the food for vim and vivacity, is important to children only.

You modern mothers—millions of you—bring up children on Quaker Oats. And you know that this vim-food—Nature's wonderful energizer—contributes much to their bubbling vitality.

But isn't spur to the spirit—"feeling your oats"—as important to you as to them?

Quaker Oats is a battery of energy. Something Nature stores there feeds the fires of youth. And all of us, of any age, wish to keep them burning.

This way is delightful. No other cereal has such flavor and aroma. In Quaker Oats you find them at their best.

Quaker Oats

Luscious, Spirit-Giving Flakes

Quaker Oats is made doubly-delicious by picking just rich, plump grains. All the puny, starved grains are omitted. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

The result is an oat food so fragrant and flavory that it holds the first place the world over. It has established with millions a life-long love of oats.

Yet your nearest grocer, if you specify Quaker Oats, supplies it without extra price.

10c and 25c Per Package
Except in Far West and South

Quaker Cooker Offer

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package. This present cooker offer applies to the United States only.

(849)

The Goodyear Conquest of America
Chicago

A little glimpse of Michigan Boulevard, one of the noblest highways in America—a true rival of that other beautiful avenue pictured on the opposite page. A tire census, taken for five days in succession in the section shown in the photograph, registered a marked preponderance of Goodyear Tires. Chicago, the inspirational center of the great West, is unmistakably a Goodyear city.

The American Sixth Sense

THE American people will spend over $200,000,000 for tires next year.

They are buying more Goodyear tires than any other.

Goodyear sales are far greater—though *many other tires sell for lower prices.*

There is a significance in this Goodyear success which cannot be explained by shrewd salesmanship.

It cannot be accounted for by adroit and artful advertising.

There is a sixth sense in the American people which rises superior, in the long run, to salesmanship and to advertising.

It brushes them both aside in the end, and finds out for itself, as it has found out about Goodyear.

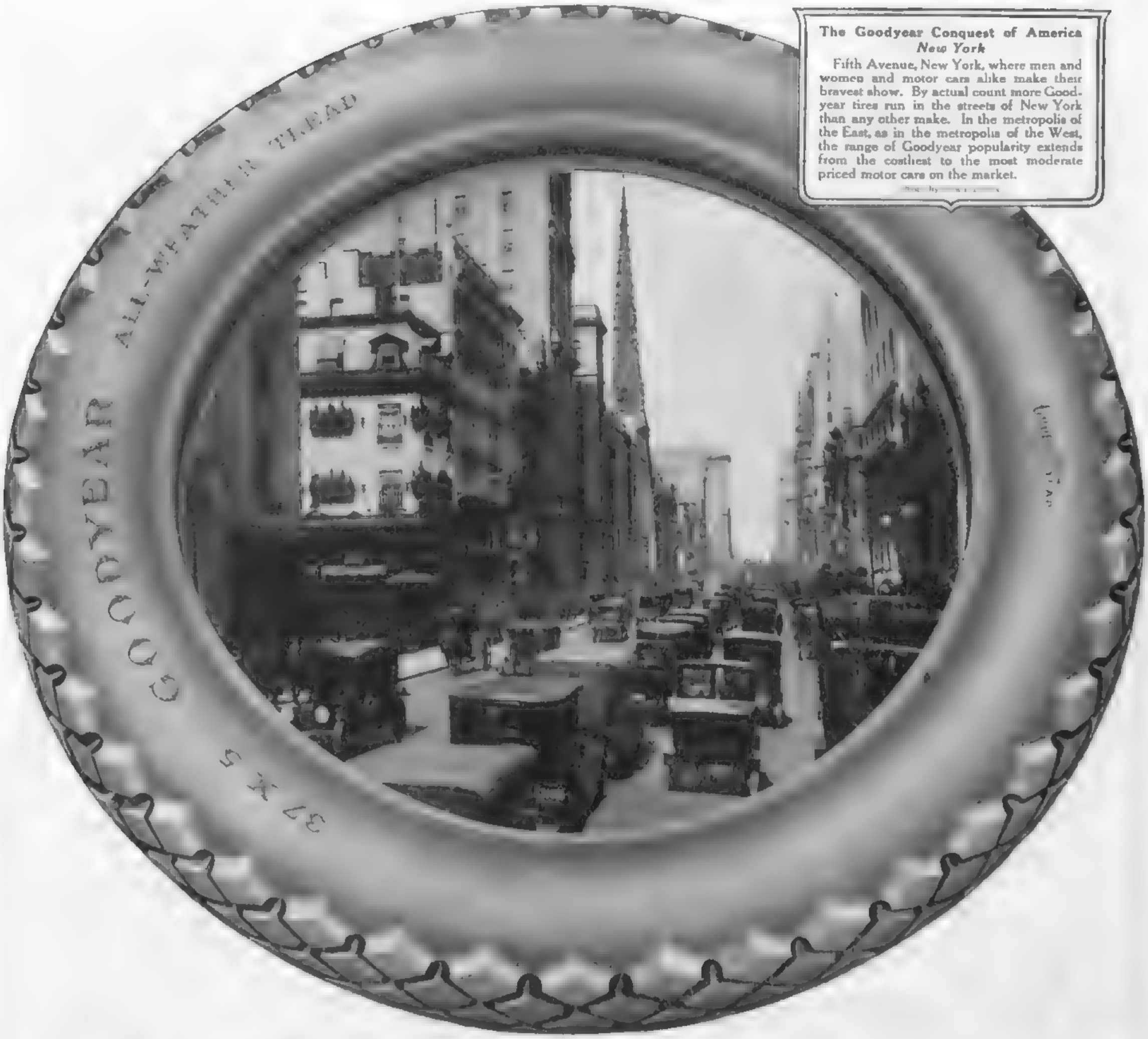
Because they are first in sales, Goodyear tires naturally encounter determined effort to oust them from that honorable position.

To overtake Goodyear, to dislodge Goodyear—that is, we believe, the aim and the ambition of every other tire salesman.

But American tire buyers have paid no heed.

Goodyear's hold on first place grows steadily stronger and stronger.

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TIRES



The Goodyear Conquest of America
New York

Fifth Avenue, New York, where men and women and motor cars alike make their bravest show. By actual count more Goodyear tires run in the streets of New York than any other make. In the metropolis of the East, as in the metropolis of the West, the range of Goodyear popularity extends from the costliest to the most moderate priced motor cars on the market.

Why These Tires are Supreme

GOODYEAR Tires incorporate four distinctive features which give them tire supremacy.

The "On-Air" cure—the process used by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company—obviates wrinkled fabric and the blow-outs due to that cause.

The All-Weather Tread is the nearly perfect anti-skid.

It is tough, double thick, gives double wear. It is close to puncture proof.

The blocks present sharp edges to a wet or slippery street, yet the tire rolls as smoothly as a plain tread.

Rubber rivets hold the tread practically inseparable from the body of the tire.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

So loose treads are far less frequent in Goodyears. A loose tread means a ruined tire.

The success of the No-Rim-Cut feature is assured by the 126 braided piano wires in the base of the tire.

These hold the tire secure and firm on the rim. They assure safety because they do not stretch or give. They insure against tube pinching.

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TIRES

Colonel Dixie and Magneto Ignition

"I can't conceive why automobile buyers do not INSIST upon a magneto as the ignition for every car!

"The highest-priced automobiles—all high-speed engines on racing cars, aëroplanes and motorboats, both here and in Europe, are magneto-equipped!

"In fact on all motors, where first cost is not a deciding factor, magneto equipment is found because it is the most efficient and most dependable form of ignition.

"Usually, the motorist does not go into the ignition question, but he *should* do so. He'll find the independent ignition unit—the magneto—the best for all purposes. He'll also find the

DIXIE Magneto
20th Century Ignition

"The magneto makes the car go"

is more simple and more effective than any other magneto manufactured and guaranteed as an *ignition certainty*."

Splitdorf Electrical Co.
NEWARK, N. J.

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Suits, Coats, Dresses, Corsets, etc.,
at Manufacturers' Prices
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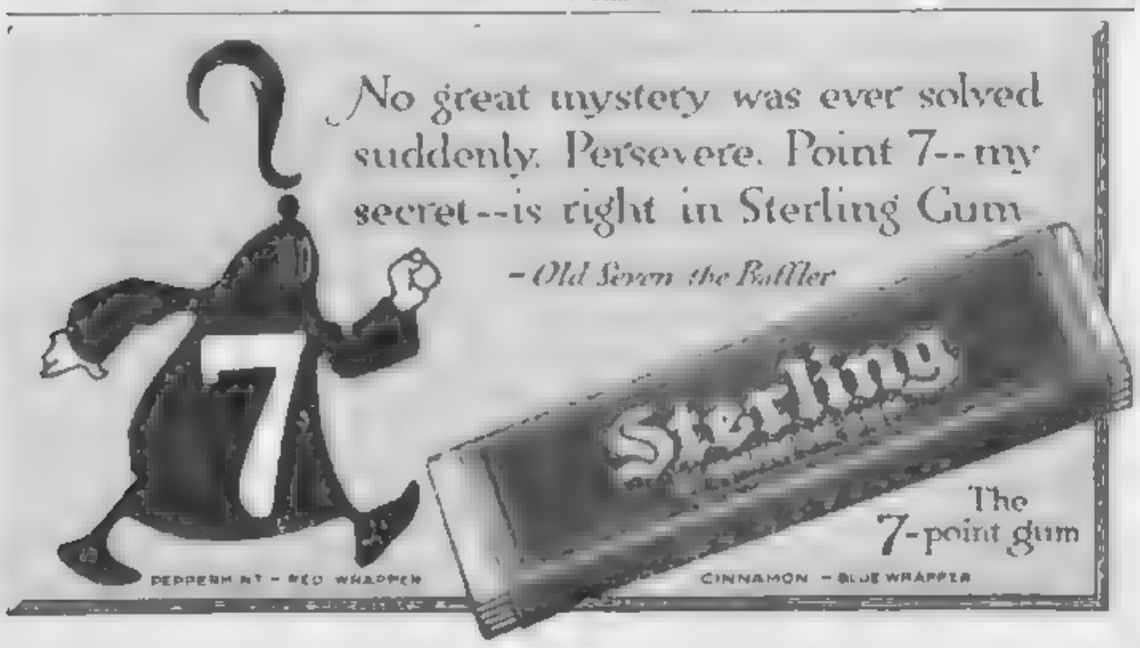
No great mystery was ever solved suddenly. Persevere. Point 7--my secret--is right in Sterling Gum
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7
Sterling
The 7-point gum
PEPPERMINT - RED WRAPPER
CINNAMON - BLUE WRAPPER

lower than we figured for your end, but it still leaves you a nice profit, and we've got to fix it so I'll make at least five dollars per thousand pieces or else the deal is hardly worth bothering with."

"I'll not object," Cappy replied. "I've been investigating and your estimates were more than liberal."

He glanced through the contract, found it satisfactory, and signed it in duplicate, retaining one copy.

Redell took the duplicate, and after some discussion on commonplace topics he departed for his office. He chuckled all the way back and was still smiling when he walked in on Live Wire Luiz.

"Well, Luiz," he said, "take it from me your honor is clean again. I've just handed old Cappy Ricks a gold brick for that insult he heaped upon you the day you went in to buy that air-dried tank stock."

"*Viva!*" cried Live Wire Luiz. "Friend of my heart, tell to me how you have arrive to hook thees ol' Cappy Reeks."

"Not now, Luiz. Just be satisfied I've hooked him. I want you to enjoy your revenge as a drunkard enjoys his liquor at one gulp. You'll have to wait until some time in July of 1915 for the climax, but I promise, if we're both living then, to have you present at the blow-off."

Could either of them have seen the object of their machinations at that moment he would have observed a sweet smile of contentment wreathing his benevolent old countenance as he watched Mr. Hankins peruse the contract for the grape stakes. Hankins' face was very serious.

"We haven't sold any grape stakes in years, sir," he said finally. "And I doubt if you could gather together five thousand pieces in Humboldt County."

"I know it," Cappy answered. "But the price is tip top, and if the worst comes to the worst we can put a gang of men on and get the order out in a few months. But I hardly anticipate the necessity for that, Hankins. I've a notion we'll just farm out this order to the Mendocino and Sonoma County mills and take our little ten thousand or fifteen thousand dollars profit when those fly boys discover they haven't any market for their grape stakes. You know the men that make grape stakes, Hankins. They buy their winter's grub on tick and they have to have money in the spring. Oh, you little order for grape stakes! Oh, you cute little profit! Stand by, Hankins, and about this time next year, if we're both living, you'll see the said profit flutter right into the outstretched hand of Alden P. Ricks, Esquire. You know, Hankins, Skinner's a mighty capable fellow and I'd cry my eyes out if I lost him, but the confounded man hasn't a speck of imagination. He wouldn't think of pulling off a brilliant piece of work like this once in a thousand years."

"I can hardly blame him," Hankins answered smilingly; "you taught him to play safe always."

"I know, Hankins, but then there's such a thing as being too conservative. And by the way, when Skinner gets back don't say a word to him about this deal. He was so afraid when he left that I'd do something foolish and reduce the book valuation of his little block of stock that I just want to surprise him and show him I've added to its value while he was away. Dull dog, Skinner—in some ways."

And there the matter rested until July 10, 1915.

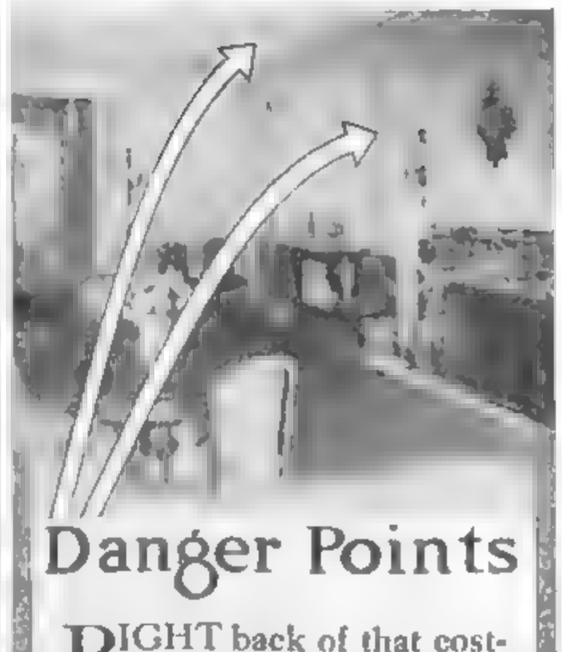
IV

J. AUGUSTUS REDELL and Live Wire Luiz were ushered into Cappy Ricks' sanctum, and Redell came at once to the purpose of their visit.

"See here, Mr. Ricks," he said solemnly, "how about that order for grape stakes? My customers are beginning to holler for them. I've written you several letters, and all I get are evasions. I've waited until my patience is exhausted and now I'm here for a show-down. You haven't been near the Commercial Club for luncheon for two months, and every time you see me you run away. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

Cappy's eyes took on a baleful light. He squirmed uneasily in his chair. Finally he blurted out:

"Well, the fact of the matter is, Gus, I'm afraid I'm going to be a little late with those grape stakes. I had a long-distance telephone conversation with our woods foreman this morning, and he tells me he'll have two hundred thousand of them out by the first of August. I told him to put on a double shift of men."



Danger Points

RIGHT back of that costly panelling, or perhaps behind a bit of rare tapestry, or over some beautiful fresco ceiling—will be the pipes that supply your house with heat, water, light.

Stop and think what it would mean to have that pipe fail. Think of the plumber's bill, the carpenter's bill, the decorator's bill, the inconvenience, discomfort, irritation.

Don't run any pipe risk in *your* home. Insist upon the installation of

BYERS
GENUINE
WROUGHT IRON
FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED
PIPE

The pipe that gives a lifetime of service without repairs.

Byers Pipe has been known for fifty years as the genuine, hand puddled wrought iron pipe of highest rust resistance. It contains no scrap—the iron is hand puddled in small, easily controlled heats, from pure pig iron—the honest old-fashioned way. Its full weight and genuineness are guaranteed.

In the Vandergrift Building, Pittsburgh, the Byers Pipe in the heating system required no repairs throughout twenty-two years. In the Imperial Power Building erected nineteen years ago, Byers Pipe has never cost one cent for repairs. Byers Pipe laid underground from 40 to 50 years ago has repeatedly been recovered in good working condition. The experience of half a century gives thousands of such instances of the superior service record and life of Byers Pipe.

Remember—Byers is genuine, old-fashioned, hand puddled wrought iron pipe—and its slight extra cost over other kinds of ferrous pipe is absolutely the best pipe investment you can possibly make.

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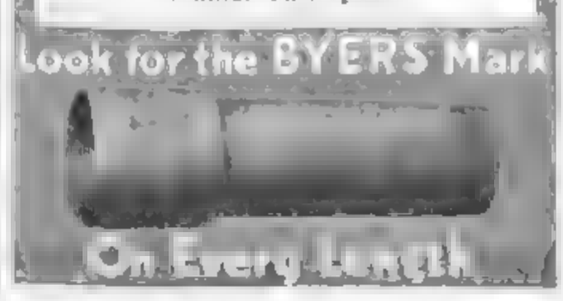
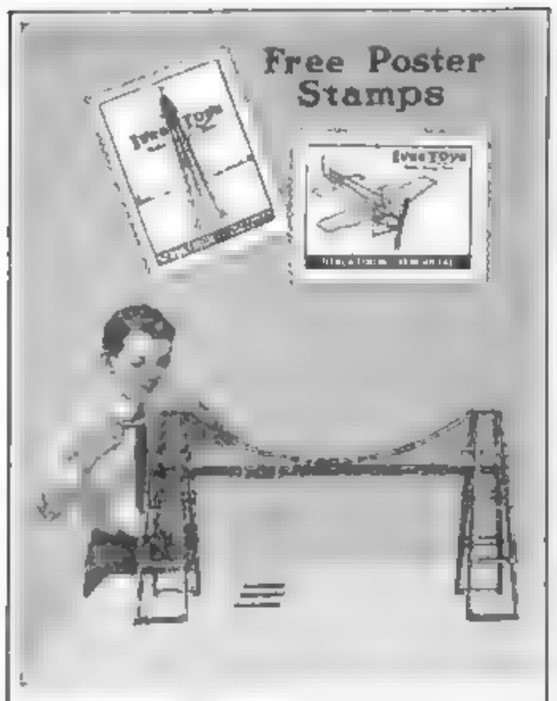




Struktiron for *Real* Boys

This is the age of steel construction and America is the leader in engineering and construction. So every American boy feels that his Christmas cannot be complete unless his gifts include a structural steel building toy.

Then he must decide what make he wants. Ives Struktiron is the newest member of the "Ives Family." Ask thousands of boys what is the best toy of all and they will tell you it's an Ives Railroad.

Well, Struktiron is every bit as good as Ives Railroads!

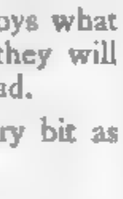
Ives Toys
Make Happy Boys

You'll be surprised to find how easily you can build all kinds of models with Struktiron. And how quickly you can build! The models almost spring up under your nimble fingers.

The open slots on both ends of each piece enable you to insert additional braces without completely taking out the nuts and bolts. This saves a lot of time and work.

Struktiron models are unusually strong. Derricks and cranes run by the powerful motor (free in every set at $5 and up) will lift heavy articles with ease. The attractive black finish of Struktiron is rust-proof.

Ask your dealer for Ives Struktiron ($2 to $25) and Ives Railroads ($1 to $30). Write for handsomely illustrated Catalog of Ives Toys and names of dealers in your town.



Poster Stamps FREE

One of the most interesting sets of Poster Stamps ever offered boys. Beautifully illustrated in colors. Six show the development of the American locomotive from the pioneer "De Witt Clinton" of 1831 down to the giants of the present day. The other six show wonderful Struktiron models.

Each set sent absolutely free to any boy or any parent. Write for them now, giving us your toy dealer's name.

The Ives Manufacturing Corporation
194 Holland Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

"Good gracious, Mr. Ricks," cried Mr. Redell in horrified accents. "You don't mean to tell me you're going to try to slip us green grape stakes?"

"Why not?" Cappy retorted with feigned surprise. "The greener they are the longer they'll last in the ground."

J. Augustus Redell burst out laughing.

"Cappy Ricks," he said, "surely you aren't serious. Don't you know our contract calls for grape stakes which shall have been cut, piled, and seasoned for at least six months? Why, if we take this heavy green stock you're getting out now, it'll run up the rail freight something scandalous when we load it from the vessel to the cars on Oakland Long Wharf. I'd like to take the green stock if only to oblige you, but if we do it'll eat up our profit—and you know, Mr. Ricks, Luis and I are not in business for our health."

"I'll guarantee you your profit if you'll take the green grape stakes and quit your growling," Cappy snarled. "I curse the day I ever met you with your seductive chatter about grape stakes. I'm going to lose money on the contract."

"I'm genuinely sorry," Redell replied, but there was a humorous gleam in his keen eyes. "I thank you for the offer, but, I repeat, I cannot accept green stakes. My customers would absolutely reject them."

"Then," said Cappy desperately, "they'll have to go without them. I can't fill the order in seasoned stock. Gus, old man, I forgot—I didn't realize until it was too late. Really, my boy, if you only understood the conditions——"

"Good heavens, Mr. Ricks, don't talk like that," Redell pleaded. "Why, only this morning I had a letter from Fred Tapscott, of the Tapscott Lumber Company, in Fresno, threatening me with suit if I didn't deliver, and Charley Greenfield, of the St. Helena Lumber Company, was in this morning, threatening to shoot me. He says he's going to kill me first, because after that the vineyardists up Napa way are going to kill him. Why, Mr. Ricks, don't you realize that if you fail to make delivery of these grape stakes you are going to ruin thousands of poor farmers who have depended upon their little patch of wine grapes for money to carry them through the winter—to educate their children, et cetera, et cetera? Don't you realize that if they don't get these grape stakes the vines will bog down, and where the bunch of grapes rests on the ground it will rot and ripen on one side only and get dirty? Why, the wine grape crop of California will be ruined! My good gracious, man, don't you know you can't do anything like that and get away with it?"

Cappy's eyes actually popped with terror as the wretch Redell painted this word-picture of desolation. His benevolent old heart was well-nigh broken.

"But I'm telling you I can furnish green stakes," he wailed. "Why, I'd give them the stock for nothing and pay the freight on it to your customers—pay you your profit—pay your customers their profit—anything to avert such a catastrophe."

"But that will cost you a hundred thousand dollars," Redell protested. "And will you guarantee me against loss by reason of suits and bodily injuries? You and I are the scapegoats here, Cappy Ricks. The retail yard men who gave me their orders aren't obligated to deliver to the vineyardists, you know. These latter expected their local dealers would have enough grape stakes on hand to care for the local demand—and they haven't, because I've fallen down on them because you fell down on me. And now the consumers are standing round weeping for grape stakes, and there aren't any, and I'm the goat."

J. Augustus Redell paused suddenly and glared at Cappy Ricks long and accusingly. Cappy bit his lip and shivered. He knew what was coming.

"Cappy," Redell said presently—socially they were such pals that Redell thought nothing of addressing the old schemer as Cappy, despite the respect due the latter's gray hair—"why didn't you get these grape stakes out last winter?"

"I—I forgot," Cappy quavered.

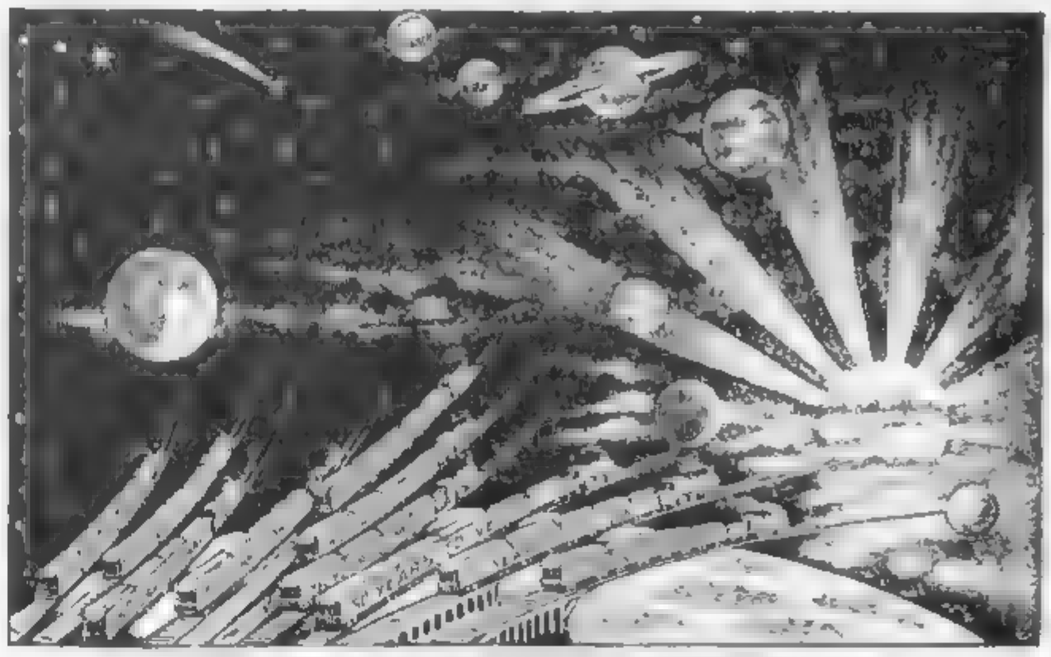
"That's not the truth, sir," Redell thundered. Cappy sprang to his feet.

"How dare you impugn my veracity?" he shrilled.

"Because I know what I'm talking about," Redell retorted. "Do you want me to tell you why you didn't get those grape stakes out last winter?"

"Tell—and be damned to you!"

IS YOUR CHILD STILL WAITING?



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SEALPACKERCHIEF

There is no limit to the number of *imitations* of SEALPACKERCHIEF, and there are no limits to which some people won't go to sell you *something else*.

Genuine SEALPACKERCHIEF Handkerchiefs in the sanitary, sealed package *cost no more* than imitations.

Ask for SEALPACKERCHIEF which name appears plainly on each package and see that the seal is unbroken. *Hand back* the "just as good" to anybody who hands it out.

Packages for Men and Women containing
1 for 10c, 3 for 25c, 2 for 25c, 1 for 25c.

SEALPACKERCHIEF CO. New York St. Louis Chicago San Francisco

"You thought you'd farm out the order to the Mendocino and Sonoma County people. You thought you had a half nelson on the market and could bring them to your terms. You gave me a great lecture once about my propensity for betting on what the other fellow was going to do. And here you've gone to work and made a bet that those poor deluded grape-stake manufacturers would sell at any price this spring! And when they wouldn't you held on, waiting for them to come to their senses. But you held on too long, Cappy, and when you discovered this you sent a hurry call to your woods foreman up in Humboldt County to put a gang to work getting out grape stakes. Thought I'd be dummy enough to let you run in a million green stakes on me, didn't you? Figured on getting them aboard the cars and shipped out before I got next to you, eh? Fine business!"

Cappy hung his head.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" he growled defiantly. "Sue me, I suppose."

"If we do we'll get judgment against you, never fear."

Cappy looked up.

"Gus," he said, "if you go to law with me you go to law with a bear-cat. You'll get a judgment, but I imagine you'll be some little time collecting it."

"I imagine so too," Redell replied and smiled, "so I guess we'll not sue you."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"I'll think it over."

As J. Augustus Redell and Live Wire Luiz disappeared through the office door Cappy's face lit with a grin of triumph.

"Nothing like a good old-fashioned bluff," he murmured. "What a case that boy has against me—and he's afraid to go to it." Thoughtfully he bit off the end of a cigar. "I always said I wasn't certain whether young Redell was a fool or a wise man, but now I know. He's a fool."

On the way out J. Augustus Redell paused in Mr. Skinner's office and asked him for a quotation on all the clear sappy rustic 1 x 10"—12 to 20" he had on hand.

Now, for the benefit of the uninitiated, be it known that the dealer with a stock of sappy rustic on hand need never complain of dull business. Sappy rustic is always an asset in a yard, for by reason of a little streak of sap along the edge it sells four dollars a thousand cheaper, wholesale, than clear rustic, and is fully as useful in building, for after it is painted nobody knows the difference. Contractors who build houses on the dollar-down, dollar-a-month plan are always eager for it.

Mr. Skinner looked through the stock sheets and saw that he had about two hundred thousand feet on hand for immediate delivery.

"Sappy rustic is mighty scarce," he replied. "I think we can get about two dollars a thousand more for it than you'd be willing to pay, but at that price we can deliver two hundred thousand feet right away."

"We'll take it at two dollars less than the price of clear," Redell answered, "and send over a formal order as soon as I get back to the office."

When he was gone Mr. Skinner stepped into Cappy Ricks' office and asked him if it was all right to sell the West Coast Trading Company two hundred thousand feet of sappy rustic at two dollars above the market.

"No," roared Cappy, "it isn't. Sell it to them at the market. What are you trying to do? Hook the boy? And book the order at the usual terms. That outfit is as good as wheat."

Skinner arched his brows and departed, wondering what could possibly have come over his boss. No such wonder stirred the Redell imagination, however, when that young man received Skinner's letter next morning, substituting his high quotation of the day previous with one two dollars lower.

"Dear old Cappy," Redell chuckled, "he adds to the joy of existence. He's so human! Skinner has told him how he stabbed us on that rustic and the old man has made him be good. That shows we've got him on the run, Luiz. He's afraid to rile us in our present mood, for fear we'll change our minds and sue him."

"I mus' confess, friend of my heart," said Live Wire Luiz, "thees Cappy Reeks have mos' certainly pay t'rough the nose for hese great in-sult to our company."

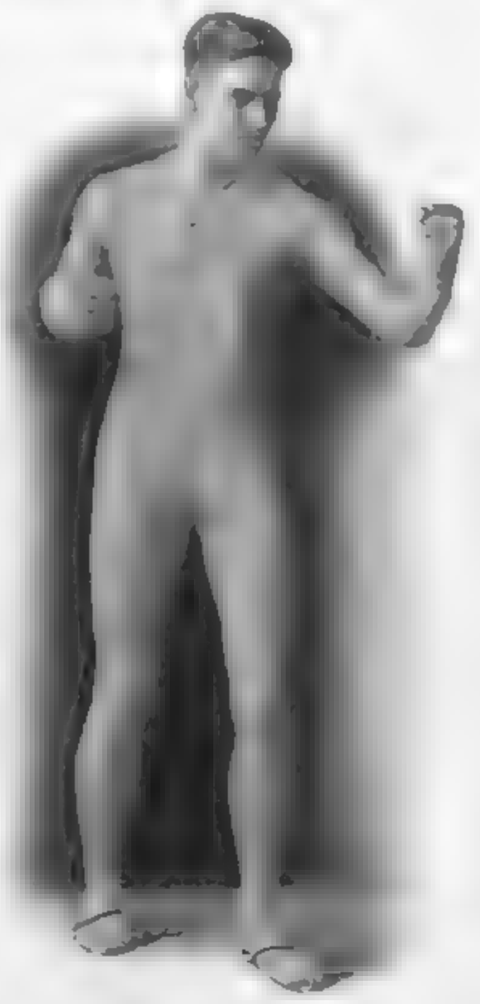
"Quite so, Luiz, but the point of the lance has still to be jabbed into him"; and Redell

Ten Locks on One Door

would be considered unnecessary. Why fumble with ten buttons on a union suit when the single master button on the

Hatch ONE-Button UNION SUIT

completely and comfortably fastens the garment?



The **Hatch One-Button Union Suit** saves time in dressing and undressing, fits better and ends forever the annoyance of mending broken buttons and button-holes. If its one button should wear off its staunch fastening there is an extra button-hole into which can be slipped an ordinary collar button.

The **Hatch One-Button Union Suit** is made for every member of the family in a wide variety of cotton and wool fabrics to suit every temperature and every purse. An illustrated booklet describing the complete line will be sent upon application to our mill in Albany.

Prices

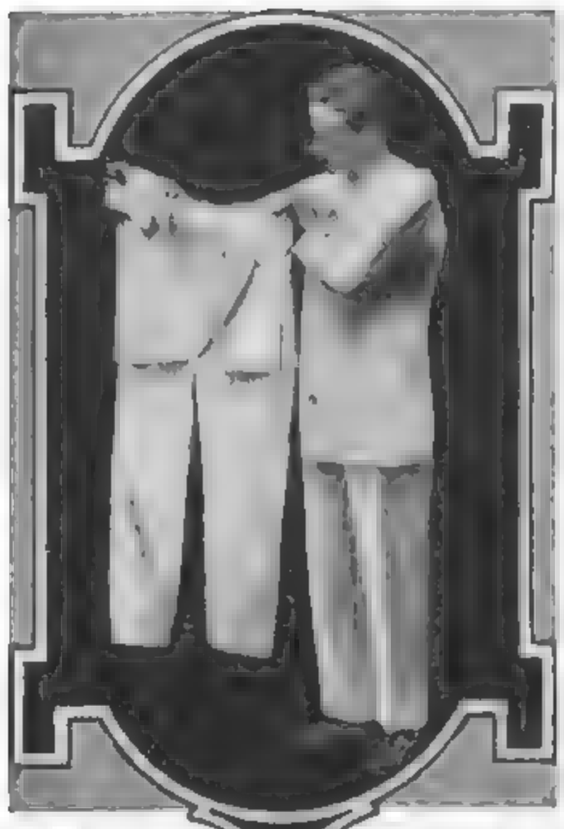
Men's Suits—$1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50.
Boys' " —50 cents, $1.00, $1.25.
Ladies' " —$1.00, $1.25, $2.00.
Misses' " —Age 2, 75 cents plus 10 cents each even year to age 16.
Sleeping Garments } —Ages 2, 3, 4 and 5—50 cents. —Ages 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10—75 cents.

This garment is featured at the best stores, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany and you will be supplied direct, delivery free.

ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT

PATENTED JUNE 15, 1915

Fuld & Hatch Knitting Company
Manufacturers
Albany, New York
Barnes Knitting Corporation, 303 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Sole Distributor



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The most sensible, **simple** sleeping garment. No complicated devices—no harness! Cut on stylish, distinctive lines to correct fit. Positively no binding in the crotch.

Perfect finish! Painstaking workmanship, tear-proof button holes, stoutly sewed buttons, holdfast feed seams!

In Mercerized Pongee, Plissé, Crêpe, Madras, Pajama Check, Sateen, Silk, Eden Cloth and Brighton-processed Flannelette. Sizes A, B, C and D.

The price is only $1.50 to $5.00 a suit. Also have your dealer show you our fresh air sleepingwear. Ideal Christmas Gifts

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Write For "The Nightie Book" FREE!

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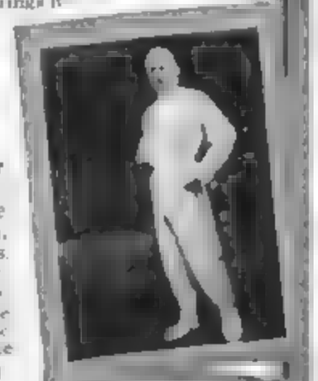

Men's Union Sleeper

All in one piece. All weights. Some fleecy and warm. Some with hoods, feet, etc. In Percale, Pongee, Chiffon, Crepe, also Brighton processed Flannelette

$1.00 to $5.00

Nightrobe With Foot Pockets

For men, women and children. The ideal garment for out-of-doors sleeping or freely ventilated room. Has slip-proof foot pocket like bag. With or without feet. Button on wrists. Regular sizes 36 to 54. Also 42, 46

$1.25 to $5.00

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Dept. 41 DUBUQUE, IOWA

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called a stenographer and dictated a letter to the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company, thanking them kindly for the reduction.

Three weeks passed, and in the meantime the two hundred thousand feet of sappy channel rustic had been delivered and the West Coast Trading Company favored with a bill for $5031.12 from the Ricks Logging & Lumber Company. The following morning Cappy Ricks received this letter:

SAN FRANCISCO, California,
August 5, 1915.

ALDEN P. RICKS, Esq.,
Ricks Lumber & Logging Company
258 California Street, City.

Dear Mr. Ricks: Confirming our conversation of yesterday we have decided not to sue you for failure to live up to your contract in the matter of those grape stakes. However, the undersigned are not so foolish as to believe that they would have a great deal of trouble in bringing you to time in the courts. Their action is taken because of a lingering respect for your gray hair and business reputation.

However, there are, as you will doubtless appreciate, sundry methods of killing a cat without choking him to death with butter. This company has forfeited a five-thousand-dollar profit on that grape-stake deal because it trusted to a so-called conservative business man and discovered it had to do with the most reckless speculator in the wholesale lumber trade of the Pacific Coast. In order, therefore, to preserve the respect and veneration in which you will hold us hereafter, it would be unwise for us to abandon this five-thousand-dollar profit just because we cannot get it out of the grape stakes. Our middle name is not Santa Claus, Cappy Ricks, and accordingly we planned some weeks ago to collect it from you without the annoyance and publicity attendant upon an action at law.

Inclosed we return to you the invoice for that sappy channel rustic. We do not intend to pay it, preferring on the contrary to assess the entire sum against you as a penance for the sin of gambling and for sundry insults heaped upon this company by you at various times. Notwithstanding the fact that we are rated at a quarter of a million, and of the first grade of credit and morals, you have always insisted upon making us pay cash. We didn't blame you in that shingle deal some years ago for soaking us twenty-five cents above the market and then trying to crawfish on the order, but it hurt our feelings when you ripped it into us on that tank stock we purchased last year. Every dog must have his day, and yours dawned this morning. If you think you can make us pay cash for this rustic you have our permission to go to it.

Assuring you of our high personal regard for you socially, we beg to remain,

Yours very truly,
WEST COAST TRADING COMPANY.
By J. Augustus Redell, President.
Attest: Felipe Luiz Almeida, Secretary.

A lingering respect for the aged and unhappy compels us to draw the curtain of charity over Cappy Ricks at this juncture. Suffice the fact that Cappy Ricks joined his youthful friends in the trade at the round table in the Commercial Club grill that day. He had been gone for two months and they welcomed him back with the utmost cordiality. He claimed he had been busy attending to some big deals, but they were consummated now, so he could once more enjoy himself.

After luncheon J. Augustus Redell drew him to one side.

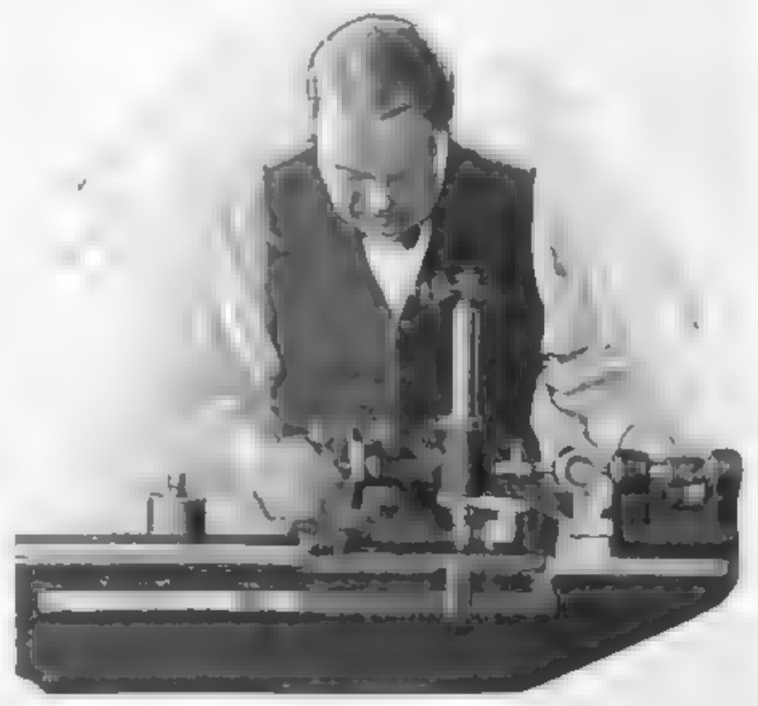
"Any hard feelings?" he queried.

"None," said Cappy. "I left myself wide open and you didn't sting me half as hard as you might have. Of course you got me down and rubbed my nose in the dirt—you damaged my self-respect, but I had it coming to me. Any old time I'm fairly walloped I'll take my beating without a squeal. It serves me right in this instance for speculating, and then trying to lie out of it. A man of my age and experience should know better."

"Well, I don't mind a man gambling if he's a good gambler," Redell replied, "and I don't mind him telling a little white lie in business, although I believe that as a general thing you and I find it much easier, when somebody asks us a blunt question about our business, to tell the questioner with equal bluntness that it's none of his business."

"I should have come to you, Gus, and confessed. Do you know, my boy, the longer I live the more firmly am I convinced

(Continued on Page 48)



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It is this wonderful accuracy that has made possible the efficiency of the modern Motor Car.

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that conquers friction by reducing it to a minimum, and gives you the utmost benefits of speed, endurance, economy and comfort.

New Departure Ball Bearings are giants in strength and marvels of competency.

One of the chrome alloy steel balls an inch in diameter can support a weight equivalent to that of a loaded 10 ton truck without being stressed beyond its elastic limit of 45,000 pounds—a safety margin of two and one-half tons.

New Departure Ball Bearings in your car will increase its life, decrease its upkeep cost, add to its comfort, and outlive the car itself.

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"Dorothy Wants to Know"

DOROTHY, like many others—little folks as well as big ones—wants to know the meaning of Electrical Prosperity Week. The papers are full of it: all the Electric Light Companies and dealers and manufacturers all over the country are in it.

It is the way Electrical People have taken to remind us of the many useful things we can do with electricity.

This window is full of Westinghouse Electric Ware. The electric iron that makes Katie's laundry work easier and costs only one-half a dime an hour and doesn't use up any coal in the range. The toaster stove with which Dorothy herself can make crisp hot toast in a jiffy right on the breakfast table. The coffee percolator; the chafing dish. All such easy things to use and such beautiful things to give.

It is no wonder that little girls like Dorothy, and their mothers and fathers, are thinking more and more about the Electrical way, and about good Westinghouse Electric Ware, and are interested in the little book that describes it.

Dorothy knows how easy it is to write her name and address in the coupon and in a day or two the booklet is in her hands.

The place to buy Westinghouse Electric Ware is from your electric light company or a good dealer. See your dealer and also mail this coupon for the Booklet. Address Dept. EP

Name _____

Address _____

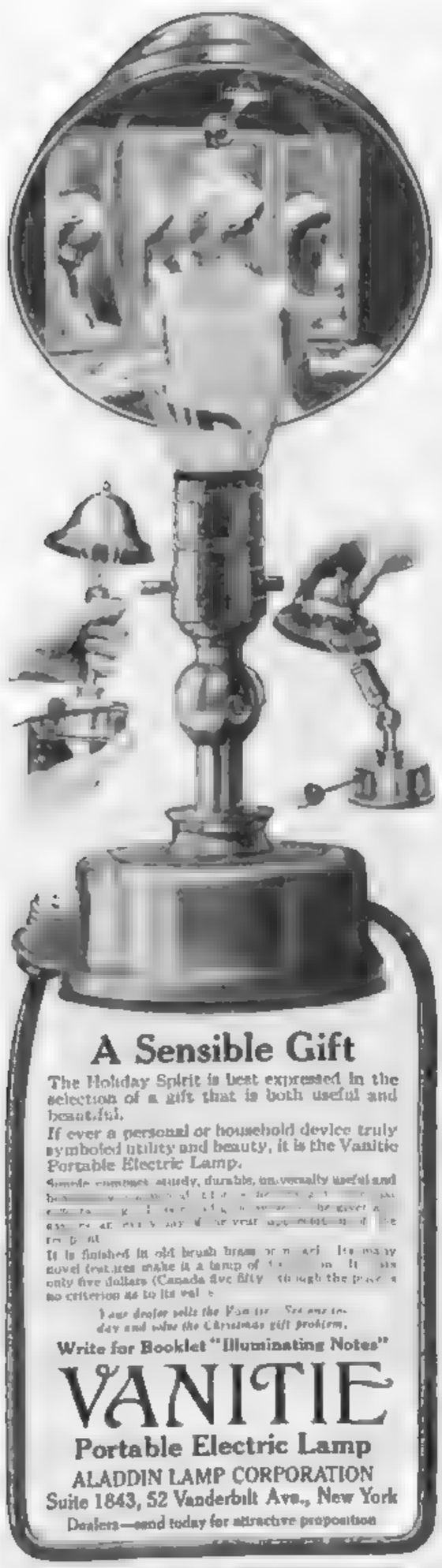
Dealer's Name _____

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.

EAST PITTSBURGH, PA.

Branch Offices in 45 American Cities

Representatives all over the World



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For big contract jobs consult our Research Bureau

(Continued from Page 47)

that all any of us need in order to become angels is just about enough moral courage to top the physical courage of a cottontail rabbit."

Redell put his arm round Cappy and grinned in his face.

"Why, Cappy," he said, "you weren't afraid of me, were you? You might have known I wouldn't have been too hard on you."

"No," Cappy admitted, "but I was afraid of that fish, Skinner. I wouldn't have him get something like this on me for a whole lot of cash money. I'd never hear the end of it."

"You weren't in the least bit of danger, Cappy."

"Oh, but I was. Mighty lucky for you, you sly dog, that you've found a way to slide out of this mess with your customers. If they could have sued you and got judgment against you they'd have done it, and in that event you'd simply have to shake me down to catch even. It's the game, my boy, and a business man must play the game or go broke. Tell me, Gus, how you managed to protect yourself."

"If I do, will you give me your word of honor not to refuse to speak to me hereafter?"

"Shoot," said Cappy.

"Well, then, Cappy, the only way I could save myself from suit by my customers was to refrain from taking any orders for grape stakes from them."

"You didn't take any orders?"

"Not a single order, Cappy. After my preliminary spiel to you, naturally you thought I wouldn't dare place an order for grape stakes with you until I had first procured orders for them from the dealers. Hence, when I came and shoved a contract for one million two hundred thousand grape stakes under your nose, you asked no questions but signed it. Then I knew I had you."

"But how did you know it?"

"The psychology of modern salesmanship, Cappy. You implant the idea in the other fellow's head and make him think it grew there naturally. You thought I had the market cornered, and I knew, as sure as I know anything, that you would not manufacture those grape stakes yourself but would try to buy them, at your own price, from the Mendocino and Sonoma County fellows, who, finding no other market for their stakes, would be glad to sell to you at a price which would enable you to fill your order to me at a fine profit."

"Oh, but you took an awfully long chance, Gus, my boy. Suppose I had not thought of that and had started in to manufacture those grape stakes last winter."

"Why, then you would have had one million two hundred thousand nice, seasoned grape stakes on hand this fall, and ultimately I should have sold every one of them at a profit. I would have gone through with my contract with you just the same."

"In the fiend's name, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I knew a year ago that grape stakes were going to be as scarce as hen's teeth this fall, and when there's a brisk demand for a commodity and the commodity isn't on hand to fill the demand, the price goes up, doesn't it? And isn't that exactly what happened? The reason you couldn't fill your contract to me with Mendocino and Sonoma County grape stakes was because nobody manufactured any grape stakes last fall! And the reason they didn't manufacture last fall was because we had a hot prohibition campaign on in California, with the issue to be decided in the spring of 1915. I tell you, Cappy, a good many drinking men thought the state was going dry. The Prohibitionists put up a fight that has left the liquor interests groggy, even if the Wets did win out two to one, and the way the wine men spent money in that campaign—the way the newspapers appealed to the people to save the wine industry of California—was proof enough to me that they had the closest approach to cold feet you or I ever heard of. What was the result? Why, the men who make grape stakes said to themselves: 'This is no business for me. If I make grape stakes this fall and winter and the state goes dry next spring, it seems to me the men who grow wine grapes will be planting potatoes next fall—and I'll be left with my grape stakes for a souvenir of my poor judgment. Even if the Wets do win out, it's too long a chance for me to take. I guess I'll make railroad ties and fence posts this year.'"

"And that's just what they made," said Cappy bitterly. "However, passing that,

"There's the letter from the New York Office—

The Boss has asked for it a dozen times—some big deal is on—I'll take it in to him."

This particular firm has allotted to each branch office a special color of paper for forms, order blanks, records, etc. It saves an astonishing amount of time, insures more accurate filing and tends toward efficiency in many ways.

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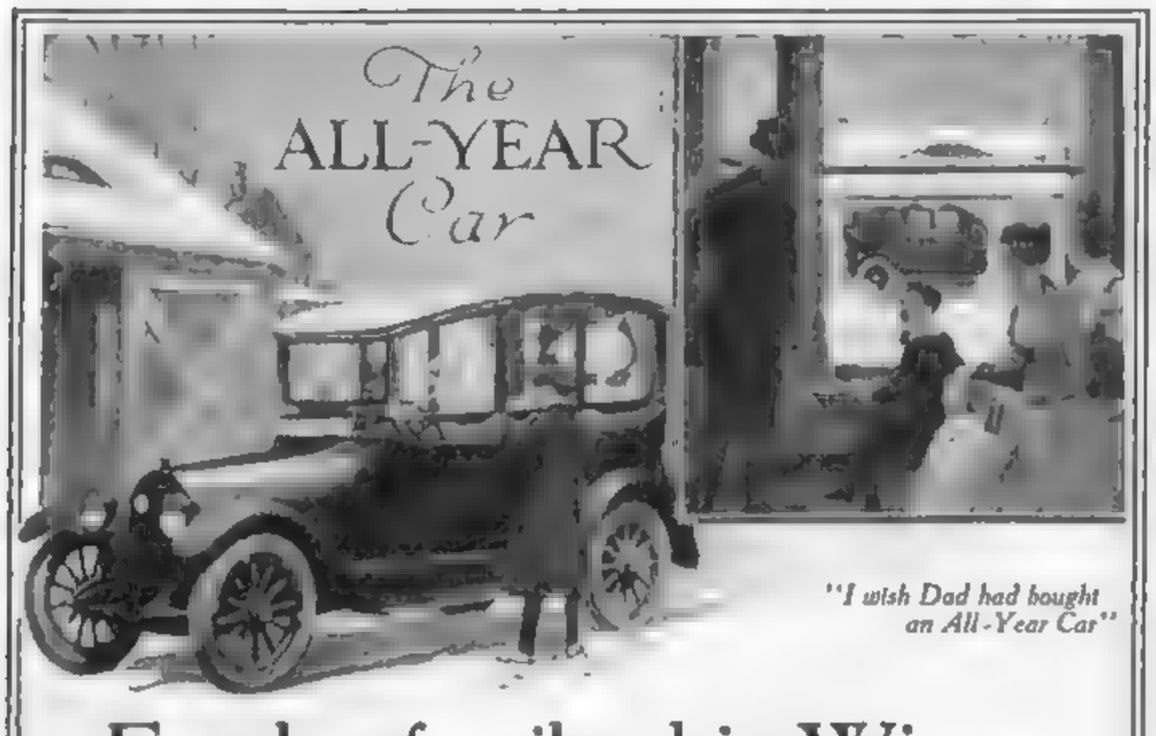

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what I want to know is: What did the vineyardists do for grape stakes this year? I haven't heard that the crop has gone to glory."

"Of course not. I furnished them with their grape stakes and saved the crop. As a native son of the Golden West I couldn't see one of the great industries of the state ruined, could I?"

"And you ——"

"I sent Mr. Jinks of our office up into Sonoma County. He purchased a little patch of redwood timber close to the railroad, hired a lot of men and got out a million grape stakes. When the price went to forty-five dollars per thousand pieces I supplied the market, and the West Coast Trading Company cleaned up about twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Good land of love! But suppose, for the sake of argument, that I had manufactured a million grape stakes also ——"

"Well, you couldn't sell them to anybody but me, could you? And I could have bought them from you with the money I made on my own grape stakes; then next year I would proceed to corner the market as you thought I planned to do this year. It can be done, you know—particularly with grape stakes purchased at the scandalously low price of twenty dollars f. o. b. San Francisco Bay points."

Cappy gritted his teeth.

"True as gospel," he almost moaned. "You played a safe game and I didn't. Oh—oh—Gus, my boy, never tell this on me. I'm an old man—I can't stand it—my heart's weak ——"

"Of course it was rather mean of me to tie you up like that, Cappy," Redell continued, "but the opportunity presented itself and I couldn't resist. You're always preaching to me about being a plunger and a speculator—you used it as an excuse to make me pay cash; and whenever I catch a hypocrite—particularly an old hypocrite—out on the end of a limb I like to saw off the limb."

"Don't rub it in!" shrilled Cappy. "For heaven's sake, boy, have a heart! Have a heart!"

"I will, Cappy. I've had my fun and Live Wire Luiz has laughed himself sick. And now for the final blow. We really didn't mean what we wrote you yesterday—about not paying for the sappy rustic. That was just a cruel joke, Cappy. We wanted to see if you'd stand the gaff."

"Stand it!" shrieked Cappy. "Why, you young scoundrel, I paid your invoice with my personal check, so Skinner wouldn't get next. That fellow has his long nose into that newfangled ledger from morning till night, and if you hadn't paid up he'd want to know the reason why. And I—I—couldn't tell him.

"Why, it would cost me my moral control over the man!"

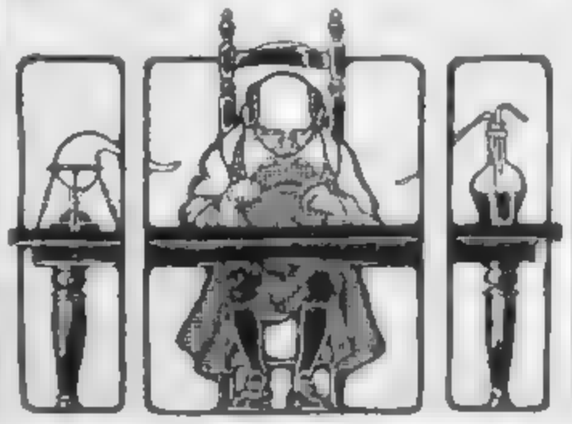
J. Augustus Redell sat down suddenly, buried his face in his hands and commenced to utter low moans of delirious delight. Cappy glared at him for a moment and then sat down and laughed too, for at birth the Almighty had endowed him with those rarest of gifts—a sense of humor and a spirit of sportsmanship. And when at length they had both recovered their equilibrium Redell said:

"Cappy, I have a check in my pocket for you to pay for that sappy rustic, less two per cent cash discount."

"Give it to me, you wretch," yelled Cappy, and Redell surrendered the check. Cappy walked to a writing desk and indorsed it: "Pay to the Order of the Society for the Relief of Belgian Sufferers. Ricks Lumber & Logging Company, by Alden P. Ricks." He handed the check back to Redell. "Now, damn your picture," he said, "send that where it will do the most good."

"Have a little drink, Cappy?"

"Well," said Cappy, "after that prohibition campaign, I believe I will take a little stimulant."



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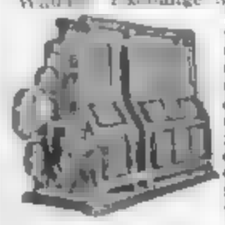
Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co. Beacon Falls, Conn.

You Can Make Good Money Milling Flour

One of the very best paying businesses you can get into now-a-days of [illegible] milling. You can on a [illegible] small investment and without any previous milling experience [illegible] a "Midget" Marvel Self-contained Roller Flour Mill and these readers from the start. Mr. C. T. Walker, Exchange Milling Co., Sturgis, Ky., says [illegible] "Midget" Marvel cleaned up $4028.00 in 7 mos." Mr. C. E. Brackbill of R. F. D. 1, Cody, Pa., says he clears more than $400.00 a month, the Wolcott Milling Company of Mt. Carmel, Utah, report profit of $4,000.00 in 2 mos. and the Isar Oak Mill & Elevator Co. Isar Oak, Kansas, say they made $2500.00 profit the first 8 mos. with their "Midget" Marvel.



The "Midget" Marvel

Self-Contained Roller Flour Mill

is just the thing for you and hundreds more who want to start [illegible] Made of [illegible] steel. [illegible] The "Midget" Marvel [illegible] It is a [illegible] or making [illegible] any other [illegible] big or [illegible] flour mill [illegible] any other [illegible] Big profits [illegible] Write today for our interesting illustrated book "The Story of a Wonderful Flour Mill" which tells how [illegible] It will [illegible] you know just what you [illegible] Marvel Mill.

ANGLO-AMERICAN MILL CO., Incorporated
1200 Fourth Street, Owensboro, Ky.

100 Edwin's GENUINE Havana Seconds $1.90

From Factory Direct To YOU By Ex. or Parcel Post Prepaid

Made of Imported Havana Picadura, from our own plantations in Cuba—leaves that are too short to roll into our high-priced cigars. They're not pretty, [illegible] looks. Customers call them "Diamonds in the Rough." [illegible] Only 100 [illegible] ordering mention [illegible]

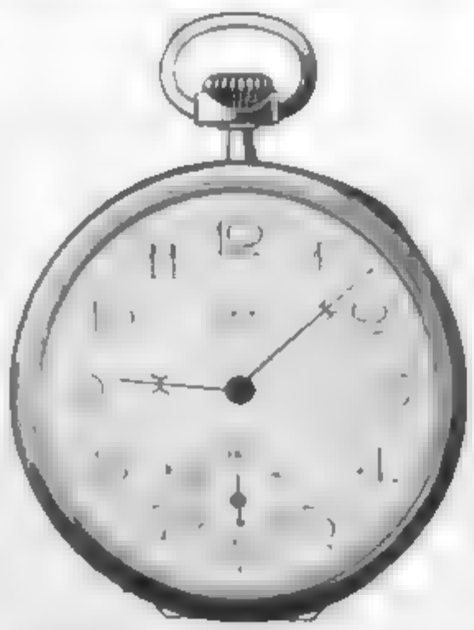
To each purchaser of 100 Edwin's Genuine Havana Seconds, we will, for 60c extra, send Edwin's SAMPLE CASE containing one sample cigar each of our 12 Best Sellers—all Bargain Values—priced up to $1.50 per 100. Include this in your order—it's the biggest sample value ever offered.

Largest Mail Order Cigar House in the World

EDWIN CIGAR CO., Dept. No. 1, Established [illegible] 2338-2342 Third Ave., New York

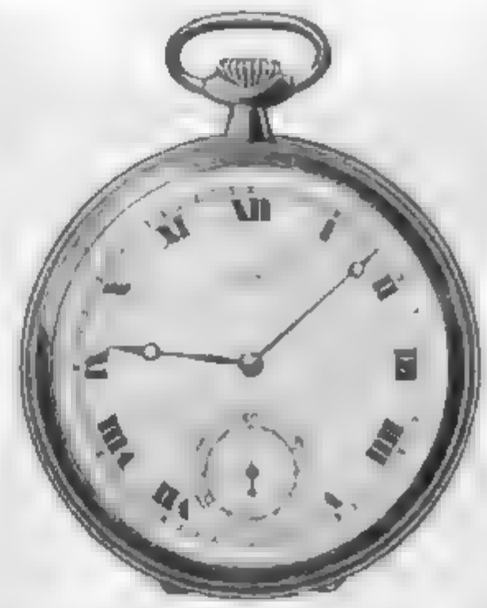
When in New York SAVE MONEY by Patronizing any of the 100 EDWIN Retail Stores

Tudor



Designed in the distinctive style of Henry VIII—12 size. Extra-thin—17 jewels. Howard permanent adjustment to heat, cold, isochronism and three positions. In Solid Gold case—$55.

Ionic



Inspired by one of the most elegant periods of classic Greece—12-size, Extra-thin—17 jewels, Howard permanent adjustment to heat, cold, isochronism and three positions. In Gold-filled case—$40

Those Beautiful Howards

RIGHT in line with the widespread tendency of men to *individualize* their personal belongings, is the series of noble designs in Howard 12-size *Extra-thin* Watches represented by the "Tudor" and the "Ionic"—illustrated above.

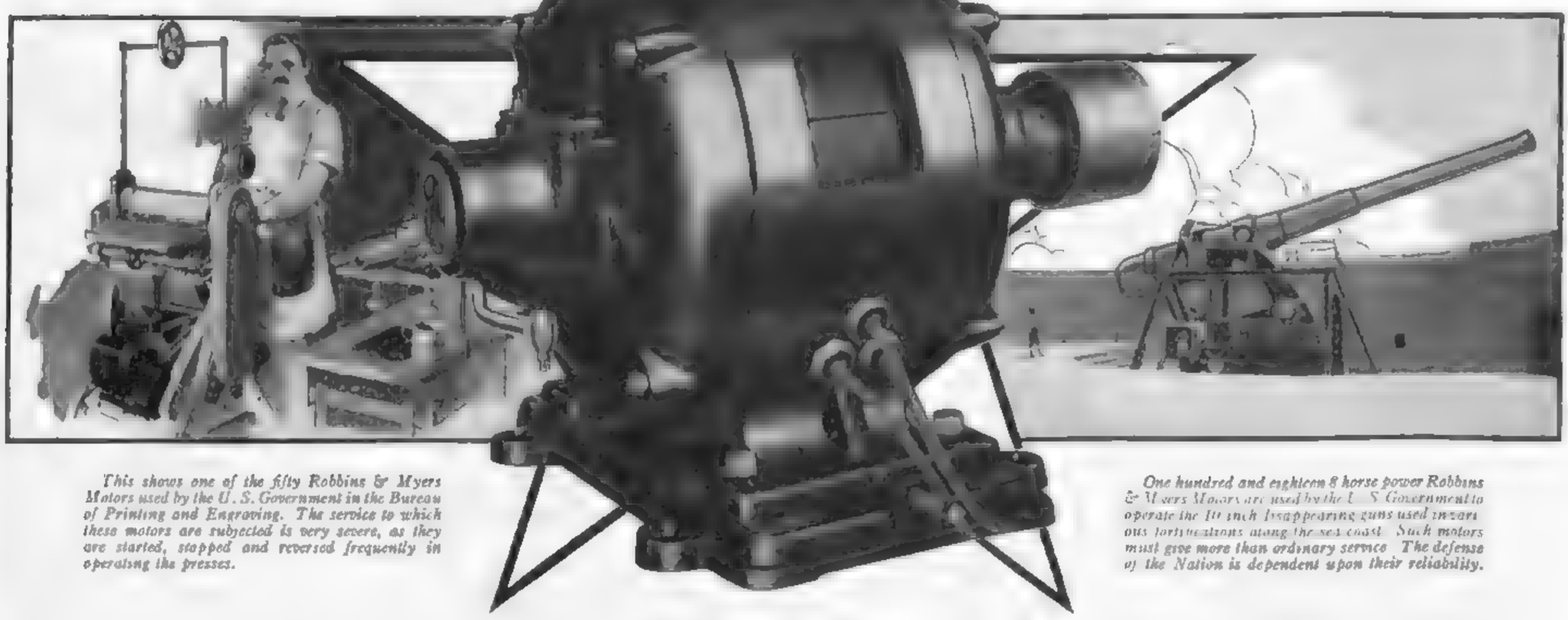
Now that we approach the season of Gifts and giving, it is well to remember that the Howard Watch presents today the widest choice of clean, pure designs ever offered to the purchaser of fine timepieces—the "Tudor," the "Ionic," the "Doric," the "Carvel," the "Cavetto"; the Railroad models; and the EDWARD HOWARD model. Each watch timed and adjusted in its own case, and supplied only *complete.*

A Howard Watch is always worth what you pay for it—from the 17-jewel *(double roller)* in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* Gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel in 18K. Gold case at $170—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a Howard Watch. The jeweler who can is a good man to know.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Uncle Sam At Work



This shows one of the fifty Robbins & Myers Motors used by the U. S. Government in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. The service to which these motors are subjected is very severe, as they are started, stopped and reversed frequently in operating the presses.

One hundred and eighteen 8 horse power Robbins & Myers Motors are used by the U. S. Government to operate the 10 inch disappearing guns used in various fortifications along the sea coast. Such motors must give more than ordinary service. The defense of the Nation is dependent upon their reliability.

ONLY the best is good enough for Uncle Sam. The equipment he uses must *stand up*. It must give day-in-and-day-out service under severest conditions.

And for the self-same reason over fifty thousand power users in other walks of industry have adopted Robbins & Myers Motors.

Meet Every Need

In the Robbins & Myers line, every service condition can be met. Sizes range from 1-40 to 20 horse power. Whether for the small one-man shop or the mammoth plant, their adaptability, utility and economy are unsurpassed. Their users include factories, offices, shops, stores and homes.

Wherever there is power need Robbins & Myers Motors will save money and improve service.

Type "K"

The Master Motor

Above is shown the latest of the Robbins & Myers Motor line, the new type "K" Polyphase Induction Motor.

Nothing complicated—just a stationary winding and a strong frame with two large, well lubricated bearings which support the rotating element of steel and solidly mated copper bars. Mechanically as simple as an ordinary shaft mounted in two bearings. Nothing to get out of order—no sliding electrical contacts.

Ask us more about it. Some interesting facts await you.

What Is *Your* Need?

Perhaps you make power-driven machines. In which case we can if necessary build motors designed especially for your machines. Makers of equipment ranging from vacuum cleaners to machine tools furnish Robbins & Myers motors as part of their product.

We will gladly submit sample motors for trial, and will quote on quantity lots.

Or, if you are a power user you will find just what you need in the Robbins & Myers line whether it be a single motor or many of different sizes.

The Name Protects You

Buying by name "Robbins & Myers" enables you to buy wisely and well. It is a name that sums up nineteen years' master motor experience.

Or when you buy any motor-driven equipment, if the motor is a Robbins & Myers, you can depend that the other features of the machine are in full keeping with Robbins & Myers quality.

Robbins & Myers Motors

This Will Interest Electric Dealers and Contractors

You can offer the Robbins & Myers line of Motors with every confidence.

Our guarantee protects you—protects the customer—makes and keeps you friends.

We help you in every way. Write today for bulletins, prices, discounts and any particulars you wish.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio

New York Philadelphia Boston Rochester Cleveland Cincinnati Chicago St. Louis San Francisco

GREEN TIMBER

(Continued from Page 20)

As I listened to her I reflected that even though every girl who entered the business world could not be endowed with Eleanor's brain and grasp, still each, by watching such a woman as Eleanor—even as Eleanor would watch John J. Hinkley—could develop all her possibilities, could get an undreamed-of amount of work out of herself for her own benefit. It was my old theory, perhaps, but I believed it now with a new intelligence.

"It would be idiotic to say I'm not pleased," Eleanor went on. "I didn't expect to be made his personal secretary. There are not more than three women in the country who have such positions. Power! Janet, if a woman keeps her tact on the job there's no end to her power. I've always wanted to be with one of the great men of the world, to see what he does, how he does it, to see other big men coming in to take their orders from him! Oh, I'll never have a chance to get dull. And talk of your romance! There'll be not only the big romance of big business, but all the little romance of men trying to work me, to get next to Mr. Hinkley. Money too—think of the chances I'll get to make shrewd investments! Till I met Mr. Hinkley I had meant to go into business for myself, but I'll make more this way."

She broke off abruptly.

"Forgive me; I'm boasting, the way a man does to his wife. I don't wonder that you're staring at me."

Making a Fresh Start

"I'm not staring—I'm thinking how you've deserved your success exactly as much as I've deserved my failure."

Briefly I told her all that had happened to me, all that Mr. Sinclair had said. Eleanor dropped her eyes.

"I've—I've often wanted to ask you to save your energy more so that you'd have it all for your work. This business of getting your own breakfast, for instance—so many women go to work half tired out from household duties that they've no right to undertake. A man doesn't have to. Well—of course I don't think you've had a square deal. What are you going to do about it?"

I leaned back in my chair, playing with my coffee spoon. I saw Alexander Sinclair's stern face as he had read me out of the high place I thought I occupied in his firm! I saw Leonard's half-abashed face flushing with a new-born hope. There was a man who deserved a wife who really loved him! Real love should have as sincere reward as real work.

"What are you going to do?" repeated Eleanor.

And then I had my great inspiration.

"First, I'm going to telephone to Leonard Saunders and ask him to come up here tonight," I said. "Then to-morrow I'm going back to Alexander Sinclair to make good."

The next day I entered the Sinclair offices under a fire of curious eyes. Shailer Belden greeted me self-consciously, but I congratulated him serenely. Needless to say, the whole office force had guessed what had happened. I suppose in this world it is possible to conceal some things, but not many. Miss Ray's half-indignant manner when Shailer took possession of Mr. Lee's desk, her request to be my stenographer and not his, were proof enough to me that my hopes and defeat were being thoroughly discussed by my fellow employees.

In the middle of the morning Mr. Sinclair sent for me. When I entered his office I did not give him time to speak.

"Mr. Sinclair," I said, "I am beginning work to-day in the spirit with which I should have begun it three years ago. I expect to make up for these years and to improve steadily. I mean to make my own progress and the welfare of the firm one and the same thing."

"Good!" Mr. Sinclair said warmly.

"Now," I went on, "what follows must not embarrass either of us or make any change. I'm putting it awkwardly ——"

Mr. Sinclair looked mystified.

"From what you have told me," I proceeded, "I judge that the trouble over your uncle's will keeps you from the money you had expected to inherit, and with which you meant to enlarge from a coffee-and-cereal house to a regular wholesale grocery house. I assume that you've not been able to raise capital?"

Alexander Sinclair never failed in intuition. He leaned toward me, his eyes intent.

"I can get you the capital," I said quietly. "My stepfather's son, Leonard Saunders, who has recently inherited half his father's money, is willing to become a partner. I proposed the plan to him last night."

Mr. Sinclair looked at me, clicking his finger softly against the edge of the table. I fancy the thought crossed his mind that if Leonard Saunders had regarded me purely as a business woman I could not have got him so readily to invest his money.

"Leonard wants something to do," I said hastily—"some interest. He is slow, but, I think, thorough. In time he would be a help."

Then I began to sketch the future of the business, the schemes that had occurred to me—this site that I knew we could get cheap for a canning factory in the East; that old, abandoned school building in the Corn Belt that would be the nucleus of a factory for putting up our canned corn. I talked half an hour, Mr. Sinclair listening without interruption.

"But, of course," I broke off, "all this will have occurred to you ——"

"Not all," he said. "If you go on as you've started to-day I'll have to take back all my criticism of you."

"I hope so," I returned.

"But, Miss Thayer," he said abruptly, "ought all this to change your status?"

"Not at all," I said quickly. "Leonard will want it to—he expected to make me a partner; but I don't want even the office force to know. I suppose Shailer Belden will guess ——"

"Belden didn't try to think of raising the money for me himself, anyhow," murmured Mr. Sinclair.

My heart glowed.

"My status is precisely what it was yesterday," I said. "This matter of being able to bring you Leonard's money is only accidental. It has nothing to do with the fact that I'm not good enough yet to be an advertising manager. I am beginning as if I had no chance in the world except to prove myself right here—I'm on probation."

It was not easy for me to endure the weeks that followed, when I became the subordinate of Shailer Belden who had so recently been my subordinate. But they were profitable weeks. I had analyzed myself and my situation thoroughly. I had looked at my business life in the light of Mr. Sinclair's and Eleanor's and Shailer Belden's, and saw where they had been wise and clear-sighted and I had been blind and muddled.

A New Attitude Toward Old Tasks

I went back over every important point and saw where I might have been stronger, more original, more keen in grasp and action. Then I proceeded to get my second wind. I tried to come at the matter of advertising in a new way. I tried to thrust deep down into my consciousness all the knowledge I had of advertising which was fundamental, as necessary to go upon as the pavement in the street.

I now realized that the ideal thing to do was to come at advertising with a mind swept so clear of prejudice and predisposition that one could critically see what advertising would catch the imagination of the consumer and at the same time creatively supply it. It was an ideal of which I was to fall short, as anyone but a genius would, but both I and the Alexander Sinclair firm were the better for my new attitude. I found that people liked best the advertisements in which children appeared. How I worked to make my younglings unlike any other advertiser's! How I haunted nurseries and parks and streets to get the pictorial aspects in the relations of mothers and children that would grip the hearts of consumers because they would see themselves and the little ones they loved, or the little ones that would be theirs. I never had dreamed that, asleep or awake, eating or exercising, I could live so thoroughly with my work. Suffrage meetings, groups of business women knew me no more; every ounce of energy I put on the fortunes of the firm.

I did not hide my light under a bushel. I meant Mr. Sinclair to know everything I was doing. Let Shailer Belden get the credit for his own work; if any phase of

"Nothing Rests and Soothes Me More After Hard Work Than a Cigarette"

declared Charles Darwin, one of the world's foremost scientists, famous for his speculations concerning the origin of man.

There is little doubt that, like most Englishmen, the great scientist found Virginia tobacco far superior to any other type of tobacco for cigarettes.

You, too, may have this golden leaf—the best Virginia grown—the result of three centuries of cultivation—in DUKE'S Mixture.

Each part of the world has a distinct tobacco preference and DUKE'S Mixture is especially prepared to satisfy and delight American smokers.

Were you a tobacco expert making a private mixture to suit your own taste, we believe it would resemble DUKE'S Mixture. We believe it so firmly that we make this offer:

Try a few cigarettefuls or pipefuls from a sack of DUKE'S Mixture. If you do not find it better than the tobacco you may now be using, return it to your dealer and he will refund your money.

Besides the regular packing, DUKE'S Mixture is also packed in attractive 5 cent glass jars, convenient for den or office, which will be sent prepaid on receipt of 50c if your dealer cannot supply you.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

Duke's Mixture
Granulated Tobacco
5¢

The "Roll" of Fame

DODGE BROTHERS

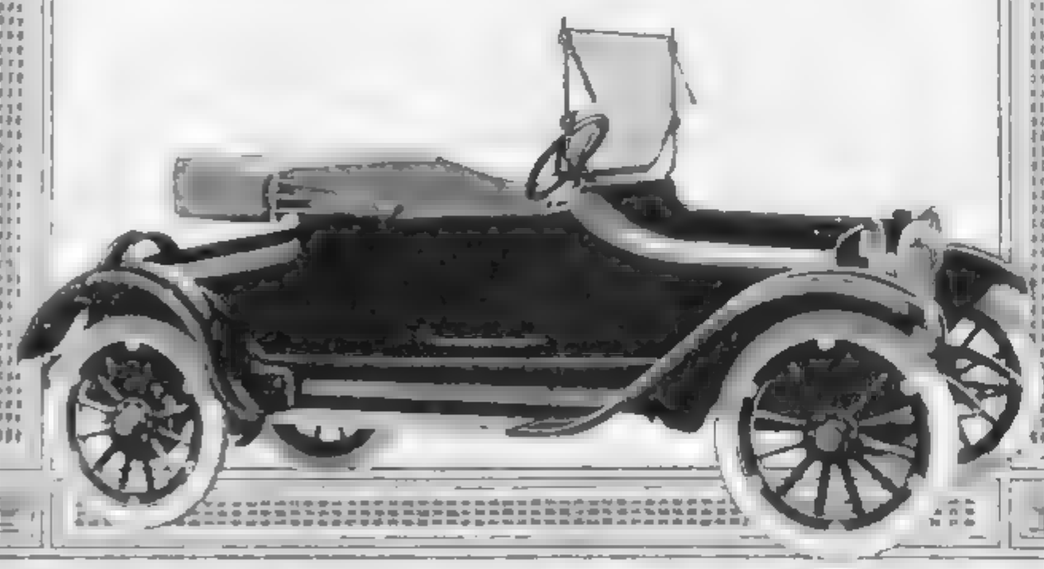
ROADSTER

After ten months of heavy production the demand for the car is still far in excess of our ability to supply

The car itself—its performance, and the things said about it by owners—is solely responsible for this remarkable state of affairs

The motor is 30–35 horsepower
The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



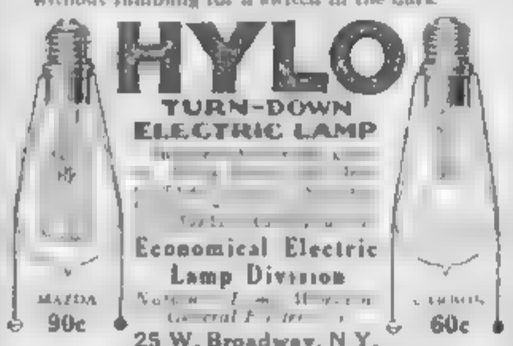
W. K. Kellogg

THERE is just as much difference between Kellogg's Toasted Bran Flakes and ordinary bran as between any other highly finished product and its crude form.

15c. at your grocer's. Look for the signature on the package.

When You Go Out at Night

Let Hylo show you the way in again. Leave it burning LO all evening, at hardly any current cost. Turn it HY by a pull of the cord, without fumbling for a switch in the dark



Sold Everywhere by Lighting Companies, Electrical, Hardware and Department Stores.

LANDA "Prosperity" BILLFOLD

Elegant, Practical, Xmas Gift — [illegible]

23 Kt. Gold.

[illegible] will fit any pocket. For Ladies and Gentlemen. Special price 50c postpaid — ordinarily $1.00. Packed in handsome gift box—Xmas card enclosed.

"De Luxe," made of genuine Morocco Leather. $1.00—worth $1.50. Send M. O. draft or postage stamps. Order shipped day received. Write for Xmas Gifts catalog.

A. LANDA & SONS CO., Leather Goods, Dept. B10, Chicago

Money Cheerfully Refunded

50c
Postpaid
Name Engraved Free in
23-Kt Gold
For Ladies and Gentlemen

mine was as big as his, or bigger, Mr. Sinclair should recognize it. He understood. He was willing to help me all he could to succeed in a large way.

Meantime, Leonard had come into the firm and, except for his money, was only a figurehead. But he would learn. He sat in his office early and late. Mr. Sinclair, inspired by his new capital, flung out his factories and traveling men, the while Shailer and I tried to keep up on the advertising end. One summer day, when all of us were in conference, I submitted an idea which proved valuable to the firm and to me as an individual.

"I've been thinking over that scheme of mine about presenting the Ladies' Aid of any given church in a town with a silver urn," I said, "and I believe I can improve on it."

"Go ahead," Mr. Sinclair told me.

"This house-to-house demonstration, which we and so many other firms like us have been using for a couple of decades," I said, "is slow and costly. At best a demonstrator cannot get round to more than a limited number of houses a day, and at that it means a livery rig to add to her expenses. It's still a question how valuable such advertising is."

Mr. Sinclair nodded.

"I haven't much faith in statistics," he said; "you have to feel your way. The man who believes in demonstrators can prove they net him a whole lot, and the man who believes in electric signs will tell you demonstrators are no good. Half the people who order your stuff from having read your magazine advertisements forget to mention the magazine. And there you are."

"What I want to do," I pursued, "is go to towns all over the West and South of from three thousand inhabitants up. I want to handle the thing in person, like a superdemonstrator. I want to get the Ladies' Aid and Dorcas Societies to assemble and watch me prepare a church supper of our specialties. I can lecture all the time I'm doing it on food values, and all that. I'd get out a booklet of recipes and sample menus, and so on ——"

Mr. Sinclair leaned forward interestedly. This was a plan I had thought out very carefully. For all his questions I had well-considered answers, and for all his objections a remedy. I had arrangements to propose for people who would follow up my meetings with order blanks; had a scheme for checking up through my various menus which foods were most popular, as a guide for future advertising. I don't think there was a detail I had neglected.

From the beginning Mr. Sinclair liked the plan. I don't suppose he knew why I wanted to take personal charge of it; I was not clear about it myself. But it was from no motives of charity that he consented; he thought that he would get better returns if he let me follow my own bent.

On the Road to Success

For six months I did this work. It was the most profitable period of my life. I got closer to people, learned more of the essentials of human nature than I had ever done before. I was a city woman; never before had I met women of the country and of small towns. As I looked back on it I realized that all my passion for women had been for the working woman of the city. I spent a week with a farmer's wife who had no help, four little children, a hired man to cook for and no water in the house, and that week taught me more than I have ever learned in any other way of how much a woman can do, how efficiently she can organize her time, what she can achieve with clumsy tools. She got the most out of herself, even as Eleanor Blake and Mr. Sinclair. She did it because she depended only on herself, not on any one else. In the city women lean on men, on modern conveniences, on the sense of collectivity, on any number of people, things and ideas. This farmer's wife faced hard facts, mastered them, stood alone, and pulled her own weight every hour of the day.

There with her, I seemed to find myself fully. I have no doubt that there are country women who fail just as there are city women who succeed. All I am saying is that when I got away into clear bare spaces where the tools of living were primitive, I saw my own weaknesses even more clearly than Mr. Sinclair had shown them to me, and I saw the strength of business women like Eleanor Blake. I remembered cases of women like myself, who had waked up at thirty or thirty-five to find that they had not succeeded in business after all: that they had saved nothing, had little real future, and that their complexions were fading and their chins settling. Some of them managed to marry, mainly for a home; the majority of them went on in their inconsequential business rut; a few turned into the type who try to sympathize with some other woman's husband. And some like myself, in the shock of finding themselves dulled and tempted to parasitism, took a new start, educating out of themselves the tendency to lean, the tendency not to think deeply or truly, the unconscious tendency to cheat on the job.

Very humbly I said to myself that there had been too much talk about what women wanted, that it was time to ask them what they were fit to receive and what they had it in them to get. As Eleanor Blake had said: "Give them the vote—and let them earn everything else." I no longer felt superior to women in business. I said to myself: "We—not they—are too dependent, too lacking in initiative. We drift passively into any work that comes along. We don't make specialists of ourselves, because under the old régime our work was universal. Often we don't like our work, and when we do we do not always have the play attitude toward it. We waste ourselves. Even when we have gotten hold of our work we don't go much beyond it. We don't take the professional point of view toward it, don't have the alert, self-critical attitude toward it that makes for improvement in it. We aren't big-minded."

Rewards at Last

I believe that when I sincerely said "we" and not "they" I learned my last lesson in humility. I thought a good deal of Eleanor and her type. She took herself and her success simply. She had never complained about the disadvantages of a woman in business; she had put her energy upon making capital of her advantages. She had sex loyalty—not, like so many other women, merely class and party loyalty. Eleanor's tools were truth, honesty and fair play. She had sloughed off all the old trammels of conservative education. Her job owned her as completely as Mr. Sinclair's owned him. She had educated from her life all that the ordinary woman does not eliminate, to the end of concentrating on her business.

"Dear Eleanor," I wrote her, "I send you the portrait of the superbusiness woman—one who has creative imagination, is able to see all the possibilities ahead of her and to judge their potency; one who has both boldness and caution, seeing when to leap ahead and when to hold back. One who has intuition, and then the faith to rely upon it. One who has the ability to get other personalities about her instead of pushing other women upstage like a jealous actress. One who takes up the task of educating feebler women. Do you recognize the portrait?"

"Silly!" Eleanor wrote back. "But my work under J. J. Hinkley has taught me that success is a free-will matter. If women fail, it's because they want to, because they won't go at it as men do and make the sacrifices men do.

"They succeed in proportion as they adopt a man's methods. Why aren't women founding women's banks? Why aren't they running restaurants? Every restaurant keeper should be a woman. And when are you coming back?"

I went home when Mr. Sinclair telegraphed for me. His first words in the office were:

"Belden's accepted an offer to go in with Holland-Grace. Has Mrs. Belden told you?"

"No," I said, my heart throbbing thickly.

"Will you be my advertising manager?" he asked.

"Why?"

"Why? Good Lord, do you want bouquets? Because you're the best person I know for the job."

"I accept," I said.

Mr. Sinclair closed the office door.

"There's another job I'd like to offer you," he said.

I glanced at him. The usual jocular expression of his face was replaced by a wistful look. My heart pounded more furiously than before.

"I'd rather not consider any other offer," I murmured, "till I have made good as advertising manager."

(THE END)

The Wellington

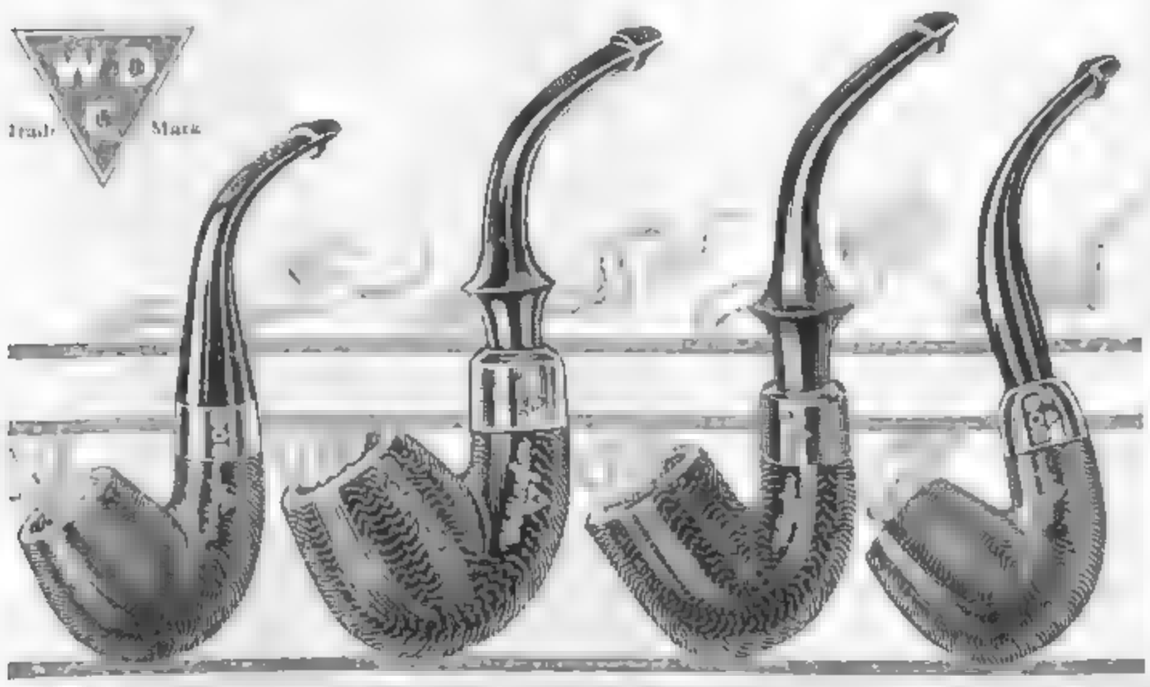
THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

Meets Your Need of a Practical PIPE

All the tobacco burns to a fine, *dry* ash, when smoked in this pipe with the "well." Besides, your tongue is protected by the upward bore of the solid rubber bit.

At good dealers', 25c, 35c, 50c and up

WILLIAM DEMUTH & COMPANY, New York



In Secret, "Acid-Mouth" Destroys Teeth

"Acid-Mouth" already may be destroying *your* teeth—in secret. Nine people out of ten are said to have "Acid-Mouth," which has been declared the cause of 95% of all tooth decay. If you will detect it in time and check it, you will help save your teeth.

Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste with Acid Test Papers

The test papers will show you whether you have "Acid-Mouth," and with the trial tube of Pebeco you can see how this dentifrice works against it and thus helps you keep your teeth for life. For Pebeco *will* counteract this worst foe of teeth.

Pebeco also polishes teeth beautifully and leaves a fine feeling of freshness and keenness in the mouth. Extra-large tubes everywhere. Pebeco is manufactured by

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists
122 William Street, New York
Canadian Office: 1 and 3 St. Helen Street, Montreal

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL *for December*

"And," said Mrs. O'Leary, "the tilligram was from Michael himself, bad cess to him, sayin', 'I am nayther dead nor wounded and hopin' you're the same.'

"And thin we had to sind iverybody away disappointed in not havin' the wake, and after they all came all those miles and havin' made plans. And now I won't ever believe Michael is dead until he tills me so himself."

AN American girl has just been to the land of Michael O'Leary. She drank tea by a pungent peat fire, with the mother of Ireland's hero, while the pig struggled through the cottage door.

She found Tipperary, too. Mollie and the other Tipperary folks had never heard the famous song about themselves—so she taught them.

All the merriness and melancholy of dreamy, fiery Ireland are in this story.

Also in the December issue—**"the best Journal ever published"**—

Geraldine Farrar's own story of her first days behind the scenes with grand opera stars.

A story that made even weary editors sit up—a whimsical, whirlwind, vagabond tale called "Seven Miles to Arden."

The most serious indictment of the Church ever printed—"How I Tried to Break Into the Church," by a business man.

On Sale Everywhere—15 Cents

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

"YES, *drive over right away-I'll be ready.*

"My housework? Oh, that's all done.

"How do I do it? I just let electricity do my work nowadays. I have an electric dish washer and an electric clothes washer, and iron with my new electric iron.

"Sweeping and cleaning? Simplest thing in the world with our electric vacuum cleaner.

"And say, Ethel, Jack and I are cooking our breakfasts right at the table with our electric toaster stove and coffee percolator.

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NAUGHTY HENREE

(Continued from Page 18)

Suddenly I felt her body stiffen, and the glowing face so near mine turned deathly white. She was staring over my shoulder into the lobby; I turned my head just in time to perceive a man's back as he disappeared into the elevator.

"What is it?"

"Nothing!"

Her limp form, her agitation, belied the denial. I persisted.

"Who was it? Was it -was it ——"

"Yes," she faltered. "It was him."

Immediately I released her and stood up. If the husband were in the vicinity it was advisable from every standpoint to exercise discretion, and to be caught in a posture of tender consolation might prove embarrassing, whatever the plea. Moreover, a noble idea had come to me.

"Don't go!" she said, sinking back in the chair. She was pale and quivering; her eyelids fluttered. "I—I feel sort of faint. Will you fetch me some water—please?"

Thoroughly alarmed I dashed out into the lobby and across it to a species of cloakroom, where I discerned a pitcher and glasses on a tray. A bell boy jumped up to assist, but I brusquely repulsed him, seized the vessel, and hurried back.

The writing room was empty. Madame had gone!

"*Bien!*" I said to myself. "Perhaps it is as well."

Nevertheless I was astonished, hurt and puzzled. But a few minutes' reflection furnished me with a key to the mystery—madame distrusted her own feelings and, like a virtuous woman, avoided danger. My regret was thus quickly tempered by admiration and tenderness.

I drew on my coat and approached the clerk behind the desk.

"Where," I inquired, "did the gentleman go who just now passed through the lobby?"

"Search me! Have you looked in the bar?"

At once madame's confession occurred to me. "Booze!" she had said. I entered the bar. There was nobody in it but a morose individual who stood with one foot on the brass rail and scowled at two fingers of clear whisky in a glass in front of him. His jaw was set and sullen, his air lugubrious in the extreme.

Aha! thought I, here is my man and in sore distress!

With a view to paving the way in the accepted fashion, I rapped smartly for the wine clerk and asked, with a courteous inclination toward my neighbor:

"M'sieu', will you do me the honor of joining me?"

He turned an inflamed countenance full on me and said not a word for quite sixty seconds. Then he emitted a sort of snort, gulped his drink, made a wry face, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and replied surlily:

"Don't mind if I do."

His appearance was distrait, even wild. It was patent that he labored under strong excitement. After pouring himself another generous potion he leaned his elbows on the bar and sighed dismally from the depths of his diaphragm.

"Ah, m'sieu'," I said sympathetically, slightly tilting my glass in salutation, "I fear you are in trouble."

He glowered a moment and humped his shoulders.

"Trouble," he repeated, "ain't the word for it, Ol' Timer."

Here was my opportunity and I was quick to seize it. Edging closer I said in a confidential voice:

"Why do you not go back to her?"

Never have I seen such stupefaction reflected on human visage. He put down his glass and demanded huskily:

"What the hell's that to you, anyhow? What do you know about it?"

"Do not fear, m'sieu'," I replied with a nod and a wink, for I had entered heartily into the spirit of the adventure. "I know all and am your friend."

"Well, if you know everything, then you know why I won't stand for it any longer. I just won't be romped on every minute of the day and night. There's a limit."

This revelation amazed me exceedingly, according, as it did, so ill with madame's character as I had conceived it.

"Perhaps," I suggested with entire amiability, "you provoke her."

"I sure do!" He laughed savagely. "If you can find anything on earth that don't provoke her I'll pin a medal on it. Why, she rides me with spurs if I take so much as a little drink."

"Has she no excuse? Is it not possible that ——"

"I only take a few now and again," he protested.

"My friend," I told him earnestly, "any man who drinks whisky at all, drinks too much."

He squirmed about and finally broke out with:

"But that ain't all. I can keep as sober as a judge and act nice and pleasant, and remember to wipe my feet on the mat, and yet she'll find something to hop on me for. I just can't call my soul my own. A man's got a right to enjoy life a little; and I'm through! I ain't never going back. No, sir! I aim to beat it from here."

Down came his fist on the bar and his eyes rolled menacingly. Yet I was not discouraged.

"M'sieu'," I said gently, "to-morrow is Christmas. Think of abandoning a sorrowing wife who, despite your every discord, loves you devotedly!"

He muttered:

"She's got a mighty queer way of showing it." But I saw him swallow and blink his eyes.

"How can you have the heart," I continued, "to leave a creature so beautiful and confiding ——"

"Beautiful!" he ejaculated. "Say, that's laying it on too thick, ain't it? Cora'll pass in a crowd all right, but she ain't no beauty by a darned sight!"

The blindness of some husbands to their wives' charms passes all belief. Small wonder that they are grateful for appreciation elsewhere.

"We will not argue that point," I said, a trifle coldly; "but I want you to think of the cruelty of the step you are about to take. To abandon one you have sworn to love and protect and cherish—to throw her on the mercies of a callous world—and on this, of all days in the year ——"

"Quit it, Ol' Timer!" he blurted out. He gave a sound between a cough and a sob, and then blew his nose violently. "I'll go back," he mumbled. "I'll go back if you'll promise me one thing."

"Name it."

"You come with me and square it about last night."

"Last night? What happened to you last night?"

You will perceive that his story and madame's did not gibe. I put this down to the liquor he had consumed.

"Well, I didn't go home at all. I sat in a little poker game with some of the boys and they cleaned me—took all my pay."

"That," I assured him cheerfully, "can be remedied. Let us go."

Of course I expected him to escort me to a room in the hotel; but, to my surprise, he led the way outside and boarded a street car. I did not let my astonishment appear, however, and we journeyed a mile or more to a quiet residential street.

How my heart throbbed as we ascended the steps of my companion's home! I thought I should suffocate with joy. Put yourself in my place, my friend—I was about to behold again the beautiful creature who had stirred my pity and enlisted my chivalrous aid! I was about to witness her transports of gratitude for the service I had rendered!

He opened the door with a latchkey and, beckoning me to step softly, sidled through into a gloomy hall.

"Well," he announced with a not unnatural nervousness, "here I am, Cora."

A grating voice replied:

"And what is it this time? A sick friend or worked on the night shift? Pickled as usual, I suppose!"

"Hush up!" admonished my companion. "I've brought a gentleman with me."

"Gentleman?" she repeated sneeringly. "I'd like to see one. What would he be doing with you?"

The portières of a room facing us parted with a vicious jerk and a woman appeared in the opening. I grew dizzy. It was with difficulty that I retained control of my faculties, m'sieu'—for she was not madame at all! No; she was a huge, gross person of two hundred pounds, excessively red of face from her choleric outburst.

"Well!" she said, eying me from head to foot. "What does he want? You sure have

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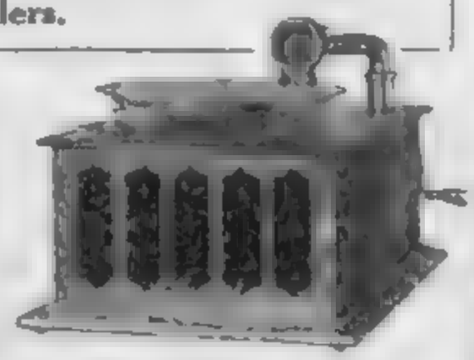

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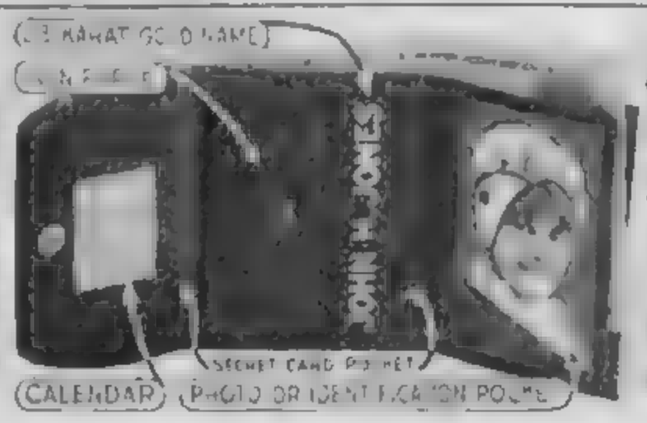

picked a winner this time. Last time you brought home a live duck!"

It did not take much penetration to discern that an early departure was advisable; arbitration between them would be unavailing and probably attended by bitterness. I could detect in her glacial glance that no explanation would suffice, that my most skillful efforts to propitiate would be wasted. Therefore, I murmured some banal excuse and edged out. She gave a high-pitched laugh and cried after me:

"Yes, I would go if I was you. Loafer!"

But I was not to escape so easily. The husband followed hard on my heels.

"Here," he protested in a pitiful panic, "don't leave me in the lurch! You promised you'd square me with her."

"M'sieu'," I answered in a voice I strove in vain to steady, "I agreed to make good the damage of your gambling venture. I will do so. Whether you employ it to catch the first train out of town or to rehabilitate yourself with madame is none of my affair. It would not be becoming for me to make a recommendation; but ——"

"No, I'll go back. If you lend me the money so I can turn it over to her, everything'll be hunky-dory. Cora ain't such a bad old scout. She's mad now; but so would any woman be. When I act right she treats me pretty good, and she's a sure-enough manager. I'll cut out booze ——"

"Honestly?"

"Honest Injun! Never touch another drop!"

"In that case," I answered, putting a bright face on the episode, "we will not only present madame with your wages intact but we will add a Christmas gift. Perhaps the present will make her forget the past!"

My droll sally passed far over his head, but he readily fell in with my suggestion and accompanied me to a shop. At the door I halted and stuck my hand into the inside pocket of my coat to extract my wallet. It was not there!

"What's the matter?" demanded my companion.

I felt rapidly of all my pockets, turning them furiously inside out again and again. My look must have been of the wildest.

"What is it? You haven't been touched, have you?"

"That is just it, my friend. I have been despoiled—robbed! And by one who ——"

Without further explanation I started back toward the hotel at a run. Doubtless I made a sufficiently ludicrous figure, with my disheveled appearance and look of distress, for many persons turned to stare after me.

Bursting into our room, with three bell boys, a porter and the day clerk at my elbow, I discovered M'sieu' Joe in front of the mirror, arranging a new tie. Scarcely did I recognize him. He had shaved off his beard and mustache and was neatly clothed. M'sieu' Joe was no longer old or faded, but a spruce, dapper man in the prime of life.

"Where's the fire?" he demanded.

"No fire! Worse—far worse, my friend—I have been robbed!"

"Well," he returned calmly, proceeding with his dressing, "ain't that what we come here for?"

At that moment the elevator stopped at our landing and disgorged my companion in distress, who arrived on the scene out of breath and woefully perturbed. He cried out: "Say, was that all a bluff? I daren't go home without the money."

Wholly without funds, I nevertheless rose superior to my plight. It is in such crises that great souls are revealed. Henri Giraud never breaks his word or seeks excuse. Drawing myself up to my full height, I replied:

"It is so. You will receive your money, my friend. Joe, lend me some?"

"Sure!" agreed the worthy fellow. "How much do you want? Will two hundred do? Good! Say, where is this game runnin', anyhow? Let me git a crack at it. Maybe I'll have better luck."

Pressing some bills into my suppliant's eager hands, I said:

"Go home—and remember your pledge."

"You bet I will! Don't you worry, Ol' Timer. And, say—leave me your name and address, and perhaps I'll pay you back when I get it."

We cleared the room of the motley throng and I related to M'sieu' Joe my misadventure.

"Young and peachy, you say!" he exclaimed. "And you hugged her! Gee whiz! Some fellers have all the luck!"

With a slight degree of asperity I pointed out that this was not the overshadowing feature of the incident.

"No; of course not," he agreed, "but you'd have spent the money anyhow. And we've always got the mine."

"But my wallet? Can we do nothing—nothing to regain it?"

"We can tell the police!"

It was the sole intelligent suggestion he had made; we sallied out to carry it into effect.

"We don't know any such party as you describe," said the lieutenant on duty, "but maybe she's a stranger here. Anyhow, it's like she'll try to beat it out of town, so we'll have all the trains watched. If you wait at your hotel I'll phone you the minute we hear anything. Cheer up! Tomorrow's Christmas."

In this knowledge we wended our way back. M'sieu' Joe was provokingly cheerful; holding money so lightly, the loss did not dampen his spirits, more especially because the money had been mine. In tolerable good humor he proposed that we partake of a few drinks and then buy tickets to a show. Nothing better offering, I acquiesced.

While we were carrying out the first part of the program a bell boy shouted my name in the bar, and I learned that the Police Department wanted me on the telephone.

In less than five minutes I was back. M'sieu' Joe read my beaming looks aright and bellowed:

"Got her—hey?"

"Yes—and my wallet too. Finish your drink and we will go."

My friend did so, growing thoughtful as he put down the glass.

"Best to let me go alone, Henree," he suggested.

"Alone? Ridiculous! Impossible!"

"No; it ain't ridiculous. You're all excited and het up, and maybe you'd say or do something you'd be sorry for later. Remember, she's a woman. So you just wait here and leave me run this. I know how to handle women."

Preposterous as his proposal was I could not turn him from it. There was a vein of stubbornness in M'sieu' Joe, and he had drunk just enough to steel him in any resolution he might take.

In vain did I argue and protest. He grew quarrelsome.

"Very well," I assented, but with bad grace. "Do you go, then, and arrange it for me with your well-known finesse. Of course I'm not competent to do it myself."

"No; you ain't—that's a fact—not where women're concerned, Henree," declared the conceited fellow. "It takes a firm hand to deal with 'em. Leave it to me."

Away he went and I composed myself to wait with what patience I could contrive. Wait, did I say? M'sieu', it is a year since these events transpired, but I find myself boiling with indignation even now when I recall the humiliation of those hours. I scarce can speak of it with composure; for one, two, three hours dragged by without word from M'sieu' Joe or sign of his return. I attempted to telephone. For some reason I could not get the police station.

At last I could bear the suspense no longer and rushed from the hotel.

"Where," I demanded of the lieutenant on duty, "is M'sieu' Hicks? And where is my money?"

The lieutenant regarded me with some surprise.

"Why," said he, "are you the guy who lost it? We've been expecting you. Your friend and her went off together in a taxi more'n three hours ago. He said it was all a mistake, and here's your wallet."

"Went off together! M'sieu' Joe and madame?"

"Sure they did! They acted thicker'n thieves. She left this letter for you."

With palsied fingers I opened the missive, which ran thus:

"*Dear little Henree*

"Joe and I have patched it up and are going to start all over again. it was all his fault anyhow and besides he forgot the alimony. I wanted to ask you for dinner to-morrow but Joe says no man who has deliberately hugged his wife can eat turkey at his expense. he is awful narrow in some ways.

"So I reckon you'll have to spend Xmas alone. how about it Old Scout.

"Never mind though for I will never forget your kindness for you have made me very happy. Yrs truly

"PATSY.

"P. S. Henree dear you need a shave. Merry Xmas!!!"

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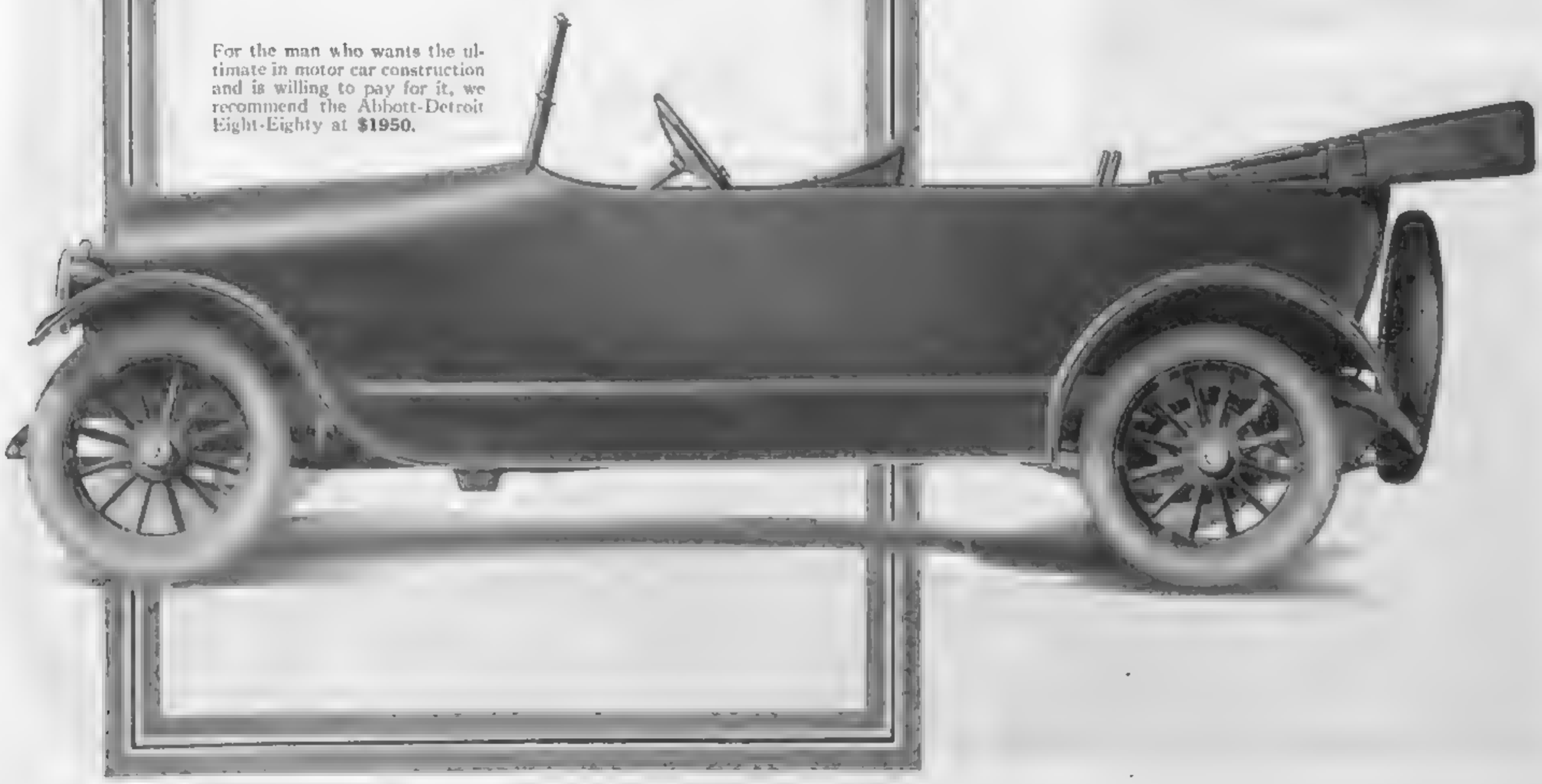

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

THE BOLIVAR

(Continued from Page 15

Promptly at nine o'clock Lord Stubbs appeared in the wings, ready for his cue. He had needed no valet. The Bolivar was dressed perfectly, even to the bow tie, which showed no signs of having been adjusted more than once. Other performers on the bill bowed to him with exaggerated dignity.

"He's actually handsome!" Marie Larkin whispered to Loney.

The manager of the Screaming Larkins was delighted. If Lord Stubbs knew that he was attracting attention—that his act was "getting funny already," as a song-and-dance man expressed it—the Bolivar gave no signs of it. Idly sucking the head of his cane in true Johnny style, he patiently awaited his cue. Pop Wilson watched him from a distance, beaming. Even the stage hands dropped some of their work to crowd into the wings and take a look.

Miss Larkin started a cakewalk on the wire and, that being the cue, Lord Stubbs sauntered on, looking upward with a stupid gaze. The set wire tripped him as usual; but as he stumbled forward a thing most unexpected to the Screaming Larkins brought a laugh from the crowd. The silk topper bounced from Lord Stubbs' head, turned over two or three times in the air and came down squarely on the back of his head as he caught himself on his knees.

The trick took Loney Larkin by surprise and he broke into the laugh—an unpardonable break for a veteran—by kicking Stubbs before it had subsided.

"A juggler, sure as the world—and a peach!" a performer whispered in the wings. "No fellow could do that by accident."

"Do it again," Larkin ordered the Bolivar as the kick sent him reeling toward Evans waiting with the slapstick. Evidently Lord Stubbs did not hear him. On the stumble across the stage the Bolivar's hat rolled toward the footlights, leaving his head bare for Evans to apply the slapstick. It came with a loud whack.

Brutal and coarse as it may appear in print, the audience found the rough-house discomfiture of the stage Johnny extremely amusing. Miss Larkin, standing on the wire, joined in the general laugh.

The slapstick brought Lord Stubbs down with a thump. Apparently dazed by the blow, he rose, playing a new part. Rocking to and fro on his heels, the Bolivar gave a ludicrous imitation of a drunken man. This rôle he kept up throughout the act. Staggering from one acrobat to another and occasionally stopping to gaze fixedly at Miss Larkin, the pantomime imitation of an intoxicated masher was an artistic bit of work. The foolish smile, with an occasional look of inquiry at the audience, got everybody to chuckling, and the whole act went with a whoop.

After being knocked about the stage Lord Stubbs finally landed in a heap at the foot of the upright that held the wire on which Miss Larkin was performing, his evening clothes very much the worse for treatment. He was on his hands and knees just as Marie descended to the floor. Then, in direct violation of his instructions, Lord Stubbs calmly rose to his feet, brushed off his clothes and, with exaggerated gallantry, drew Miss Larkin's arm into his own and escorted her from the stage.

The Screaming Larkins were not happy. It had been a night of success and a morning of good press notices, but not for the Screaming Larkins. Lord Stubbs had stolen the act! His name was not on the program, but the vaudeville critics had given unusual space to the amusing unknown.

The climax to Loney Larkin's discomfiture came the next noon, when, arriving at the theater, he found the following sign painted prominently on the billboard out front:

THE FAMOUS LORD STUBBS!

Recent Importation in Screamingly Funny Drunken Imitation,
With Screaming Larkins

ABSOLUTELY NEW TO NEW YORK STAGE!

In ten minutes an indignation meeting was in progress on the Paladin stage. The house manager faced four outraged performers.

"That sign comes down or we don't go on," declared Larkin with vehemence. "That's all there is to it!"

"He made good for you, didn't he?" argued the manager, reluctant to lose this chance of advertising a new star.

"I'll admit he's some Bolivar," said Larkin; "but where do you come in to star somebody in our act?"

"Well, I don't know what we can do about it. The sign's gone up and we've sold tickets. I thought I was doing you a favor."

"It comes down or there'll be no show to-night," insisted Larkin.

Realizing that he had broken an old tradition of the stage—one that allows every act to write its own billing—the manager finally consented to a compromise.

"Let Lord Stubbs go on to-night," he requested, "and I'll have the sign erased; but—take it from me—you'd better let him go through."

"If he pulls that stuff again he'll go right through that back door. It's all right for a guy to be funny, but nobody—even if he is a simp—can take my act and run away with it. He's got to follow directions or be fired."

The matter was adjusted on that basis, though Lord Stubbs had yet to be seen.

"Right-o, sir!" he said when Larkin had exhausted his indignation in wrathful orders. "Quite right, sir."

Larkin looked at the fellow curiously. Lord Stubbs was wrong in the head—there could be no question of that, he figured—but that hat trick was a puzzler. Where could he have learned it? He told the Bolivar he thought it was an accident, hoping to find an explanation; but it was of no use.

"Quite right, sir," said Stubbs, that tantalizing smile playing round the corners of his mouth, his gaze in the distance.

Meantime the Screaming Larkins had not been asleep. It was up to them to take the comedy away from the Bolivar by quicker thinking. They still chafed under the recollection that the audience had demanded a bow from Stubbs after the four principals had taken the regular number, carefully rehearsed.

"I think I've got the way to get him off with a laugh for the act," suggested Evans, the tumbler, after a long silence. "When he takes that last bow and tips his hat to the audience what's the matter with my beaning him with the slapstick just as he bares his head?"

"May switch the laugh, at that," Loney Larkin concurred; "but I'm closer to him at the time and it might be best for me to do it."

"You do it!" exclaimed the tumbler. "Don't you think I'm entitled to a laugh occasionally?"

After a long wrangle the noncombatant members of the company voted in favor of giving the business to Evans.

Lord Stubbs, on emerging from the dressing room that night, was carefully instructed to cut out the business of escorting Miss Larkin from the stage and was ordered to take no bows after the curtain had gone down unless told to do so by Larkin.

"Right-o, sir!"

The audience at the old Paladin is largely professional and consequently sophisticated as to the ins and outs of the show business. Rumors of discord among the Screaming Larkins had circulated rapidly and a big crowd gathered for an expected sensation. They had not guessed wrong. Few of those who dropped in after the intermission will ever forget the performance that put a new star in the two-a-day firmament and gave Broadway its best chuckle of the year.

Not only did Lord Stubbs do his hat trick once but he repeated it time and time again. Moreover, he added bits of entirely new business to his drunken impersonation until he became the whole act. The Screaming Larkins were merely a background—each of them an unwilling feeder. Though Lord Stubbs was the Bolivar in the matter of taking physical punishment, they had become the Bolivars for his art.

"Give me that slapstick," Larkin whispered to Evans, his eyes blazing with uncontrollable wrath. "I'll take some of that star stuff out of him—and it won't be comedy either!"

Despite Evans' remonstrance, the manager of the Screaming Larkins wrenched the slapstick from his hand and cautiously waited for Lord Stubbs to step toward the footlights and lift his silk hat. At the proper moment he brought the slapstick

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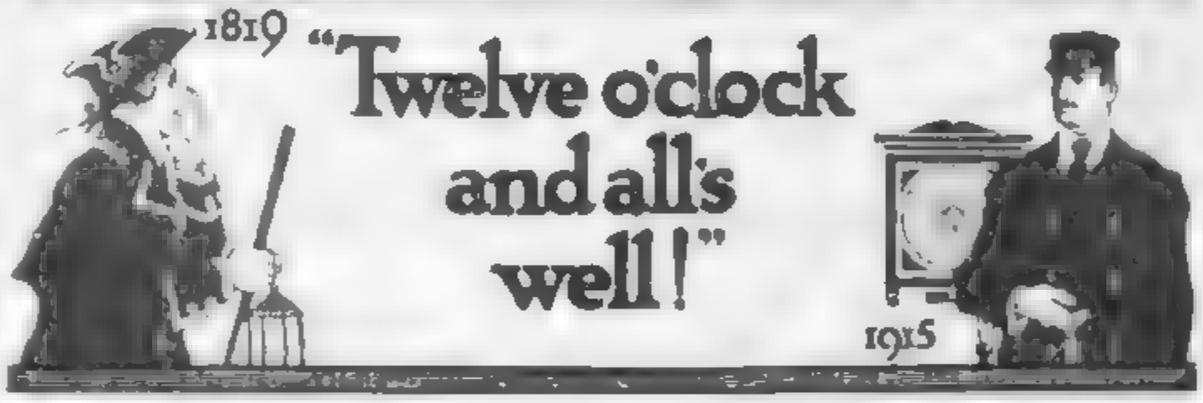

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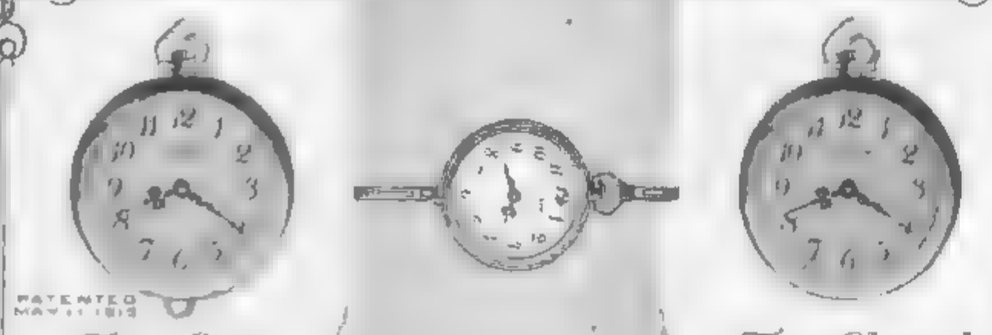

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down on the Bolivar's head with a full swing. Lord Stubbs was stunned by the force of the unusual blow and fell to the floor in a heap. It was not a laugh that rose from the audience this time, but a murmur of disapprobation at brutality. The Screaming Larkins had gone too far.

Lord Stubbs was not badly hurt. Turning so that he could face the audience, he winked with drunken cunning and began to imitate a man swimming. Ahead of him he saw the little electric light in the end of the orchestra leader's baton. Pointing to it so that the audience would also see it, he continued his clownish swimming. Eventually he swam within a foot of the light and reached for it.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Thank God—the Lights of Dover!"

In a previous act a comedian had told a story of a drunken Englishman falling into the circular basin of a public fountain. Finding no shore, he swam round for an hour thinking it a continuous stretch of water, until a bobby appeared with a police lantern.

"Thank God!" he had exclaimed. "At last—the Lights of Dover!"

The sophisticated crowd was quick to catch the point, and the tomfoolery of Lord Stubbs—his perfect imitation of the previous comedian—enabled him to make his exit under a big laugh. Again and again the audience demanded a bow, and finally a curtain speech. To the amazement of the Screaming Larkins the Bolivar responded. It was a clean-cut expression of thanks for himself and his fellow performers. There was no far-away gaze and the peculiar smile had vanished. In the Bolivar's eyes was a twinkle of real merriment.

Paying no heed to the glare of Loney Larkin, Lord Stubbs walked off the stage and, after stopping to brush his clothes and smooth down his ruffled topper, kept right on out the stage doorway. He had used no grease paint, a fact the Screaming Larkins recalled with much interest an hour later.

So dumfounded were the Larkins at the audacity of their Bolivar in making a curtain speech that he was out of the Paladin and well on his way before they realized he had gone. Twenty minutes later Lord Stubbs walked into the grillroom of the most exclusive theatrical club in New York. Two men, seated at a table, looked up as though expecting his arrival. One was the producer of numerous successful musical comedies and the other a press agent. Lord Stubbs stopped within a few feet of the table and smiled.

"Well, do I win?" he asked.

"Got to hand it to you," spoke the producer. "You came through—dress clothes, curtain speech and everything."

"But do I win?" repeated Lord Stubbs. "Here I am, on time, with the clothes, and I've got money enough to buy a drink."

"Win? I only wish I could put one over like that!" The producer reached into an inside pocket and took therefrom a nice packet of bills—all new money. He handed the bundle to the Bolivar. "We were out in front."

"I saw you," said the Bolivar, calmly tucking the money in the inside pocket of his dress coat. "See you later!" He tossed his card, with the address, on the table.

"I wish I'd lost that money," observed the press agent when Lord Stubbs had gone. "I'd get it back three times in the newspaper stuff I could hand this town."

"You may get a chance yet," the producer informed him.

The Screaming Larkins, still dazed, were talking over the event of the night when the Bolivar returned.

"What's the idea of the disappearance?" demanded Larkin. "And, more than that, where do you come in to make a curtain speech against my orders? You know, that foolish-look stuff don't go with me any more."

"It's all right," laughed Lord Stubbs. "I'll fix it."

In his eyes there was a look of frank amusement. The foolish expression had gone and with it went the English accent. In his new voice, his natural one, there was a distinct Western drawl.

"Come on with the tip-off," growled Evans, the tumbler. "Never mind about any more of that stalling."

"I'm going to split," Lord Stubbs announced. "Here's a hundred dollars each for you." He handed each of the four a brand-new note of that denomination. "You are entitled to it as much as I am. You gave me the chance."

"What is this anyway?" asked Larkin. "Still trying to kid somebody?"

"Not on your life!" explained the Bolivar. "I've won the biggest bet of my life. Yes; and I've given these big producers something to think about when they go to dealing with actors."

"Go right ahead and spill it," Larkin urged. "Put us wise!"

"To begin with, I might as well tell you my name is Audrey Jenson."

"Jenson! Jenson, of the Coast? The fellow who gave those pantomimes of English drunks in a stock company out there? I've got you!"

"Exactly! And, now that you are one of the few Easterners who know who I am, that makes it all the better. But that isn't the main point. I've proved to the extent of a thousand-dollar bet that it's the work of an actor that counts and not his name; that it's possible for him to make good whether his name is known or not. The public wants the art and not the reputation. Get me?"

"You fooled me," admitted Miss Larkin admiringly.

"I didn't mean myself when I spoke of art," explained Lord Stubbs, somewhat embarrassed. "I was speaking of art in general. The idea was simply this:

"A prominent New York producer saw me work on the Coast and offered me a job at a smaller salary than I was getting, claiming that I should not be worth more until my name was known—until it meant something in New York. He admitted that my pantomime impersonations were unusually good for a man who had stuck to the Coast all his life. I declined and the discussion ended in a bet.

"I put up a wager of a thousand dollars that I could start out of Los Angeles, with no money and with no clothes but an old English suit I had used in one of my parts, and make good in New York. The conditions were that I was to appear in a theatrical club in New York within a given time wearing evening clothes, after having been successful enough on the stage to be called on for a curtain speech. I had a week or more to go, but I caught a glimpse of the producer and his press agent out front tonight and decided that was the time to put it over. I'm awful sorry to have caused you people worry."

They looked at him long and earnestly. This was a new thing in vaudeville; but something still worried Loney Larkin.

"How did you manage to get here at the same time we did?" he asked.

"Your former Bolivar, a fellow I started in the business, tipped me off; in fact"—he looked apprehensively at the Screaming Larkins—"I telegraphed him three days before your arrival. I hope it didn't put you out much."

"That depends," said Larkin, recalling this new plight of his act. "You've done a big thing for the show business—I've got to hand it to you for that—but what about the job?"

"Oh, that's all right!" said Mr. Jenson, mistaking Larkin's meaning. "I'm to have a big part in one of the fall productions. I've won that in addition to my thousand dollars."

"You've got a job, all right—yes," said Larkin; "but how about us? If you leave us flat, what are we going to do for a Bolivar?"

"I haven't handed in my resignation," Lord Stubbs reminded him. "I kind o' like this act; and, if you don't mind, I'm going to stick right with it to the end of the season."

"If you do we'll star you."

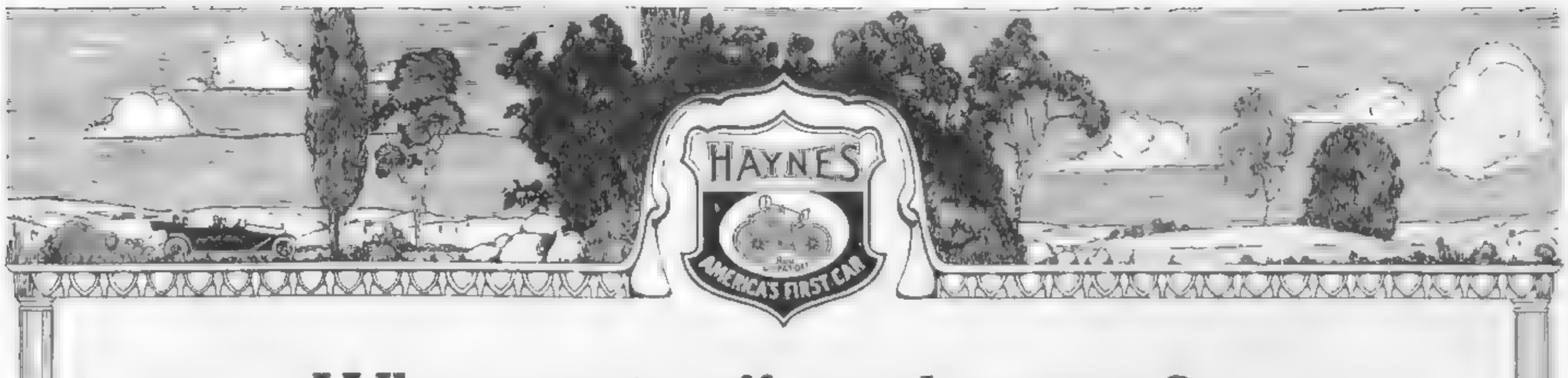
"No, you won't either. I want to work with you just as I've been doing so that I can get a line on these Eastern audiences."

"Well, then, everything's all right!" And Larkin looked at his partners with great relief.

"All right—yes; but with one condition."

"What's that—money?"

"Not money, Mr. Larkin. My condition is that you put a heavier pad on that slapstick. Feel these bumps on my head."



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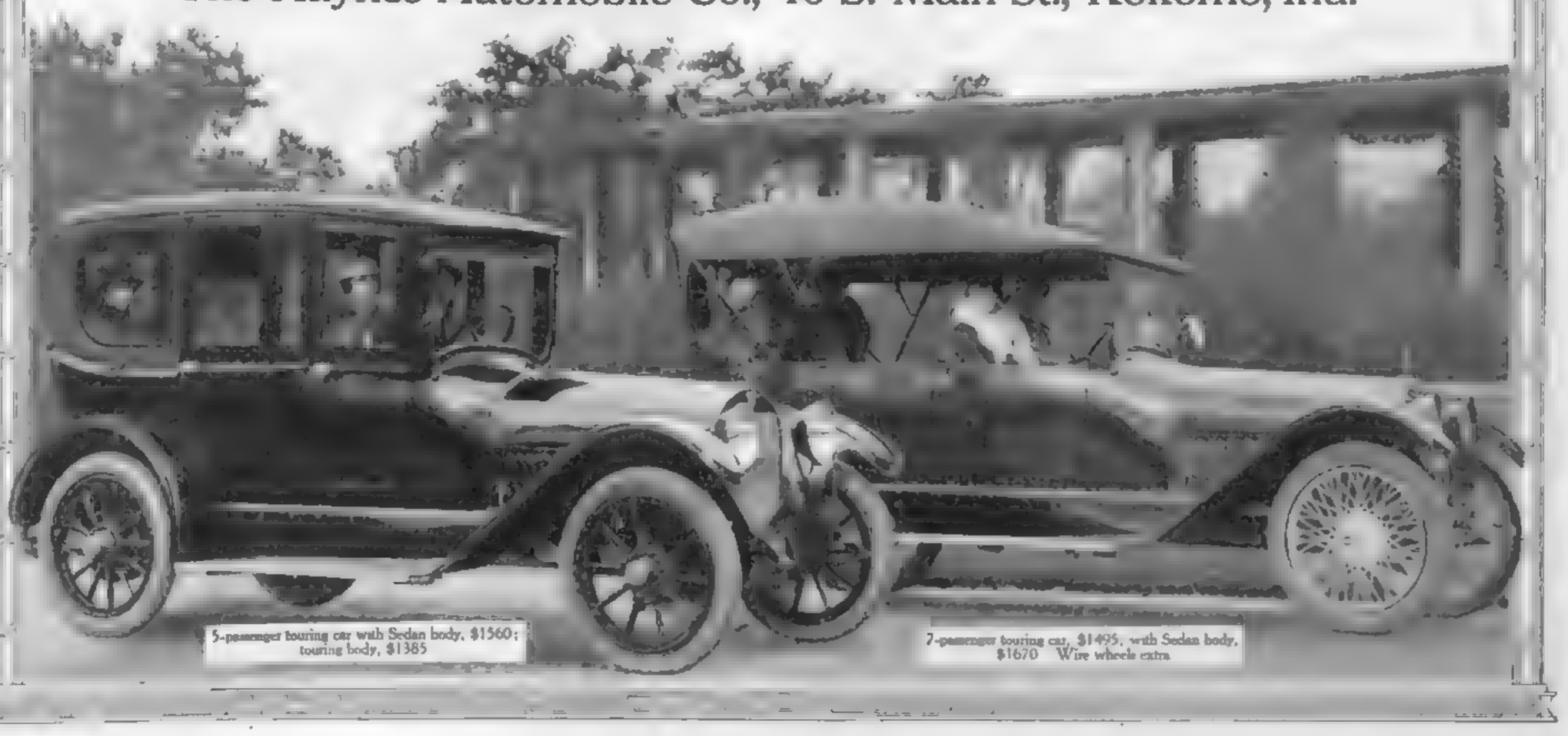

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An' for barns and corncribs burstin' with the fruits of earth's increase,
Ain't it right to be as thankful for the thing we sometimes call
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She makes it out of sunshine an' she cools it in the breeze,
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BLACKER THAN SIN

(Continued from Page 7)

"Have you ever observed that the person to whom you refer has spoken to me?" he demanded.

"No, suh; but ——"

"Or ever molested me in any way?"

"Oh, no, suh; but, you see ——"

"Have you ever observed that I spoke to her?"

"No, suh; but ——"

"Have you any reason for believing, of your own knowledge, that she knows me?"

"Well, suh, I ——"

"Or that I am acquainted with her?"

"Well, I ——"

"Then, sir, since she is minding her own business and I am minding my own business, I suggest that you take pattern by such examples and cultivate the habit of minding your own business. Kindly do not address me hereafter upon this subject—or any other. I find your conversation singularly unattractive. Good day, sir!"

Policeman Joel Bosler had no recollection afterward of having withdrawn himself. He presently found himself downstairs in the lobby, and, a little later on, outside the hotel, upon his regular beat. How he got there or how long it took him to get there he could not, with any degree of certainty, say.

Presently, though, he saw the Major issue forth from the Gaunt House door. And as the Major's foot descended upon the first step of the flight leading down to the street level, the gate of the old Gresham place across the way clicked, and here came the cloaked, veiled woman, floating noiselessly across the road to follow him.

Joel Bosler, still in a state of intellectual numbness, watched them as they passed down the street—the Major striding on ahead, the gliding woman ten paces behind him. He had witnessed the same sight perhaps thirty times before. In days to come he was to witness it hundreds of times more; but always he watched it and never grew weary of watching it. Nor did the eyes of the rest of the town weary of watching it.

And so the thing went on.

The years went by. Five of them went by. Ten of them went by. A new generation was growing up and coming into manhood and womanhood. An old generation was thinning out and dying off. The Gaunt House was no longer the best hotel in the city. It was the second best and, before very long, was to be the third best. Tall business houses—six, seven, eight, nine stories tall—shouldered up close to it; and they dwarfed it, making it seem squatty and insignificant, whereas before it had loomed massive and monument-high, dominating the corner and the rest of the block. Once the cobbled road before its doors had clinked to the heel-taps of smart carriage horses. Now it thundered clamorously beneath the broad iron-shod tires of drays and vans.

The old Gresham place, diagonally across the way, looked much as it had always looked; indeed, there was not much about it, exteriorly speaking, to undergo change. Maybe the green mold in the damp, slick walk at its northern side was a little bit greener and a little bit thicker; and maybe, in summer, the promenading snails were a trifle more numerous there. The iron gate, set in the middle breadth of the iron fence, lolled inward upon one rusted hinge, after the fashion of a broken wing. The close-drawn shades in the two lower front windows had faded from a tarnished silver color to a dulled leaden color; and one of them—the one on the right-hand side—had pulled away and awry from its fastenings above and was looped down, hanging at a skewed angle behind the dirtied and crusted panes, as though one of the coins had slipped halfway off the dead man's eyelids. People persistently called it the old Gresham place, naming it so when they pointed it out to strangers and told them the tale of its veiled chatelaine and her earthly mission.

For, you know, Major Foxmaster's shadow still followed after Major Foxmaster. Long before, these two had been accepted as verities; it might now be said of them that they had become institutional—inevitable fixtures, with orbits permanent and assured in the swing of community life. In the presence of this pair some took a degree of pride, bragging when away from home that they came from the town where so strange a sight might forever be seen, and when at home bringing visitors and chance acquaintances to this corner of the town in order to show it to these others.

Along with this morbid pride in a living tragedy ran a sort of undercurrent of sympathy for its actors. From the beginning there had been pity for the woman who, the better to everlastingly parade her shame, hid her face eternally from the light of day; and in possibly a more limited circle there had been abundant pity for the man as well. Settling down to watch the issue out, the town, from the outset, had respected the unbendable, unbreakable fortitude of the man, and respected, also, the indomitable persistence of the woman.

For a variety of very self-evident reasons no one had ever or would ever meddle in the personal affairs of Major Foxmaster. For reasons that were equally good, though perhaps not so easy to define in words, none meddled with her either. Street gamins feared to jeer her as she passed, without knowing exactly why they feared.

In these ten years the breaks in the strange relationship had been few and short. Once a year, on an average, the Major made short trips back to Virginia, presumably upon business pertaining to his estate and his investments. Such times the woman was not seen abroad. Once, in '79, for a week, and once again, just following the great blizzard of '81, she was missed for a few days; and people wondered whether she was ailing or housebound, or what. For those days the Major walked without his shadow. Then the swathed figure reappeared, tracking him about just as before.

Time undeniably was working its changes with Major Foxmaster, as with his surroundings. He must be about sixty now; but, seeing him for the first time, you might have been pardoned for setting him down as a man of seventy or thereabouts—he looked it. His shoulders, which formerly he carried squared back so splendidly, were beginning to fold in upon the casing of his ribs. His hair used to be black, shot with white hairs; it was now white, shot with a few black hairs. His back had had a hollow in it; there was a curve in it yet, but the curve was bent outward instead of inward. When a man's figure develops convex lines where there used to be concavities, that man is getting on; and the Major plainly was getting on pretty fast. His eyes, which remained dignifiedly and defiantly scornful of all the world, and of all the world might think and might say, nevertheless were filmed over the least bit, so that they lost something of their icy blue keenness. His face, though, with the jaws sinking in upon the shrunken gums and the brows growing shaggier, was as much of a mask as it had ever been.

What was true of Major Foxmaster was seemingly not true of her who followed him. Within the flapping shapelessness of her disguise her figure showed as straight and supple as in the beginning, and her noiseless step was as nimble and just as quick as ever it had been. And that was a mighty strange thing too. It was as though her shroud of wrappings, which kept the sunshine and the wind off of her, kept off age too.

Indeed, this thought came at length into Major Foxmaster's head. It took lodgment there and sprouted, sending out roots into all the odd corners of his mind. It is not for me to tell why or how he got this notion, or exactly when. It is for me merely to narrate as briefly as may be the progress of the obsession and its consequences.

Another five years passed, and then three, making eight more on top of the first ten. Major Foxmaster was crowding seventy; he looked to be eighty. Men and women who had been children when he moved out from Virginia were themselves almost face to face with impending middle age and had children of their own growing up, who, in their turn, would hear the story of Major Foxmaster's shadow and bear it forward into yet another generation. The stone copings above the Gaunt House door were sooty black with the accretions of decades; for this was a soft-coal town, and factories, with tall chimneys that constantly vomited out greasy black smoke, had crept up, taking the old hotel by flank and by rear. The broken shade in the right-hand lower front window of the old Gresham place, across the way, was gone altogether, having

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Jim Henry

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Later, a thought hit me. The *Post* has 2,000,000 readers. I had sold but 10,000. Now, selling one prospect in 200 may be a good percentage for an "ad" writer; not for a salesman. I put it that way to the Boss, and told him I had an extra shot that should win over the thousands of men who had not yet been sold.

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There is, of course, no reason why you should change your shaving preparation—unless you can cut the time of shaving in half, and get a much more pleasant shave, by using another. Well, you can do this, and a simple test will prove it.

A test no man can refuse

What I want you to do is this: Send the coupon below for a tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream. Shave one side of your face with it, and *at the same time* shave the other side with the preparation you now have. Use cold water if you wish. Even pull out your dullest blade, and try that. Note the tremendous difference in the way the two sides of your face *feel*, also note the *shorter time* it takes you to shave with Mennen's. Hundreds of dealers have told me that men who have made the test never afterwards use anything but Mennen's. It is not strange therefore, that we have the nerve to suggest this test.

[illegible] get the results we claim, write me about it, and I'll pay you back the dime out of my own pocket.

Jim Henry

MENNEN'S TALCUM FOR MEN

Most men would like to use a talcum after shaving but object to appearing in public with a flour-face. Mennen's Talcum for Men avoids this; it is a neutral tint and doesn't show.

Free: A trial can of Mennen's Talcum for Men will be sent to every *Post* reader who sends the coupon, and a dime for a [illegible] of Mennen's Shaving Cream.

This Coupon brings you two samples for 10 cents

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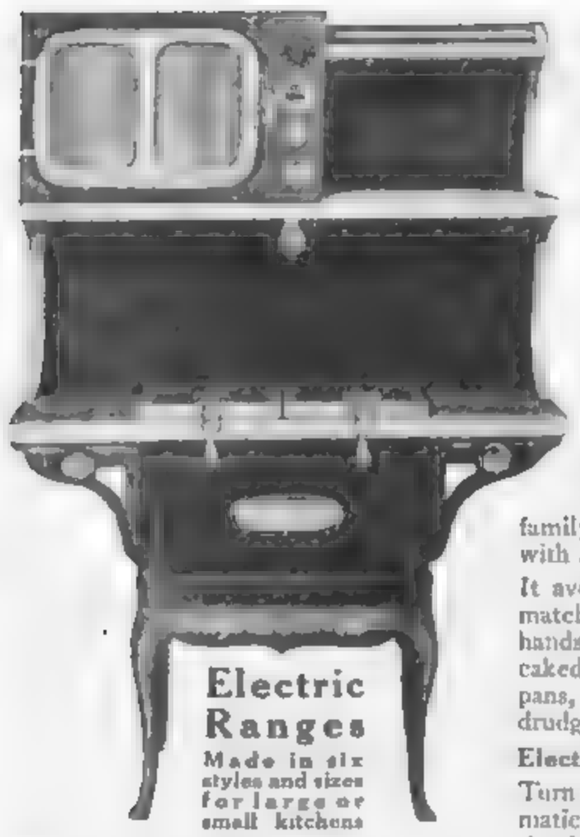
Laboratories
141 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

Enclosed is 10c for which please send me a [illegible] Mennen's Shaving Cream and, free, a trial can of Mennen's Talcum for Men

Name

Address

City State



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Cleaner, Quicker, Easier and more Economical

Cooking

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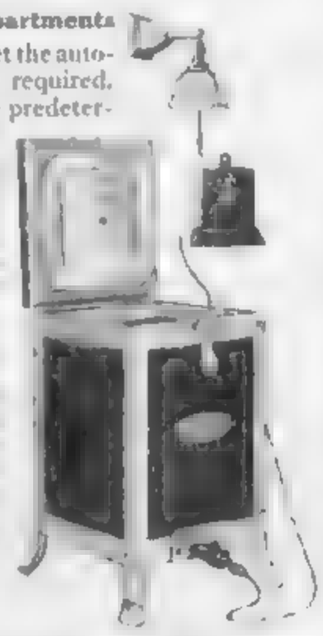
It avoids fire and explosions, poisonous fumes, matches, dirt, flames, suffocating kitchens, soiled hands and clothes, wasted fuel, greasy and dirt-caked ovens, burnt food, scouring of pots and pans, and unnecessary time spent in kitchen drudgery.

Electric Cooking Compartments

Turn on current—then set the automatic clock to the time required. At the expiration of the predetermined time, the heat will be shut off automatically by the clock, and the [illegible] keeps [illegible] aluminum semi-circular utensils permit two or more foods to be [illegible] automatically.



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[illegible] apartment, dwelling or flat, ask your Light Co. or dealer about the advantages of electric cooking, or write direct to

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—how to keep food hot for hours—without expense.

—how all this and much more is possible by simply turning a switch.

parted its rotted fabric from its decayed fastenings; so the bleak, bare face of the house winked with one dead eye and stared with the other.

The crotchety bay mare was long gone to the bone yard. Her hide was chair bottoms and her gristles were glue; and out on the trotting track wealthy young bloods of the town exercised her get and her skittish grand-get. The Major did not drive a harness nag any more—he had a palsy of the hands and a stoop of the spine; but in most regards he adhered to the old habits. He took his daily constitutionals—sometimes alone—except, of course, for the tagging black shape behind him—oftener with the octogenarian Sherwan; and of evenings he played his poker games at the Kenilworth Club, which, after the way of ultraconservative clubs, stood fast on its original site, even though the neighborhood about it was so distressfully altered. His heels had quit ringing against the sidewalk; instead, his legs lifted tremulously and his feet felt for a purchase on the earth when he set them down.

His face was no longer chipped gray flint; it was a chalk-white, with deep lines in it. The gold-headed cane of ebony wood, which he carried always, had ceased to be an ornament to his gait and had become a necessary prop to his step. His jaws sagged in until there were deep recesses at the corners of his mouth; and there, in those little hollow places, the spittle would accumulate in tiny patches. Possibly, by reason of the bleary casts that had overspread them, his eyes—still the faithfully inscrutable peepholes of his brain—gave no betrayal of the racking thoughts behind them. They were racking thoughts too. The delusion was a mania now—a besetting mania, feeding on silence and isolation, coloring and tincturing all the processes of his intellect.

By years—so he reasoned it out with himself in every waking hour—by years, she who bided within that shuttered house over the way was his age, or near it. By rights, her draped form should be as shrunken and warped as his own. By rights, the face behind that thick black veil should be as old as his, and bleached, moreover, to a corpsey paleness. Yet the furtive glances he stole over his shoulder told him that the figure behind him moved as alertly erect as ever it had; that its movements had the same sure and silent swiftness.

So that, after a while, Major Foxmaster began to think things that no entirely sane man has any business to be thinking. He began to say to himself that now he had solved the secret which, all these years, had been kept from his ken. A curse had been put upon him—that was it; that must be it! Behind that veil was no face old and sunken and wasted as his was, but, instead, a young, plump face, with luminous gray eyes set in it, and a sweet, full mouth, and about it wavings of lustrous, rich brown hair—the face of the girl he once loved as she looked in the days before he quit loving her.

He held up his own hands before his watery eyes. They were trembly, wrinkled hands, gnarled in their knuckles, corded on their backs. They were the color of scorched leather—the texture of it too. But hers must be the plump little white hands he remembered, with rosy-pink palms and bright, pointed nails. Before a long mirror in his dressing room he studied himself—studied his bowed back and his hunching shoulders and his shaky shanks—and all. Her figure, inside its flapping black draperies, was straight as an arrow; her head poised itself firmly upright on her shoulders. That much at least he knew; so if that much were true, why was not the rest of it true too?

It was not fair! According to his lights he had fought out the fight with only such weapons as Nature and his own will gave him; but the Supreme Handicapper had stacked the cards against him. He was bound to lose the long, long race. He could not last much longer. He could feel age tugging at every flabby muscle; infirmity was forever fingering his tissues, seeking the most vulnerable spot at which to strike in at him.

He would lie down and die. And not until then—not until the last rattle of breath had scaped out of his collapsing windpipe; not until she, still triumphantly active and alert and youthful, still cloaked and gloved and hooded, had followed his puny, empty shell to the graveyard—would she surrender and shrivel into her rightful semblance, growing old and feeble in an hour or in a day. It was not fair—this

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conjury business! From the beginning he never had a chance to win. All the days of his manhood he had walked with a living nightmare. Why, in dying, should he be doomed to point the moral of a living ghost tale?

First he told himself it could not be true; that it was a hideous imagination born of his broodings. This was the fag-end of the nineteenth century in which he lived, when supernatural events did not happen. Then he told himself it must be true—the testimony before his eyes proved the fact of what he could not see. Then something happened which, as far as Major Foxmaster was concerned, settled the issue.

On a winter night, after rough weather, the Major came feebly out of the Kenilworth Club, groping his way and muttering to himself. This habit of muttering to himself was one that had come on him just lately.

There were patches of ice upon the sidewalk, and the wind, like a lazy housewife, had dusted the snow back into corners and under projections. Between the porticoes of the doorway his foot slipped on one of these little ice patches. He threw out his gloved left hand to catch at some support and his fingers closed on her black-clad arm, where she had drawn herself into the shelter and shadow of the door-arch to await his appearance.

For the first time in nearly fifty years he touched her.

He jerked his hand back and fled away at a staggering, crippled run; and, as he ran to hide himself within his rooms, in panting gulps he blasphemed the name of his Maker; for to his touch her flesh, through the thick cloth sleeve on her arm, had seemed to him to be as firm and plump as it had felt when he was twenty-two and she was twenty. The evidence was complete.

All through the next day he kept himself behind closed doors, wrestling with his torments; but in the evening old Sherwan came for him and he dressed himself. And they started out together, a doddering, tottering twain; suggesting, when they halted for a moment to rest at the foot of the office stairs, a pair of gray locust husks from which age, spider-fashion, had sucked out all the rich juices of health and strength; suggesting, when they went on again, a pair of crawling sick beetles which, though sick, still could crawl a little.

Side by side they crossed the tarnished, shabby old lobby, with its clumpings of dingy gray pillars and its red-plush sofa seats, and, in the center, its rotunda mounting to the roof, up floor by floor, in spiral rings that in perspective graduated smaller and smaller, like an inverted funnel; and side by side they issued forth from beneath the morguelike copings of the outer door and descended the Gaunt House steps—Major Foxmaster feeling ahead of him with his cane, and Judge Sherwan patting his left breast with his open hand—just as Policeman Joel Bosler, now dead and gone, had seen them do upon many another such evening as this. Promptly and inevitably befell another thing, then, which likewise the late deceased Bosler had witnessed times without number.

From the darker space beyond the corner lamp-post, out into the gassy yellow circle of radiance, appeared the straight, gliding black form, advancing on silent, padded feet and without visible effort, relentlessly to follow after them wheresoever they might choose to go.

So, then, at sight of the familiar apparition the icy shell of half a century thawed and broke to bits and was washed away in a freshet of agony; and to his one friend, for one moment, Major Foxmaster bared his wrung and tortured soul. He threw down his cane and threw up his arms.

"Sherwan," he shrieked out, "I can't stand it any longer—I can't stand it! It's killing me! I must look at the face—I must know!"

With a sudden frenzied energy he darted at the cloaked shape. It hesitated, shrinking back from his onward rush as though daunted; but he fixed his clutching fingers in the crêpe veil and tore it in twisted rags from the front of its wearer, and the light shone full on the face revealed beneath the close black hood of the bonnet. He gave one blubbery, slobbered, hideous yell and fell flat at the base of the lamp-post.

Old Sherwan saw the face too. Swollen and strengthened with senile rage, he seized the dark figure by both its arms and shook it.

"You hussy! You wench! You Jezebel! You she-devil!" he howled at the top of his cracked voice, and rocked his prisoner to and fro. "What's this? What does this mean, you hell spawn?"

A dart of pain nipped at his diseased heart then, and closed his throat and sapped him. For a moment, without words, they struggled together. With a heave of her supple arms she broke his hold. She shoved him off from her and reared back on her heels, breathing hard—a full-blooded negress, with chalky popeyes and thick, purplish lips that curled away in a wide snarl from the white teeth, and a skin that was blacker than sin!

"Whut does hit mean?" she answered; and, through stress of fear and mounting hope and exultation, her voice rose to a camp-meeting shout:

"I tells you whut hit means: Hit means Ise Minnie Brownell, Ole Miss' cook. Hit means Ole Miss is been daid 'mos' fo'teen years—ever sence she taken down sick durin' de big blizzard. Hit means dat w'en she lay a-dyin' she put de promise onto me to bury her secret; an' den to put on her clo'es an' to foller, walkin' behine dat man, daytime an' nighttime, twell he died. Dat's whut hit means!"

She sought to peer past him and her tone sharpened down, fine and keen:

"Is he daid? Oh, bless de good Lawd A'mighty! Is he daid? 'Cause, ef he's daid, me an' Hennery, w'ich is my lawful wedded husban', we kin go back to Furginia an' claim de prop'ty dat Ole Miss lef' in trust to come to me w'en I kin prove he's daid. Oh, look, please, suh, mister, and see ef he ain't daid?"

Old Sherwan ran to the lamp-post and dropped down on both his knees, and shook his friend by the shoulders.

"Foxmaster!" he called. "Foxmaster, you're free! You're free! I tell you, you're free! Foxmaster, look at me! Foxmaster, do you hear me? You're free, I tell you!"

But the Major did not hear him. The Major was flat on his back, with his arms outstretched and the fingers of both his hands gripped in the rags of a black crêpe veil; and at the corners of his mouth the little patches of spittle bubbles were drying up. The Major would never hear anything again in this world.

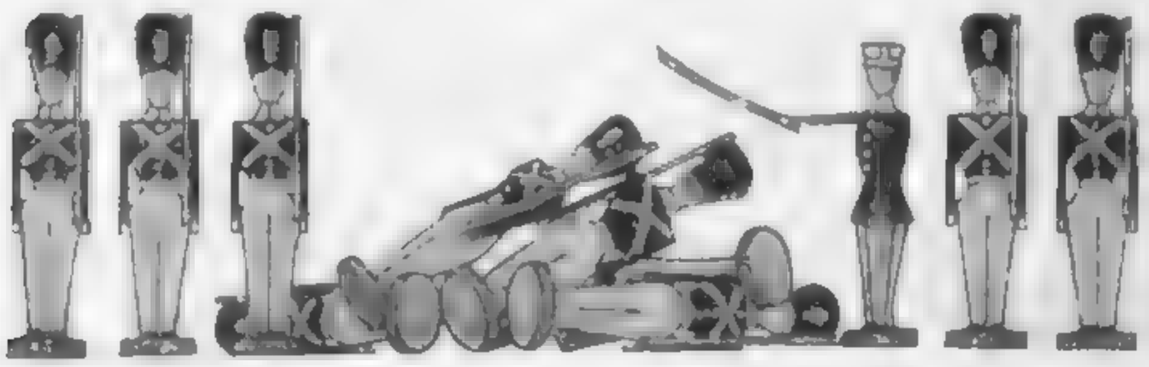
And No Band Wagon

ED GIROUX, the New York theatrical manager, was a press agent for various circuses in the good old days. During the past summer he was in Toronto on business. He chartered a livery rig to take him out into the country to inspect the billing that had been done for an attraction in which he was interested. Before he had traveled very far he recognized in the driver an ancient boss canvasman for the Wallace Shows, whom he had known years and years before. Naturally the talk, from that point on, dealt with main tops, red wagons, blue seats and the sawdust smell.

Presently, as they came out of a crossroad, a funeral procession passed along the main highway. They halted to let the cortège go by—one dingy hearse, with glass sides, and eight carriages.

"Red," inquired Giroux, "what do you think of the parade?"

"Bum!" said Red. "Only one open den!"



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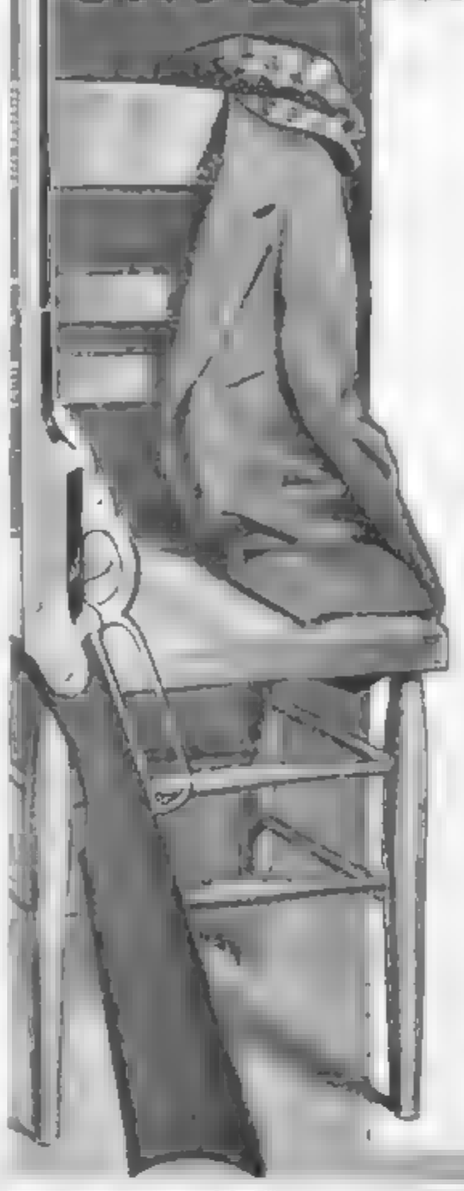

How long would it take you to get out of bed on Christmas morning if you saw a King Air Rifle leaning against your chair?

You would be chummy with it in a minute, because this air gun is a dandy—looks like a man's rifle, shoots as accurately and is equal in every way except in danger.

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THE GOING GUEST—HOW TURKEY SPEEDS HER

(Continued from Page 25)

the purpose, as I learned, of facilitating the examination of documents. A few soldiers with fixed bayonets lined up to guard the passenger cars.

I was in a first-class compartment, in which Europeans say only fools and Americans travel, and in consequence I was entirely alone. When the examiner presented himself I promptly produced my keys and opened my bags for him, the only luggage I had with me, and he went to work. He went through my clothes and toilet appurtenances as though he really expected to find something. No! Then he carelessly shuffled the leaves of some harmless-looking books, while my heart turned over three times, tossed them aside and pounced on the portfolio.

"Ha!" thought I. "Saved!" And I edged up and pleasantly offered to assist him.

He ran through the blank paper and came to the notebooks. These seemed to interest him. He took them up one by one and really examined them; and, bless my soul, if the very last one did not have some writing in it! Overlooked!

I made a most undiplomatic move toward it and said: "Here! What in the world is that?" He knew just as much English as I know Hindustani—but he probably thought he could read minds and he regarded me with such a look of suspicion as I never before encountered.

He jerked the book away, but not before I had seen, to my intense relief, what the notes were about. They were absolutely without interest to him, having been written in New York some months before; and this fact betrayed me into further indiscretion. I told him in French, of which language he had a workable smattering, that they were of no importance at all and asked him, with considerable illustrative and, no doubt, nervous gesticulation, to tear them up. That was the last thing on earth I should have done, and I ought to have known it. It established my guilt in his Turkish mind at once. The notes might have been about gun positions, ammunition and stores, for all he knew. He ordered me down and into the station to be thoroughly searched.

One of the soldiers took charge of me and handed me over to a Turkish woman—a Turkish woman with her veil down, just a long black swath of a woman, who looked for all the world like a medieval female executioner, if there were any such. She raised her veil when we got into a little room by ourselves and her face was kindly enough, but it was unsmiling. She took her job seriously, and I must say she was familiar with it.

The Fatal Postcards

She began by taking off my hat and running her fingers through my hair, continuing in a systematic downward process that would have left me nothing to hope for if I had really been carrying anything. Then she examined all my garments. After passing on everything else she picked up my traveling skirt, thrust her hand down in its deep side-pocket, and brought up some picture postcards which I had written the night before and had fully intended to post that morning in Constantinople. I had completely forgotten them, and when they were brought to light I lost all belief in my own intelligence. To think of a few picture postcards helping to get me into trouble!

They were addressed to a little boy friend of mine in Orange County, New York, and what they mostly said was: "Get out such or such a volume of your Book of Knowledge and look this up." They were pictures of the Valens Aqueduct, Theodosius' Walls, the Column of Constantine, and other historic landmarks round Constantinople. Bubs will never get those postcards. They are going among my own souvenirs.

When I had finished dressing, the woman pulled down her veil, opened the door, and handed me and the postcards out to the waiting soldier, who forthwith marched me back to my compartment.

The fezzed effendi who was conducting the examination took all the incriminating evidence out under the big electric light and subjected it to one long, last scrutiny; then he came back and demanded my passport. I handed it over without a word, and he put it in his pocket. The rest was mostly motions. He managed to convey to me the information that I was under arrest and that I would have to remain in custody until my papers could be sent back to Constantinople, to be examined by the censor there.

"But, monsieur, I can't stay here!" I exclaimed.

The idea seemed to me to be too utterly preposterous. Where were we anyhow? Demotika. And where was Demotika? So far as I could see there was not any town anywhere, and all round, stretching away under the dim starlight, lay what looked like a vast scrub-sage desert. And it was, too; the same sort of cheerless expanse of nothing we had been traveling through for hours that afternoon.

I rolled out a few more nervous questions, but they went unheeded. The soldier man just deliberately took my baggage off the train and motioned me off through the station. Out on the other side, in the dark, he left me in the hands of two burly brigands in Turkish dress who seemed to be attached to a curious sort of wagon affair with a low prairie-schooner top and tight-drawn side curtains. Into this they attempted to assist me, but there was where I rebelled. I went back to my examiner man and, in as voluble French as I could command, I told him that, so long as he had arrested me, it was up to him to protect me; and that I refused to move an inch without the escort of a gendarme.

The Incurious Turk

It was an awful compliment to any Turkish gendarme, but I did not like the looks in the dark of those two men with the wagon; and, besides, I had been in the station long enough by this time to feel that the censor and the soldiers and myself were old friends. I also expressed myself with regard to a system of examination that could not provide a border official capable of reading the only really well-known language in the world. I was annoyed; and I was amused, too, amused at my narrow escape—if indeed I had escaped—and at the idiotic harmlessness of the papers that had to go back to the censor in Constantinople.

They would catch the night train down from Sofia, and I figured that I would have to wait for them exactly forty-eight hours. If I had known then that it would be five long, complete, interminable days I think I should have broken down and wept for the gentleman.

A thing which struck me even then as being rather curious was the fact that nobody paid the slightest attention to me. I was the only first-class passenger on the train—a foreign woman, unmistakably, being placed under arrest in a decidedly conspicuous manner. There were dozens of people round the station, yet nobody even so much as looked in my direction with anything but the mildest and most ordinary interest. Turks see things out of the corners of their eyes and almost never crowd round or display an active curiosity.

On my emphatic demand a man in uniform was detailed to escort me and I was finally put into the wagon and started on my way. Nobody had told me where I was going, and when a thin, shrill whistle blew and the train I had been on pulled out I felt just a little too left-behind and lonesome for comfort.

We rolled along in the inky dark for what seemed hours to me. It was a starlit night, but shut in that close little wagon I could not see my hand before my eyes, nor could I form any notion as to which way I was going. In time—it must have been about three-quarters of an hour really—we rolled onto rough cobbles and I knew we had come into the town. All European Turkish towns that I have been in are alike in one respect—their streets are all paved with round stones, with either a big open drain down the middle or smaller drains down each side. After this we bumped and floundered along in the usual awful way, and I was too closely occupied with the task of holding myself on the little wooden seat, and keeping from bruising myself on the guns and swords and knives and things that my guard carried, to pay much attention to anything else.

Have You the *RIGHT IDEA* about

UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham

IF YOU think it is used only for picnic sandwiches, correct that wrong impression *now*. Underwood Deviled Ham is used in hundreds of homes all the year round. It is used for dozens of simple, delicious dishes for breakfast, luncheon, supper—every meal, every occasion. For example, see this menu for

NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT'S SUPPER
Deviled Ham and Asparagus—Baked
Hot Biscuits Lettuce Salad
Caramel Custard Tea

The Recipe: Small can Underwood Deviled Ham; small can asparagus tips. Spread ham on thin slices of toast. Heat asparagus in cream sauce. Put into buttered baking dish in alternate layers, finishing with asparagus and plenty of sauce. Bake twenty minutes in good oven.

"GOOD TASTES FOR GOOD TIMES"

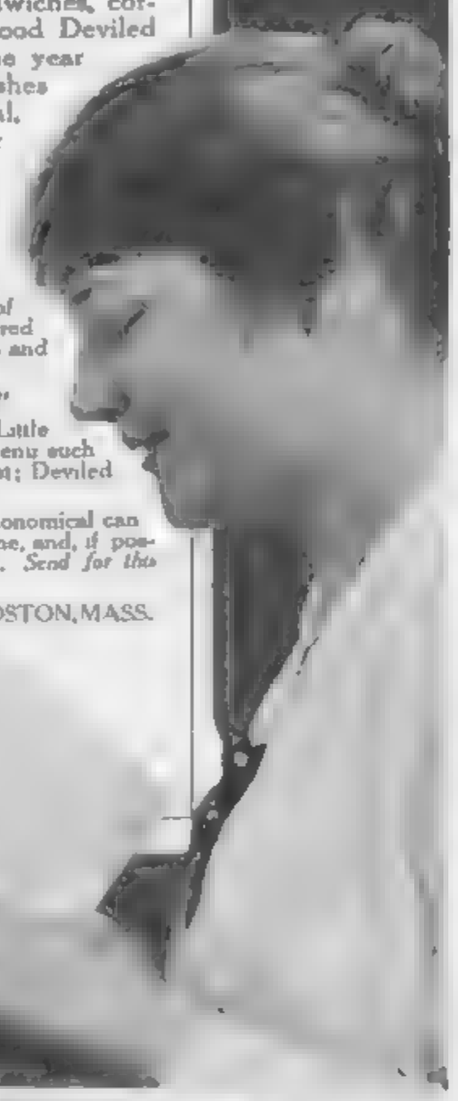
is the name of a booklet containing 66 of the Famous Little Red Devil Recipes. Tells how to put into your daily menu such surprises as Deviled Cream Toast; Deviled Ham Rarebit; Deviled Ham in Ramekins; Deviled Ham Scallop, etc.

Sent FREE for the asking. 15c also brings you economical can to try. When writing always mention your grocer's name, and, if possible, say whether he sells Underwood Deviled Ham. *Send for this book TODAY.*

WM. UNDERWOOD CO., 52 Fulton St. BOSTON, MASS.

Makers also of Underwood Deviled Chicken, Tongue & Turkey

TO RETAIL GROCERS: If you cannot get Underwood Deviled Ham from your local jobber, write us. We'll find some way to supply you.



"Good-morning, father"
(A pleasing approach)
"I'm going fishing"
(To arouse interest)
"I want a dime"
(The proposition)
"New hooks!"—
"My old ones are rusty"—
"Uncle George has new hooks"—
"There's a new kind"
(Reasons why)
"But, daddy, maybe I'll bring in a mess of fish"
(Pleasant persistence)
"For a dime I can get a dozen hooks"—
"They'll last me a month"—
"Fishing for a month for a dime, daddy"
Notice the swift close with hand extended for the dime. (He gets it, too)

Instinctively your son has applied the principles of salesmanship to getting his dime. He has "sold" you the idea that he should have it.

BY applying the same principles to selling *The Saturday Evening Post* your son can earn his spending money. While he earns he will learn to successfully interview men—that's *salesmanship.*

A part of your boy's time ought to be devoted to real affairs of life—not in a dilettante way, but as real men deal in business.

We shall be glad to send you or your boy full particulars, including an illustrated booklet entitled "Salesmanship: a Vocation For Boys."

Vocational Section, Box 178
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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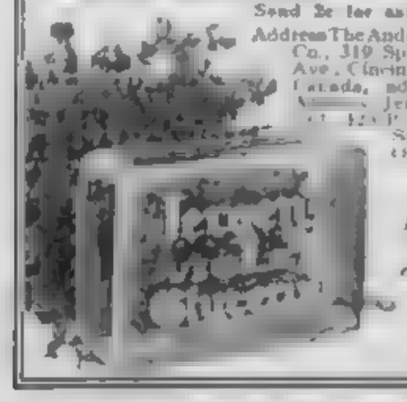
Like washing with violet-laden cream!

Just the simple washing of the face and hands becomes a luxurious delight with Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap.

The moment you get the crystal-clear cake ... you release its exquisite *real* perfume ... as fluffy as whipped ... A delicate violet odor ... skin, while the glycerine ...

Send 2c for sample cake
Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 319 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, address The ... Jergens Co., ... Sherbrooke St., Perth, Can.



10c a cake
3 for 25c
everywhere

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MORE than half a million subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will expire between now and Christmas. A lot of these are in your immediate neighborhood.

We want you to look after these renewals as well as to forward new business. We will pay you liberally in commission and salary.

We do not require any specified amount of your time. If you want to know how thousands of other men and women are turning their spare time into money and how you can do the same thing, send a line of inquiry today.

Agency Division, Box 173

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Finally we stopped. I followed the guard out of the wagon and found myself in front of a dark building, behind which rose what looked like a very high stone wall. It was. I examined it the next morning. It was built in the seventh century.

It was about eleven o'clock by that time and there was not a light anywhere. One of the brigands hammered on the door and pretty soon a tall, barefoot man with a candle came down a narrow stairway and admitted us. This was Ali. I was exceedingly alert and I immediately learned that he was Ali, because the guard so addressed him when he gave him instructions about me; but I did not know he was to become my keeper and that I was going to have to depend on him for every necessity of my existence for the next five days.

Ali knew my status all right, and without a word he conducted me up the narrow stairs and into a large, low, rickety wooden room, which seemed to be a sort of huge corridor or general assembling place. The building was not a prison, but an ancient hotel converted to prison purposes for just such emergencies as I presented. I looked round for my guard. I was afraid and I wanted that man near me, with his interesting collection of weapons; but he had gone away and I was left alone with Ali and the brigands.

The brigands brought my bags up—the first brigands who ever handled baggage for me without expecting a tip. Ali threw open the door of a room just off the corridor and motioned me in. An almost burnt-out candle sputtered in a low stick on a table, emphasizing the dark and the wretchedness. Ali picked this up and walked out with it, leaving me in the pitch-black while he fetched another. Then he pointed to one of three low iron cots, nodded a good night and went out, shutting the door after him with an ominous and echoing bang. In jail!

Ali the Jailer

I looked about me for an instant, then threw open the door and began to shout numerous demands. The door was not locked and I discovered to my consternation that it could not be. My voice rumbled round the big empty corridor and came back and scared me. I retreated to my room, in which there was not a thimbleful of water, not a towel, not a single thing except a table and those three iron cots, each with its one sheet and *yorghan*, the usual heavy quilted cotton-wool covering of a Turkish bed.

I was thirsty and I wanted some bottled water to drink. I was travel-stained and I wanted a bath. Ali! I shouted again, and he came back.

Ali had a naturally kind heart and wanted to do what he could. He did not understand my washing motions at all, but he did get the drinking pantomime and immediately brought me an earthen jug—graceful, like the one Rebecca took to the well, and full of water that I would not have drunk for anything on earth except to keep myself from dying of thirst. I could see a typhoid-fever germ in every drop of it. And that was all Ali would do. He went away and left me, and there I was!

The room was all of wood, time-stained and broken; and it sloped downward, both floor and ceiling, in a way which suggested that at any moment it might fall off the building to which it was attached. There were great holes everywhere and in the two windows there was not a whole pane of glass. Incidentally there was not a curtain or a blind of any description. The whole place creaked and when I stood still I could hear gnawings and other queer sounds. Rats, of course! Fortunately I am not afraid of rats or mice, else I should have had a much more terrible time in that room that night.

I stood in the middle of the floor thinking things over, laughing at myself and growling at my luck by turns, until a comfortable lassitude took possession of me and I believed I was going to be able to go to bed and sleep away a good part of the time. It was a pleasing thought.

Though Ali had pointed to a certain one of the three cots as mine, I decided to take my choice, knowing perfectly well that none of them was clean or had seen a fresh sheet in weeks. I tried to vision the guests who had preceded me, but it was not a wise thing to do under the circumstances; so I desisted. It was a wretched situation all round and the only thing for me to do was to make the best of it. The best turned out

(Continued on Page 73)

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COMFORT your feet with the Florsheim Flexsole. Specially prepared flexible soles, "Natural Shape" lasts, and soft, pliable uppers give restful ease from the start. The most comfortable shoe you've ever worn, price $6.

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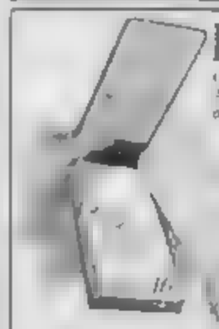

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Write for Catalog of Attractions

Cadillac
Standard of the World

A graphic survey of the motor car situation

There are two large motor car markets in America.

One of them—the largest, of course—is the market for cars selling for less than a thousand dollars.

The other is the Cadillac market.

Aside from these two great markets, there are cars below the Cadillac in price, but which sell for more than a thousand dollars.

And there are also cars selling for a price higher than the Cadillac Price.

But neither of them enjoys a volume of demand which at all compares in size with the Cadillac demand.

So, we repeat, the two large divisions in the motor car business are the low priced division and the Cadillac division.

In the one case the appeal is primarily one of price.

In the case of the Cadillac, the appeal is solely on the score of quality.

In both cases the American public has registered its verdict fairly and squarely and finally.

In the low priced field it has divided its allegiance among a number of cars.

In the search for quality, it has conferred by far its largest measure of approval upon the Cadillac.

The willingness of so many thousands of people to pay a higher price for the Cadillac must, of course, be ***founded upon reason.***

The refusal of so many other thousands to pay more for a car than the Cadillac price—notwithstanding their abundant ability to do so—must likewise be ***founded upon reason.***

In one sense, the question of price does not occur to them at all—what they want is the greater smoothness, the greater steadiness, the greater constancy and the greater comforts which the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac provides.

They want the wonderfully swift acceleration; they want the luxury of traveling practically one hundred per cent of the time on high gear.

They want the sturdiness and dependability; they want the day-in-and-day-out, year-in-and-year-out service and satisfaction which have always distinguished Cadillac cars.

They want that comprehensive efficiency which manifests itself in the Cadillac, not merely now and then, but at all speeds and under all conditions.

Every moment is a more pleasurable moment for them in the Cadillac,—every hour an hour of greater ease—every mile a smoother, steadier mile.

Believing that they derive more enjoyment out of it than out of any other car, is it not perfectly logical that the Cadillac should enjoy a larger ownership than any other high grade car in the world?

Styles and Prices

Standard Seven passenger car, Five passenger Salon and Roadster, $2080. Three passenger Victoria, $2400. Four passenger Coupé, $2800. Five passenger Brougham, $2950. Seven passenger Limousine, $3450. Berlin, $3600. Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

57

HEINZ

FIFTY-SEVEN VARIETIES

FOODS · SAUCES · RELISHES · CONDIMENTS

PURE · CLEAN-MADE · APPETIZING

50,000 Pure Food Inspectors

That was the number of visitors at the Heinz Pure Food Kitchens last year. But neither this unending stream of visitors nor official inspection by government representatives is the incentive to the cleanliness and purity of this great establishment. With us it is a matter of business conscience. The Heinz standard would be maintained if we never had a visitor.

HEINZ Mince-Meat

The secret of many a housekeeper's famous mince pies is her use of Heinz Mince-Meat. Such mince-meat cannot be made in the home. Its tempting flavor is solely due to the appetizing way it is made in the Heinz Pure Food Kitchens.

HEINZ Plum Pudding

is a light, wholesome dessert prepared from the choicest ingredients deliciously combined with rich, candied fruits.

HEINZ Preserves

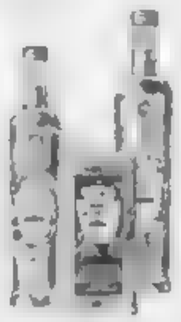
The choicest fruits are selected and nothing but granulated sugar is used in preserving.

HEINZ India Relish

An appetizing sweet pickle relish for meats, prepared from finely chopped vegetables highly spiced.

HEINZ Cream of Tomato Soup

A rich purée of fresh, ripe tomatoes with only pure, sweet cream and fine spices added. Without meat stock of any kind.



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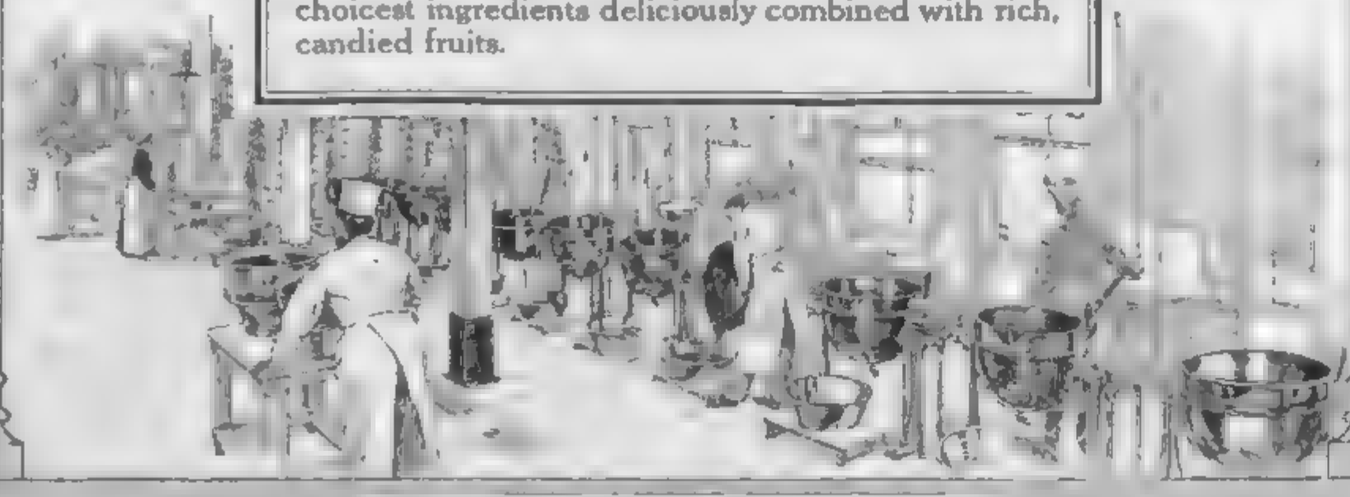
The pure virgin oil of selected Spanish olives. The perfection of olive oil flavor.



A corner in one of Heinz Kitchens

A Business Man's Fight Of Years To Break Into The Church

He wanted to give his ability, money and life to church work. Ministers preached, "God wants men's lives." This man said, "Here I am." Then the ministers said, "Don't take us literally." They didn't know what to do with him. The churches told him there was nothing for him to do—actually closed their doors to him. And clergymen and church workers back up this man and say the church is doing this all the time: they don't want men: they wouldn't know what to do with them if they came.

The most serious indictment of the churches ever printed.

It is in the December

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

15 Cents—Everywhere

Also in December

The Wise Men

W. L. Taylor's wonderful painting reproduced in full color

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Prominent among the agencies that have contributed to the convenience, the comfort, the pleasure and the prosperity of mankind is the dry battery.

For ignition Acme Dry Batteries are unexcelled.

The 1900 is a superior dry battery for all kinds of service, including ignition.

These batteries represent the highest achievement of Philip Nungesser, who put the dry battery to commercial use.

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Nungesser Metal and Carbon Brushes, because of their high quality, are used in the starting equipment of leading automobiles.

For sale by the better class of hardware and auto, electrical shops and garages.

Write for our booklet, "Sparks of Genius."

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Win Folks to Bran

They need it. All will be better, brighter, cheerier for its laxative effects.

In Pettijohn's the bran is hidden in a breakfast dainty. The bran is in flake form, which makes it extra-efficient. And there is 25%.

People quit bran foods which are not inviting. But they won't quit Pettijohn's.

Try it for a week. We promise you it is the ideal way to establish the bran habit.

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Most grocers have it. Any grocer will get it. Per package, 15c.

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Cards, circulars, book, paper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for catalog of presses, TYPE, cards, samples. The Prem Co., Meriden, Conn.

(Continued from Page 70)

to be pretty bad right then and there. I started to examine Ali's choice of a bed and nearly lost my self-control. When I lifted up the *yorghan* I dropped it like a hot coal and gathered myself shivering into as small a space as possible in the middle of the room, because I am afraid of creeping things, and that cot was literally alive.

That's enough about that! I just did not go to bed at all—that's all; and when Ali came the next morning I rolled over him such a torrent of English protest as nearly strangled him and brought his receding chin all the way down to his chest. He did not understand a word I said, but he could not mistake my gesticulations.

I finally induced him to bring me some water in a basin and, after washing my face in it, I took one of his precious sheets, in spite of his negative antics, and went to work on one of the beds. I had had nothing to eat since noon the day before and asked him to bring me some coffee. He understood café—it is a universal word—and he brought me a small cup of the thick, sirupy Turkish brew, which fortunately I have learned to like, though not for breakfast.

I was working away on the bed; the sun was shining outside. I had a soothing sense of satisfactory guilt underlying my cheerful innocence. I was getting more optimistic every minute, though my eyes did burn with sleeplessness.

The Pompous Effendi Again

Then that pompous effendi who captured me and my papers came in to see how I was getting along. It was good of him. I needed him. He was welcome. At least I could communicate with him. He had a decent appreciation of my situation as regarded the accommodations and ordered Ali to give me another room. It was smaller and lighter, and had only two beds in it, one of which was only slightly occupied and not too difficult to clean up. Then he conveyed to Ali the information that I wanted coffee and hot milk; and Ali brought them to me—a cup of Turkish coffee and a glass of milk. I poured the one into the other and drank the mixture. It was good.

While I was doing this my man got away, not giving me time to make known to him any more of my wants; so, after that, whenever I made any signs in the general direction of my mouth Ali brought me coffee and milk.

About midafternoon of the second day my man came again and I told him I was hungry. He was both surprised and pained; and he went below to a kitchen sort of place, which I afterward discovered was under my quarters, and brought up to me, with his own hands, a plate of mutton stewed with okra and sugar—an Irish stew gone very wrong—and a hunk of heavy black bread.

Ali brought me coffee and milk whenever I wanted it, though I came to a point where I could hardly bear the thought of it; and every afternoon about four o'clock he would proudly place before me my plate of mutton and okra. No prison de luxe was this! It was in Thrace, on the borderland of nowhere, and such peasants as inhabit the place know nothing of the art of pampering delicate appetites.

On the morning of the fifth day the examiner man came with my papers, my passport and a carefully framed apology. This, considering my cheering actual iniquity, I felt some hesitation in permitting him to present; but, after all, I had lost five days and at least ten pounds, so I decided to let him be just as humble as he would.

From that time I was free; but as my train for Dedeagatch did not leave until late in the evening—the same train I came in on—the day promised to be the longest of them all; so I did take a walk about the town.

I went to the station in the daylight and fully two hours before there was any possibility of my train's arriving.

The effendi laughed to see me down so early, and I think he would have allowed himself an attitude of real friendliness if he had been quite through with me, but he was not.

"Been doing any writing here?" he asked.

Now suppose I had been so idiotic! I should probably be there yet, with a certain prospect of going back to Constantinople for keeps.

"No," I replied; "certainly not."

He would not take my word for it, however. He let me alone until the train came

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DRESS UP—for the self-confidence good clothes inspire.

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Buy as many Suits this Fall as you can afford—

Don't stint, don't try to make one suit "do."

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WRITE FOR OUR BEAUTIFUL STYLE CALENDAR. IT IS FREE

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And Own a New Sample Typewriter

Apply today and learn how you can secure exclusive local control and sale of this remarkable new model typewriter—Oliver "Nine."

Experts pronounce it years ahead of the times and typewriter users are demanding it everywhere.

Experience Unnecessary

The Oliver "Nine" with *lightest standard touch* sells itself repeatedly where agents [illegible] Oliver Salesmanship Plan [illegible] soon master the same tested methods that are winning incomes for 15,000 others.

Crowning Features

Even our own previous models in their day never had the battery of advances that come alone on this machine. One feature—the Optional Duplex Shift—multiplies [illegible]

The Oliver No. 9
OLIVER
The Standard Visible Writer

Another—the Selective Color Attachment—does the regular work of a 2-color ribbon and *acts as a check protector besides.*

The Oliver alone has Printype that writes like print—the automatic spacer and cushioned keyboard.

When agents can offer these brilliant betterments *at the old-time price,* do you wonder that so many are prospering taking Oliver orders?

Each agent is privileged to sell this model on our popular monthly payment plan—*47 cents a day.*

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You don't have to change your business to handle this dignified agency and acquire a sample on attractive terms.

Scores of storekeepers, salesmen, clerks, lawyers, doctors, telegraphers, clergymen, teachers, students, bankers, etc.—nearly every vocation is represented in the crack Oliver sales organization.

Write Us Quickly

Our inspiring book, "Opportunity," gives full details. Sent FREE. Mail a postal or this coupon now. We are awarding these agencies every day. Send at once before your territory is assigned.

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Send me "Opportunity" Book Free and tell me how I can secure brand new Oliver "Nine" sample typewriter and exclusive local agency.

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For the scientific care and preservation of your teeth and for all other purposes of personal hygiene, nothing surpasses

LISTERINE

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Four Sizes: 15c, 25c, 50c, $1.00

Demand LISTERINE in the original package, brown wrapper, round bottle.

Manufactured only by

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in and he had finished his examinations; then, before he would permit me to get aboard, he had me searched again.

Across the Bulgarian border I nearly embraced the good-looking fezless official who demanded my passport, though he did make me dig up all the gold I had with me, so that he might count it.

At Dedeagatch the booming of guns over on Gallipoli can be heard distinctly and I was told that it is almost continuous. The British ships lie out beyond the neutral sea line, maintaining a blockade of the harbor; and now that Bulgaria is taking an active part against the Allies there should be some interesting events on this practically unguarded coast.

They are moving large bodies of troops in Bulgaria for some reason; and so careful are they that one is not even allowed to get out at a station for a little air and exercise. There are gendarmes and soldiers everywhere.

The soldiers attend to their own business, but the gendarmes shoo people round in a most amazing way. To a freeborn American citizen it is an unbelievable thing, and one wonders why all Europe has not emigrated long ago.

Bulgaria is a prosperous, progressive, clean and wholesome country, with a peasantry of much finer type than is to be seen in any of the other Balkan states; but in the present situation one thinks of the people as fleas between the thumb nails of the government.

There were no ships for Athens, so I had to go on by rail across Macedonia. The trains do not run in the night beyond Dedeagatch, and passengers for Saloniki have to spend the night at Drama in Greek Macedonia, an interesting little town with a diminutive, very clean and very expensive Hôtel de Vólo, kept for the benefit of the élite by a Spanish Jew.

This landlord knows how to turn out perfect cold meats, a compote and a surpassing omelet soufflé when you arrive too late for the regular dinner.

The Cry From Macedonia

The morning reveals the fact that the town is composed largely of picturesque food markets and ruins made during the Greco-Bulgarian War. Indeed, the railroad traverses the full length of the terrible path cut by the Greek and Bulgarian armies in that frightful summer of 1913, and one notes with astonishment that the evidences of their barbarism have not yet been cleared away.

It looks like cyclonic destruction; whole villages are razed to their foundation stones and isolated houses or groups of houses are just heaps of blackened rubbish. All the way through the beautiful mountainous country it is so. At Seres, where four thousand houses out of a total of six thousand were burned, where organized massacre of Bulgarians by Greeks held sway for days, and where both Bulgarians and Greeks put a blot on their names that nothing can ever efface, one saw a pleasant, new-looking town over against the hillside, and a crowd of smileless peasants who came down to see a regiment of roistering soldiers off to the Bulgarian border.

Guarding their Bulgarian borders is a hampering task which neither Greece nor Serbia can neglect, and their statesmen are not farsighted enough to realize that Bulgaria will not forget; nor are they broad-visioned enough to see that the whole world is really against them.

Then, there is Macedonia. I looked into seamed and sad-eyed peasant faces and my thoughts plunged back into Bible times, which seem in this land, strangely enough, to have been but yesterday. "There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us." In time they came, did they not?—Turks, Serbs, Greeks, Bulgars—all the neighboring peoples; and Macedonia has ceased to be.

I did eventually arrive in Saloniki. I went to the passport office at the station and handed my almost stamp-obliterated American document to the man behind the desk.

He glanced at it, made a record of its number, my name and nationality, and handed it back to me with the cheering, courteous words: "You are at liberty, madame."

It was the first time in weeks I had felt so. I had been eight days on the way from Constantinople, and I had not met a single soul who spoke a word of my language.

Breakfast

is hardly complete without its dish of savory, appetizing "SAUSAGETTES"—dainty little pork sausages—one of the ninety eight varieties of

FRANK'S QUALITY MEAT-TREATS

THE NATIONAL DELICATESSEN

Made in Milwaukee

"*Sausagettes*" are made from the choicest of tender pork, [illegible] with just the right seasoning of old-fashioned spice

Your dealer sells "*Sausagettes*" as well as the other *Meat Treats* for any entrées, sandwiches or serving hot. If not, write us, and we'll tell you how to get them

FREE—send for our booklet, Suggestions, containing new recipes for entrées, sandwiches, hot dishes, etc.

L. FRANK & SON COMPANY

Dept. H-G Milwaukee, Wis.

RETAILERS: Write for "Frank Neon" [illegible] profitable department

BROKERS: Write

$1 DOWN

BURROWES

Billiard and Pool Table

Constructed on scientific principles, correct to the smallest detail, and adapted to the most scientific play. Great experts say that the Burrowes Regulation Speed Rubber Cushions are the best made.

No special room needed—can be mounted on dining or library table or on its own legs or folding stand. Put up or taken down in a minute. Size 4½ x 9 ft. (Standard size). Price from $15 up, on easy terms of $1 down and a small amount each month. Cues, balls, etc., free.

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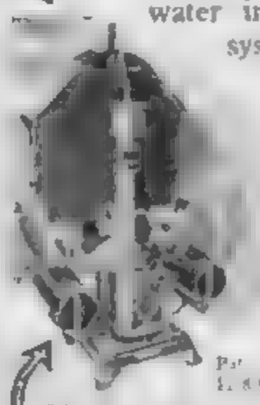

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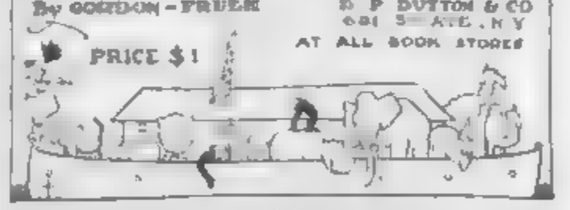

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When it Comes to Belting—

Are You from Dordrecht or "From Missouri"?

WHEN they called a council of citizens for the defense of the City of Dordrecht the carpenter was for ramparts of wood, the mason for stone, while the shoemaker said there was nothing like leather.

They were all specialists, trained men, experts, but they thought only in terms and materials to which they had always been accustomed.

In thousands of power plants today you find this very limitation.

Nothing else will explain the way belting is chosen in many industries and the *enormous yearly waste* through the loss of power in transmission.

Some engineers' ideas about belting are of a traditional kind, totally regardless of adverse conditions presented by water, heat, oil or chemical action.

The good citizens of Dordrecht wanted to fit the conditions to some natural material instead of *building a material to fit the conditions.*

The buyer of belting should realize that ruggedness, toughness and sturdiness cannot *grow* into a belt but must be *built* into it.

Until the first finished Leviathan Belt was put on the market thirty-four years ago, there had never been a *scientifically-built belt* for power transmission or any other power use.

Belts up to that time were mainly the makeshifts of inherited methods. The use of such belts is still responsible for one of the biggest wastes of a wasteful century—the enormous loss between the generation of power and its use.

Leviathan-Anaconda Belts are totally unlike any other belts in the world—various-ply, of solid fabric, so impregnated with a special composition, treated, stretched and aged as to form a pliable belting material well-nigh indestructible.

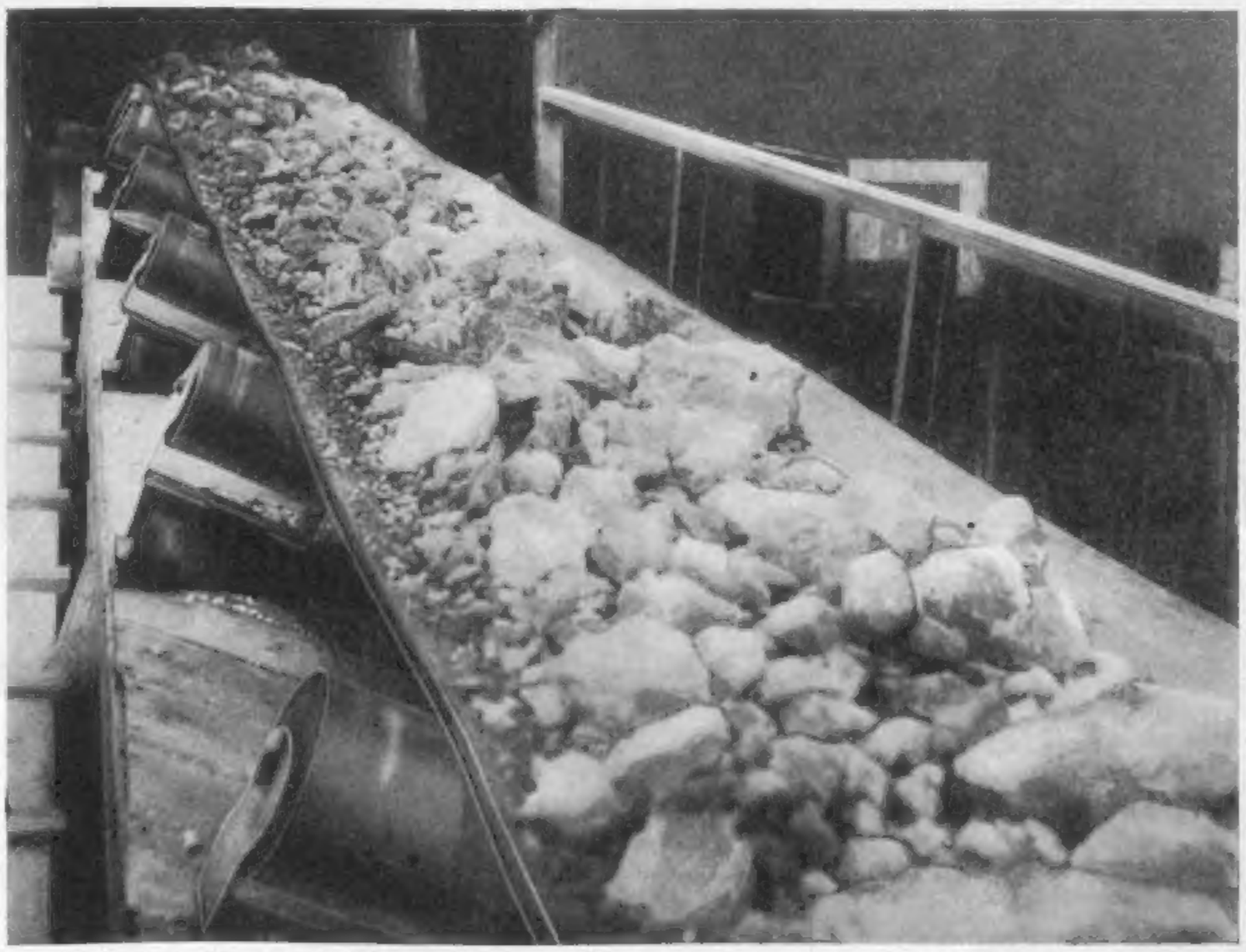
Scientific tests of tensile strength, weight and uniformity during the process of manufacture were first used in making Leviathan belts.

They are the *only belts* on which all factors of stretch are absolutely known.

They are the only belts into which *homogeneity is really built*, there to stay through every condition of use, heat, dampness and atmosphere filled with chemical gases.

Leviathan and Anaconda are the only belts which tend to *get better with age.* They are the only belts which are cured under tension. The belts stay on the stretching machines from ten days to three months, according to size. And the stretch taken out of the Leviathan-Anaconda belts never goes back after the belts are taken off the machines.

The *tension* at which each belt is stretched is in *exact and definite proportion* to the strength of the belt and the load at which it is intended to operate.



This Leviathan Conveyor is handling rock in the best and cheapest way known. It hauls 250 tons an hour up a twenty-degree incline. Speed, 250 feet a minute.

***Installed June 1, 1914. Has never been touched and is in perfect condition.* Another belt, of a different type, installed at the same time for the same sort of work, is worn out and must be removed.**

The greatest brick plant in the world, with an output of one million bricks a day, uses absolutely no other than Leviathan-Anaconda belting.

There are, in the steel industry, mills whose product is worth half a billion dollars a year, that owing to the consistent performance of Leviathan on rolls and other heavy machines, have made it "standard engineering practice."

In the cement and kindred industries, plants whose methods are used as examples to all others have "discovered" Leviathan-Anaconda, and have made their transmission, conveying and elevating systems as scientific as the rest of their plants.

The first man who ever used Leviathan on a band-saw got his first impression of its wonderful *tractiveness and strength* when he saw it actually stop the engine of a stone crusher because *the belt* simply *would not slip* on the transmission pulleys. Today hundreds of wood-working plants are using Leviathan-Anaconda belting to the practical exclusion of all others.

There is probably no class of work where the use of Leviathan-Anaconda is paying larger dividends than in machine shop service.

The annual belting bill of American manufacturers is $48,421,000.00.

If only half the loss of power from the use of old style belting is saved it will pay for all the belts used in any given year.

Leviathan-Anaconda Belts are sold by us direct to the users.

Leviathan-Anaconda Service is available at first hand to *every user* of our belts, *no matter how long they may be in use.*

Buyers of belting will find valuable information in the new Catalog just issued by this Company.

For the first time, a Catalog is available that treats of belting problems in a practical manner.

This is *more* than a catalog. It is the *practical man's belting handbook.*

There is no charge for this book. A line from you saying you want it will bring it by the next mail. *The edition is limited. Write at once.*

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for Transmission, Conveying and Elevating

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WHEN you press the electric button and your whole room is flooded with "man-made sunshine" by a small MAZDA lamp, have you ever considered how this lighting is made possible? The MAZDA lamp seems so simple—merely a glass bulb, a few twists of wire and a brass screw base; yet, scientifically, this lamp is perhaps the most wonderful article in your home.

The mark MAZDA on the bulb indicates that the services of the extensive Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company at Schenectady have been available to the maker of that lamp. Great corps of physicists, chemists, metallurgists and other scientists, besides electrical engineers and lighting experts, test, select, compare and systematize all available knowledge which may assist in improving incandescent lamps. This world-wide research draws upon the entire scientific engineering and manufacturing knowledge of scores of laboratories and lamp factories.

This laboratory is a great clearing house of lamp information which supplies all of the knowledge of processes and materials tested and approved by it to the manufacturers of MAZDA Lamps, so that they may embody in their products all the improvements and developments thought out and wrought out by the ablest lamp experts in the world.

This is MAZDA Service—a scientific service to lamp manufacturers. When you purchase electric lamps, insist upon MAZDA Lamps and recognize them by the trade mark MAZDA etched upon the glass bulb.

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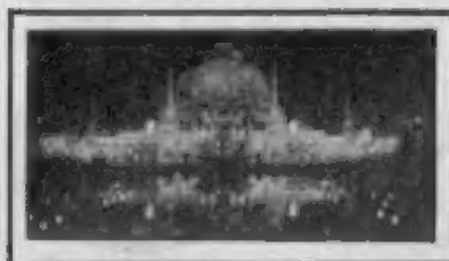

The Grand Prize, the Highest Award for Electric Incandescent Lamps at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, was awarded to the General Electric Company. The exhibits of the Company's Research Laboratories were likewise honored by several Grand Prizes, Medals of Honor and Gold Medals.

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In order that you may see for yourself the advantages and conveniences of cooking with these new G-E ELECTRIC RANGES, arrangements have been made with many electric companies and leading electrical dealers for special demonstrations during Electrical Prosperity Week. These demonstrations will prove that with the G-E ELECTRIC RANGE you can bake, broil, boil, fry, toast—do *all* the work any kind of stove will do; and do it better and easier, without dust, dirt, ash or odor and without special utensils.

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